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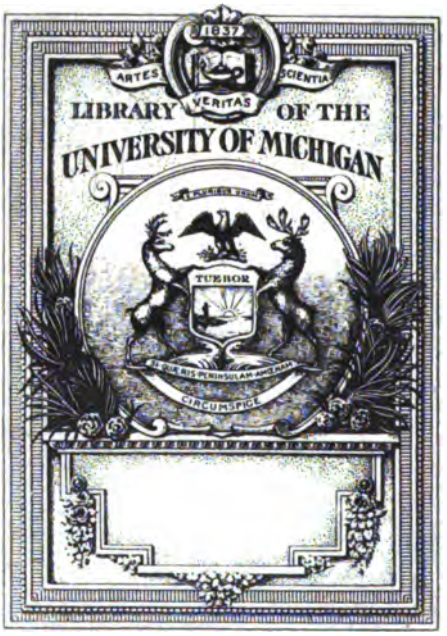

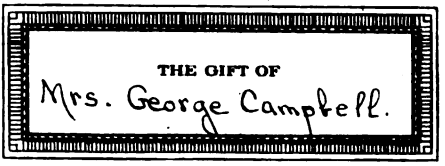

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THE

MYSTIC STAR:

A Monthly Magazine,

DEVOTED TO

MASONRY AND ITS LITERATURE.

EDITORS:

JAMES BILLINGS and SOL. D. BAYLESS.

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THE MYSTIC STAR.

JANUARY, 1870.

ORATION.

Delivered by the V. W. the Grand Chaplain Bro. R. J. Simpson, on the occasion of the Inauguration Festival, held at Freemasons' Hall, in the City of London, England.

MOST WORSHIPFUL GRAND MASTER, GRAND OFFICERS, AND BRETHREN: It is recorded in the volume of the Sacred Law, that gold, silver, and precious jewels, were willingly offered by the people of Israel towards the erection of that glorious house of the Lord which was subsequently erected by King Solomon, and that when these free-will offerings were laid before King David, he blessed the Lord before all the congregation in these words—"Blessed be thou, Lord God of Israel, thine, O Lord, is the greatness and the power and the glory; for all that is in the heaven and the earth is thine: both riches and honor come of thee, and thou reignest over all; and in thine hand is power and might to give strength to all. Now, therefore, our God, we thank thee and praise thy glorious name." Let this, brethren, be the key-note of our song of praise to-day, assembled as we are on this auspicious occasion; and catching the spirit of the King of Israel, let us ascribe unto the Great Architect of the universe all honor and praise for the bounty thus vouchsafed to us, for putting into the hearts of the brethren to erect these noble buildings now opened by our Grand Master, for giving us power to carry out this design, and for sparing us to rejoice at its completion; but not less are we bound to praise him for his merciful kindness in protecting the builders in life and limb, so that no death, no bone broken, no drop of blood, no cry of pain has interrupted or marred the progress of a work of considerable extent, and occupying a period of five years, and by this fact reminding us of that notable description of the peaceful growth of the great Temple which, upon Mount Moriah,

"Like some tall palm in noiseless grandeur sprung."

It is, in truth, at once a happy augury and a most characteristic

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feature in this case, that this great centre of English Freemasonry, from which is to emanate all that is to soothe distress, relieve suffering, and rejoice the heart, should not only be begun in faith and hope, but be completed in perfect love, and joy, and safety. And joy as it must be to us all, how much more to those true and trusty brethren to whose judgment, zeal, and ability were entrusted the direction and superintendence of this great undertaking, and who must feel how entirely the result has justified the confidence reposed in them. No trifling amount of time and thought and labor must they have devoted to this work; and no ordinary amount of responsibility must they have incurred. And I am sure I am only echoing the sentiments of every Mason, not only in this Grand Lodge, but throughout the land, when I thus give marked expression to the grateful sense we all entertain of the benefits they have conferred upon the Craft, and to the unqualified admiration with which we regard the manner in which they have carried out the work which our architect so wisely and beautifully designed.

* * * * * * * * * * *

How his reign has illustrated our Masonic annals and how Masonry has flourished during that eventful period, I will not stop to tell, not anticipate an occasion not less interesting than the present, on which such recollections may be more appropriately expressed. I must, however, offer my congratulations that we are honored on this occasion with the presence of the Grand Master of Scotland, the Right Hon. the Earl of Dalhousse, K. T., G. C. B., and the Deputy Grand Master of Ireland, Sir Edward R. Borough, Bart. We hail them with a hearty Masonic welcome, and we rejoice that they are present to witness the fact, and bear it to our brethren of Scotland and Ireland, that the Masons of England have not forgotten the builder's art, but that Operative Masonry, no less than Speculative, is effectively practised by them.

On Thursday, the 23d of May, 1776, this hall was dedicated in solemn form, and bequeathed to us by our brethren of that day as a rich inheritance. And here we stand, at the distance of nearly a century, to renew and enlarge this building in a manner worthy of this latter age, and more suited to our increased numbers and requirements. Those brethren worked not only for themselves but for us. We, in our turn, work not only for ourselves, but also for those who shall succeed us, when we shall rest from our labors, and who shall rejoice in this noble edifice as the central home of English Masonry. A home — a sacred home — where our holy rites may be duly performed in the solemn repose of a temple and of lodges especially set apart

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for those high purposes; a home which shall be a type and model for the lodges of England, and which, while in no way preventing the happy social intercourse, that I trust may ever mark our festive gatherings in their proper place, shall secure a sacred enclosure for those most solemn and beautiful ceremonies which have regard to that Grand Master on high, whom Jacob adored at Bethel, and Solomon worshipped on the hill of Zion.

And as in the material, so in the moral and intellectual world, we hope to do our part in our generation. It has been well observed by an eminent writer, that "subject to certain cycles of partial revolution, every generation of man is a laborer for that which succeeds it, and makes an addition to that great sum total of achieved results which may, in commercial phrase, be called the capital of the race." Every generation of men as they traverse the vale of life, are bound to accumulate new treasures for the race, and thus leave the world (as far as they are concerned, at least,) richer than they found it. Of the mental portion of this treasure, no small part is stored. The Greeks, perhaps, had the largest ideas concerning the training of man, and produced samples of our race with gifts unsurpassed. But the nature of man, as they knew it, was scarcely at all developed; nay, it was maimed in its supreme capacity, that is, in its relations to the Great Architect of the universe. Hence, as in the visions of the Prophet, so upon the roll of history the imposing fabrics of ancient civilization have never endured. Greece has bequeathed to us the ever-living tongue, and the undying labors of her intellect. Rome made ready for a later age the germs of polity and law; but the bright collection of endowments which goes to form civilization, having no root in itself, could not withstand the storms of time and change.

But there is a community that has weathered all these storms. Taking its rise in the earliest ages, founded on the purest principles of piety and virtue, it has pursued an onward course from age to age — a three thousand years' tale not yet fully told. Yes, brethren, Freemasonry can boast, not only a most remote origin, but a most glorious career. Like a golden thread in some texture of beauty, it has run through the varying fabric of human thought, and, like the great river of Egypt, it has found its devious way through many a land, overflowing and fertilizing the nations in its course. Meeting with various forms of religious belief and civil government, it has allied itself to all in proportion as each system was disciplined by order, practised in virtue, and founded in truth. Breaking through the fetters of mere human systems, it has ever boldly proclaimed those great cardinal truths which cherish virtue and point to heaven. Endowed with perpetual

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life, it has passed through the terrors of heathen darkness, mediæval corruptions, and modern Atheism. It has kindled —

> "That freedom of mind, which no vulgar dominion
> Can turn from the path a pure conscience approves;
> Which, with hope in the heart, and no chain on the pinion,
> Holds upwards its course to the light that it loves."

Hence it is that Freemasonry has had to encounter many formidable foes; hence, especially, has it been denounced by superstition and persecuted by intolerance. But, like the granite promontory, it stands unmoved amid the wild waves of fanaticism which surge around it, only to be hurled back into their native foam. Unhappy is he who, in his morose, bigoted self-sufficiency, can see nothing but evil in the history of humanity, and who overlooks all those conceptions of truth and good — all those kind and beautiful affections which God has interwoven with our frame, and which throw almost a divine glory over the most clouded features of the history of mankind; or who beholds only in that varied and wonderful history the traces of a ruined being, and to pray, as its noblest consummation, that all its future pages may exhibit the aspiring faculties of human genius, bound down under one narrow system of contracted thought, and the natural flow of human affections creeping on in one dull and artificial channel! Nor does the blood of the natural man freeze in his veins when the sublime principles of faith are impressed upon the soul, but continues to flow as before through their multiplied windings; neither is it meant that these principles of a higher character should impede one rush of genuine affection, one legitimate employment of our intellectual powers, or even one innocent play of fancy, but that they should guide them all to right ends and guard them with the shield of their own peculiar sanctity. Freemasonry rejoices in these principles; it addresses itself to every description of men, and hides the poor under the shadow of its wings from the ills and injuries of life. It is equally suited to the North, the South, the East and the West; all are interested in its beautiful lessons of brotherly love, and all treasure its contemplations of immortal life.

Ours, indeed, is a glorious fabric! founded in strength, ordered by wisdom, and adorned with beauty. Established upon the volume of God's Sacred Law, it sanctions all that experience teaches us respecting the natural powers of the mind. It leads us up in grateful thoughts to him who bestowed the principles of life at the first, and who continues to impart it through successive generations. It enhances its value by asserting and proving its immortality. * * * He that is an

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enemy to sacred truth is an enemy to himself. He is extinguishing, so far as he can, the light which is sent to guide him home, and to absorb the feebler rays of reason and of nature, and he is refusing the only cup of consolation which is a true antidote to the bitterness of sorrow. He is also an enemy to mankind, for he is robbing society of the cement which holds it together — of the source of its intelligence, its happiness and its glory. And he who is the enemy of man is the enemy of God; for he is the parent of man as well as the architect of the universe. He stamped human nature with his image, and he loves it still. Yes! brethren, this Sacred Volume is our foundation stone, which, while it records a thousand blessings in the present, points out to every wandering child of Adam "the path of life." And if truth lies at the foundation, Wisdom has raised the superstructure of the house. No one of thoughtful mind, and who has studied Freemasonry to any extent, can have failed to observe the connection of our whole system as well as the relative dependence of its several parts, the great objects brought out in the various implements of art, the lessons taught by our traditional histories, the significance of every ornament that adorns our lodges — all these are striking emblems of blessed verities — outer things mutely symbolizing the highest duties of social life, and the deepest truths connected with our inner life. Never can we witness a brother raised to the degree of a Master Mason without feeling a divine call to a higher life — without, at least, being deeply moved by the solemnities of a ceremony which for impressiveness and instruction is second to none in this world.

And is not our house not only strongly founded and wisely built, but beautifully adorned? Are not purity of thought, integrity of life, benignity of manner, and, above all, sweet charity, the beautiful garments with which a true Mason is invested? Oh, how lovely is this Charity! Can I better describe it than in the words of the loving poet and sweet singer, in his apostrophe:

"Meek and lowly,
Pure and holy,
Chief among the blessed three:
Turning sadness
Into gladness
Heaven-born art thou, Charity!"

Charity constitutes the highest dignity of human nature; it elevates and refines our feelings; it calms the storms of passion; it causes men to regard each other with kindness, and to view no one as a stranger whose joys we can heighten, wants supply, or sorrows soothe. No dis-

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tinction of rank will affect its operation; it will consider no object beneath its notice that can be benefited by its exertions, and no task to be mean by which it can promote human happiness. Where would be the boasted dignity of reason if employed only to promote narrow, selfish views? Where the glory of that knowledge which never of itself advised or comforted another? And where the honor of that power which never promoted indigent merit or wiped a tear from the mourner's eye? A fiend may possess a higher degree of reason, more knowledge and more power than the wisest and best of men; but, destitute of Charity, he is more to be dreaded — not revered. Who would esteem the man of rank whose haughty, selfish spirit could never smile on modest worth? Of what avail is wealth, imprisoned in the rusty coffers of the miser, or wantonly squandered away in the dissipation of the prodigal? Who would value an influence if never employed in promoting the prosperity of others? — If such gifts are made subservient to personal advantage they only show that we want the spirit and inclination to enjoy that greatest of all luxuries, the luxury of doing good. And do not the tenets of our venerable institution ever point in this direction? Are not our glorious charities practical illustrations of these truths?

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

It is, brethren, by holding to the well-understood principles of Freemasonry "adding to our faith virtue, to virtue knowledge, to knowledge temperance, to temperance brotherly love, to brotherly love charity," that, in our day and generation, we shall hand down something to bless and enrich our craft, our country and our kind. Systems may change, customs may vary, empires may rise or fall; but we shall still keep in view the ancient landmarks and the "bright and morning star," go on our way rejoicing — rejoicing in the spread of truth, of virtue and charity — rejoicing in the diffusion of that peace and good will which shall really conduce to the brotherhood of nations — rejoicing in the mitigation of human suffering, in the alleviation of human sorrow, in the elevation of human thought — then — having passed through the apprenticeship of human discipline, having had fellowship in the work of restoration, having mastered the passions and affections of human nature — having, in fact, finished the work given us to do, we shall exchange these lodges and tents we now inhabit for mansions not made with hands eternal in the heavens. There we shall enter on the possession of that promised land, where the good and faithful workman shall rejoin the companions of his former toils, shall rest from his labors, and shall receive his great reward.

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For the Mystic Star.

THE ANTI-SECRET SOCIETY MOVEMENT.

BY REV. C. P. NASH.

The Anti-Secret Society movement, inaugurated over a year ago, by Rev. President Blanchard, of Wheaton, Ill., who has succeeded in calling to his aid Prof. Finney, and a few others, has not, as yet, assumed sufficient magnitude to render it at all alarming to the lovers of the different, so styled, secret orders.

When we remember that the great Anti-Masonic raid which followed so closely upon the trail of the great "Morgan excitement," and which swept over the entire face of the broad land like a mighty tornado, leveling institutions, revolutionizing political parties, unsettling society, filling citizens, both in the church and out of it, Masons and Anti-Masons, with consternation, and threatening ruin everywhere, is of so recent date that many who were engaged *pro* and *con* in that movement are still living; and yet that this recent movement, after more than a year's agitation, is only able, after extensive advertising and correspondence, to collect in a mass convention — fifty persons, all told — which is reported as the aggregate of those present, of all classes, curiosity seekers and all, at the recent convention at North Wrentham, Mass. -- we might, with some show of consistency, treat the whole matter as unworthy of notice, and dispose of it with a contemptuous sneer. We might with a degree of propriety suggest, in accordance with statements already made, that the whole movement smacks but too loudly of the "black-ball." But it can do no harm to suppose these gentlemen honest in their convictions, governed, in their estimation, by pure motives, and seeking to compass their ends by honorable means; and so meet their objections, and investigate them courteously and in a spirit of candor. Leaving other secret societies, in the main to defend themselves, let us devote a brief space to the examination of these objections, so far as they relate to the institution of Masonry.

The first charge is, that Masonary, together with other secret orders, is opposed to the interests of religion. Precisely how, we have not been able to learn, even from the disclosures of Prof. Finney. And

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certainly the exaggerations, and rant of President Blanchard, come very far short of enlightening us on this very important point. Suppose that some, or even many, Masons become so attached to the meetings of the lodge, that they sometimes, or even often, neglect the prayer meeting, for the lodge meeting; does it, therefore, follow that the lodge meeting is a place of evil influence? Grant to the prayer meeting all the power for good that can be claimed for it within the bounds of reason, and may there not be another meeting of equally salutary influence? And may not the lodge meeting, even, be just such a place? Would it not be sophistry to claim that choice between two evils pronounces one of them good? And is it less sophistry to claim that choice between two acknowledged goods, pronounces one of them evil? Admit that every church member is under certain obligations to his church, and that one of these obligations is to attend the weekly prayer meeting; may he not consistently be under equal obligation to attend the meetings of the lodge? And when he distributes these duties as equally as he consistently can between the two, who shall pronounce him in error?

Now let us look at the other side of this question. What are some of the religious lessons inculcated in the lodge? Among the first lessons imparted to the Masonic initiate is the great fact underlying all theologies, and all religions, not to say moral institutions, that there is a God. Not only that, but implicit faith in him is demanded. And then the importance of trusting in him is most deeply impressed upon the mind. And yet beyond this, the candidate is taught, among his first lessons, to pray to him, first, last, and always. And there is nothing in any of the lodge formulas, nor symbolries, inconsistant with these teachings. Is it objected that this testimony, coming from one interested, cannot be received? We answer, this "movement" seeks to reclaim those who are Masons from the errors of Masonry; but success can never be gained through misrepresentation; and every Mason knows the statements I have made to be true. Are men to be charged with irreligiousness, then, because they perform their religious rites in secret? Is a prayer less acceptable to the Deity because its incense rises from the closet? After all, may it not be that the Masonic publican, "standing afar off" in the Masonic temple, "smiting his breast, and crying, God be merciful to me a sinner," may find more favor with God than will the Pharisaical professor of religion who "stands and prays with himself, thanking God that he is not as other men are?" We admit that there are too many inconsistent, and even bad men, among Masons; but so there are in the church, everywhere; and if this fact is to condemn Masonry as an institution, the church

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must go with it; and then we have no institution remaining as a conservator of religion. But we cannot discuss this objection in all its bearings in a single paper, and will only add, that while it is admitted that all men do not become religious by becoming Masons, it is emphatically denied that Masonry makes, or even has a tendency to make religious men irreligious.

Another charge is made against Masonry in particular, viz.: that it is an infidel institution, in that it does not acknowledge Christ. This is as unfounded as the former. Masonry is universal; and hence is obliged to accommodate itself to all nationalities, and all religions. But, while to the Jew its lessons may be understood to refer to a Messiah yet to come, and to the Christian to a Messiah already come, some of its most significant and impressive lessons are based, as every Mason knows, upon the life, death, and resurrection of Christ, and his power to raise the dead. There undoubtedly have been, and are, some Masons who were, and are deists, in theology; but Masonry would be a very indifferent system to them without a knowledge of "The Lion of the tribe of Judah." So long, then, as Masons know this to be true, how can these would-be reformers expect to persuade Christian Masons to abandon the order by their false charge of infidelity?

But another charge is, that Masons, especially, of all secret societies, are seeking to obtain a controlling influence in the politics of this nation; if not of the world. Can these gentlemen be sincere in this charge? Or is it put forth as the veriest buncombe, to create capital for themselves and to frighten the timid? Are they acquainted with any among their neighbors and friends, who are Masons? Do they exercise the elective franchise? And do they ever remain long enough at the polls to know how their neighbors vote? If not, do they never receive reliable information from those who do? Do they ever attend political conventions, or read their proceedings? Have they not then abundant evidence that Masons are interspersed through all political organizations? That they assist in nominating opposing candidates, representing opposing principles? And that at the polls they work, and vote, against each other? How then can they expect to obtain public credence for their specious and shallow pretext? Have they forgotten, or did they never know, that the great and immortal Washington, whose warning against secret societies they so frequently and flauntingly quote, was himself an active, leading, and honored Mason? And need they be reminded that his bosom friend, the Marquis de Lafayette, was a lover of the order, and that he frequently "patronized its assemblies?" Is there not, then, a reckless boldness in the charge, come from whom it may, that an order, numbering among patrons

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thousands of others, such distinguished lovers of liberty, is seeking to undermine the institutions of our country, or surreptitiously rob the people of their rights or liberties?

These are the principal charges, and we think, the only ones worthy of investigation. And in conclusion we wish to say a few things of the movement as such. And first, it is a very inconsistent movement. These gentlemen are either apprised of the aims and principles of these orders, or they are not. If they are, and aught exists that is objectionable, they know it. Why then do they not assail us with facts instead of misrepresentations? Do they claim to have witnesses from our own ranks? We ask them, then, whether according to their own confession, those witnesses are reliable? If they have entered into solemn and binding obligations not to disclose certain forms, or facts, held as secret, and they violate that obligation, what is their character for truth and veracity worth? But admitting their credibility, what disclosures have they ever made that were so damaging to the moral character of the order, or orders? Is it claimed that they have access to books that divulge the whole system, with all its mysteries? The same queries apply with equal force to these. And what if they should some day learn that these pretended exposures were mere impositions upon the gullability of an over-curious, and over-credulous public, for the purpose of filling empty coffers, what then would become of the "thunders" of their "Vatican?" No, inconsistency must ever mark the pretensions of any man, or set of men, who know nothing, authoritatively, of what they affirm.

But it is also a presumptuous movement. These gentlemen claim that the institution is evil; that the ends it seeks to accomplish are evil; and that the means employed to accomplish them are evil. Now look at the character of the men they thus assail. Probably a majority of the ministers of the gospel, of all protestant denominations, in the United States, if not in the world, are Masons. A majority of all male church members, in the same denominations, are probably Masons also. A majority of our leading statesmen, professional men, scientific men, and educators, without doubt, are also Masons. Most of our leading philanthropists, and lovers of the *genus homo*, are in the same category. Now the assault upon these men, to whom the world is looking to preserve our liberties, advance civilization, ameliorate the condition of society, bless the world, and conserve religion, is twofold. In substance they are informed that they are engaged in a villainous attempt to poison all the avenues of life, and to stealthily entangle in their evil meshes the unwary of all classes everywhere, and that they are too weak to know it, or that they are too wicked to acknowledge it.

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These fifty men, more or less, whether composed in part of curiosity seekers or not, thus substantially arrogate to themselves, either all the wisdom, or all the moral purity, or both extant! Did Pharisaical egotism, and arrogance, ever exceed this? We appeal to the candid everywhere, if it is not thus made to appear, a monstrous movement. And finally, it is a silly movement, and in this enlightened age, it will be weighed in the balance by the intelligence of the people, and found wanting. It cannot win.

A NEW YEAR'S GREETING TO THE CRAFT.

BY REV. M. MAGILL.

Happy greetings, brethren all,
Where'er upon this earthly ball
You toil with heart or hand.
Another year has sped and gone,
And still we have to travel on,
And hope to reach the better land.

The year gone by has had its cares,
Its hopes, its joys, its doubts and fears,
But we have lived them through.
And still another year is given,
By our kind "Father who art in heaven,"
To whom our thanks and praise are due.

How few, within the year just past,
Have dreamed that it would be their last
And yet have passed away,
Have crossed the bourne whence none return,
While we are left their loss to mourn;
To work and labor whilst 'tis day.

Dear brethren, let us start anew,
Our faith, our hope, our love renew,
E'er walking by the square.
Let all our labors have a plan
To bind us truly, man to man,
In fellowship most rare.

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This year the blind will need our light,
The poor seek favor in our sight,
And loudly they may call.
To us our duty is quite clear,
Nor should we rank or riches fear,
Nor into favoritism fall.

Those only who with honest mind,
With hearts prepared our light to find,
Such only should the craft accept,
As fit and worthy to be named
And stand most worthy Masons framed;
All others let the lodge reject.

If thus our vows stand duly tyled
Our harmony cannot be spoiled,
But peace and love shall reign.
The craft will work with right good will,
Its purpose, aims and ends fulfill,
And Masonry her mission gain.
— PERU, JAN. 1870.

THE LAST WILL.

BY M. W. ALFRED, M. D.

As Bro. M——— of Augusta Lodge, Michigan, was near unto death, but still being of sound mind, he dictated his last will in relation to all he was about to leave on earth — his loved ones, and his estate. The first thing stipulated in his will was: "I desire to be buried in Masonic Order." In immediate view of death men usually speak what they think, without attempting any disguise. Here, again, a good brother, in near propinquity to eternity, with all its sublime realities opening into view before him, pays the high homage to our institution by wishing to be buried with its solemn, and dignified funeral service. Men speak not foolishly in such an hour as this. He loved his Masonic instructions, both moral and religious, and he could no longer participate in them with his brethren, he wished to become the subject of our funeral rites, as a dying request. This was not prompted by

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dissimilation or pride, but by veneration of the institution of which he had long been an honored member

There are thousands multiplied by thousands of sober, candid men, who hold Masonry in the same high esteem. Men who, all the low cavils, and vile vituperations of its adversaries, backed up by the Pope's thunders of excommunication, can never be made to think less highly of it, nor can they extort renunciation or denunciation. Neither life nor death can do this. We have already said that men in immediate view of death seldom speak that which they do not believe. Young says: "Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die." It is not in the power of a whole life devoted to thoughtless vanity completely to eradicate from the mind the unwelcome truth that death is a matter deserving serious consideration, that it is a reality indispensibly sure, that the fatal hour will inevitably arrive.

Retrenching all the superstitious speculations thrown around this scene by bigoted barbarians, and the many erroneous conceptions of the divine government in relation thereto, as entertained by the more civilized nations, concerning his vengeance or clemency in this stern fatuity, yet is death a most serious event to contemplate. To close these eyes, now beaming with light, forever on all the bright and varied scenes with which we see ourselves surrounded, to shut these ears to love's endearing words, and reciprocate them no more forever though so tenderly and pathetically expressed, to become incapable of manifesting sympathy, of sharing the sorrows, or of bearing a part of that untold grief experienced by those we leave in tears of bitterest anguish; to recognize no more forever the kind offices of friends dearer than life itself, whose wounded bosoms bleed as they pronounce the last good-bye; and to step from the stage of life and enter on the employments of a life unknown, in a world so strange and new, are all subjects deserving most serious thought. With all these considerations closing in upon our brother, and pressing around his dying pillow, he says, as thousands have before,

"I DESIRE TO BE BURIED IN MASONIC ORDER."

Let my brothers gather round me,
And lay me in my tomb—
Rest of this weary body
Its last still, peaceful home.

And the evergreen cast o'er me,
By each brother tried and free,
Denotes my hope triumphant,
In immortality.

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O bury me toward the evening,
When the sun begins to fade,
That the stars may view each portion
Of the fresh earth o'er me laid.

There beneath that ample covering
How sweet my dust shall rest,
While on its pinions hovering,
My soul is ever blessed.

Let my brothers gather round me
And with hands uplifted high,
Commend my unfettered spirit
To God, our God, on high.

Let, too, my grave be shaded
By some fair, some native tree,
And its autumn leaves, while falling,
Shall my kind mementoes be.

Let the fresh green tuft above me
Catch the nightly gems of dew,
And the morning sun will paint them
With rich and sparkling hue.

O let no tears of anguish
Be o'er this body shed,
The soul, with its kind emotions,
Sleeps not among the dead.

Then bury me toward the evening,
So the stars shall my watchers be,
My soul shall love as ever
In its immortality.

— GALESBURG, MICH.

To every man there are many, many dark hours, when he feels inclined to abandon his best enterprise — when his heart's dearest hopes appear delusive — hours when he feels unequal to the burden, when all his aspirations seem worthless. They are the common lot of humanity.

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A PLEASANT SURPRISE.

PRESENTATION TO PAST EMINENT GRAND COMMANDER, SOL. D. BAYLESS.

At a recent gathering one evening, there occurred one of those events which mark the happy spots in life's pathway, ever affording a pleasing and refreshing retrospect from the turmoil and hardships of life. It was the occasion of the presentation of a full Knight Templar's suit, by the Master Masons and Knights Templars of this city, to Past Eminent Grand Commander, Sol. D. Bayless, at his residence, corner of Wayne and Clinton streets. It was intended for a surprise, and so completely was the object accomplished that Mr. B. thought as he saw the first two or three enter his room that they were calling to learn of his health, he having been indisposed with bronchial affection for several days past. But when the genial smiles of nearly a hundred more made their appearance he was nonplused, and could not divine the object of the visit. In the meantime the suit had been neatly displayed upon a table in the parlor, and Mr. Bayless, with the assistance of many willing hands, was brought in upon the lounge, when for the first time he saw what had brought the party together.

The presentation of this suit had long been intended, and various means were resorted to, to get the correct measure for each article. A visit was made by one of the fraternity to Mr. B.'s house in his absence, and an old hat siezed upon for the desired dimensions. In sending the suit from Troy, New York, where it was manufactured, to this city, the sword was broken by an accident on the road, and not wishing to postpone the presentation, another sword was substituted for the occasion. Last Sunday was the fifty-fifth birthday anniversary of Mr. B., and it was desirable to commemorate that event by the presentation of the suit. This suit consists of a beautifully ornamented chapeau, a neat cloth cap, *a la militaire*, a handsome baldrick, on which was placed the proper insigna of rank, gauntlets, with the usual embelishments, and a rapier sword, on which was inscribed the name of the recipient.

After the party had assembled in the parlor, Rev. N. S. Smith arose, and in his usual able and eloquent manner, made, on behalf of those present, a pleasing and appropriate presentation address. At its conclusion, Mr. Bayless remarked that he could only say that if he had words to express his gratitude for this beautiful testimonial of their esteem, he would not have strength to utter them, but hoped at some

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future day to meet them in their lodge room and return his thanks for their kindness; and, if even this pleasure should be denied him, he hoped to meet all in the grand lodge room above, where strength would not be required to prove him grateful.

Another surprise however awaited the whole party at this juncture, for the ladies had been busy all day long, without awakening a suspicion in the mind of Mr. B., who not being able to leave his room, was under the impression that they were engaged in the usual Monday's pastime — washing. So, that when the guests were invited to the dining-room, a superb lunch met their gaze; also the beautiful faces of the fair ones, who seemed delighted in their achievement of presenting such tempting morsels. Their efforts were unmistakeably appreciated. The party dispersed about ten o'clock, after participating in a truly happy and pleasant affair.

Mr. Bayless has been connected with the Masonic fraternity for twenty-eight years, and enjoys a reputation and respect among them second to none in the state. The following was offered on this occasion:

MASONIC TOAST.

May Friendship's barque on the rock of deceit,
Ne'er sever, and sink, ere again we shall meet,
May she placidly glide o'er life's troubled lake
'Till launched safe in heaven; we then shall wake
Where sorrow, nor sighs, nor envy are known,
Where nought reigns but bliss around the Great Throne,
Where we may all dwell and forever there be
Crown'd with the wreath Faith, Hope, and Charity.

COM.

ACROSTIC.

May thy fair beams, thou beauteous star,
Yet brighter shine o'er lands afar —
Send forth thy rays of heavenly light
To give to darkened minds their right.
Incense of odors sweet impart —
Cease not to bind the broken heart;
Still upward towards the zenith hie,
Till tears are wiped from every eye,
And widows' sighs and orphans' wail
Rise nevermore upon the gale.

J. H. S.

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GRAND MASTER MICKEL'S DECISIONS—OF IOWA.

Can the Worshipful Master, with a majority vote of the lodge, remove the lodge from one village to another?

No. It can only be removed by consent of the Grand Lodge.

Can the Worshipful Master of our lodge legally declare the lodge closed in B. to hold its next communication in N.?

No.

Can the Worshipful Master of a lodge close the same and legally declare it closed for the remainder of his official term?

He might do so if the lodge should become insubordinate and refuse to comply with his decisions, properly made, and by their conduct trample under foot the ground-work and principles of Masonry, or for such causes as would justify taking away from them their charter. But he has no right to do so merely to gratify a personal whim or caprice, or a petty spite toward the lodge or a portion of its members.

Can a petition for affiliation be withdrawn after reference, and before a ballot is taken, with the consent of the lodge?

No. See Sec. XXIX Grand Lodge by-laws.

What should be done with the dimit deposited by an applicant for affiliation, he having been rejected but no charges preferred against him?

It should be returned to the rejected brother.

When an applicant for membership has been rejected, and charges are immediately preferred against him, and he is either expelled or suspended, should his demit be returned to him?

No. He is no longer entitled to any evidence of good standing.

A brother Master Mason petitions a lodge for membership, his petition is properly referred and reported upon favorably. Must the ballot be spread at once, or can the lodge postpone the ballot until the next stated communication of the lodge?

I think it would be entirely in the discretion of the Worshipful Master to postpone it or not, according to the circumstances of the case.

Can the Worshipful Master take the charter to another village, within the jurisdiction of his lodge, and there open a funeral lodge for the purpose of burying one of his deceased members?

Certainly. To hold otherwise would be to deny masonic burial to many worthy Masons whose residence is at a distance from the place where the lodge hall is stationed.

Is it essential that the master of a proposed new lodge shall exem-

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plify the work, &c., at a stated communication of the lodge to which application is made for a recommendation?

I think not. The petition should be presented at a stated meeting, and if the master of the proposed new lodge is then present he may exemplify the work at that time, or may do so at a subsequent special communication called for that purpose.

1. Must the vote on recommending a petitton for a new lodge be taken at a stated communication?

2. Must the vote be taken at the same meeting that the exemplification of the work is witnessed?

1. Yes.

2. Not necessarily. It may be taken then if at a stated meeting, otherwise it may be taken at the next stated communication.

1. Is it necessary to summon a full lodge before taking a vote to recommend a petition for a new lodge?

2. Is a two-third or only a numerical majority required to recommend a petition?

1. No. It is not required to summon members to attend regular meetings of the lodge. Nevertheless, if important business is to be transacted the Worshipful Master may at his discretion issue his summons.

2. A majority vote only is required.

Can a chartered lodge try an affiliated brother for offences commited while it was yet a lodge U. D.?

Yes.

Can a brother under charges take a change of venue and have his case tried by another lodge when satisfied that the members of his lodge are unduly prejudiced against him?

I know of no law, custom or usage authorizing a change of venue in a Masonic trial. If aggrieved by the action of his lodge, his remedy will be by appeal to the Grand Lodge.

Have those who claim to be members of our lodge, but have never signed the by-laws, a right to take part in the trial of a brother for unmasonic conduct, and vote upon the question of his guilt or innocence?

No. They must first sign the by-laws, and an opportunity to do so should be given them at once. Those who decline to avail themselves of the privilege should have their names stricken from the roll of members, and should then be regarded as non-affiliated Masons.

A brother applies to his lodge for a dimit, and a resolution is adopted granting the same. He then removes within the jurisdiction of another lodge, but has not received a certificate from the

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secretary certifying to his dimission. Can the lodge granting the dimit, at a subsequent meeting, reconsider the vote upon said resolution, and thus restore him to membership, and prefer charges against him?

A lodge cannot reconsider a vote granting a dimit. The vote of the lodge granting the dimit dissolves the brother's connection with the lodge absolutely, and he can be restored to membership only by petition, reference and a unanimous ballot, like any other non-affiliated Mason. The secretary's certificate, frequently called a *dimit* is but the evidence of the fact that the lodge has voted to dismiss the brother from membership.

Two brothers of our lodge were charged with gross unmasonic conduct — forgery, &c. They were tried and found guilty; one was then expelled and the other suspended. Subsequently both were indicted by the grand jury of this county, and the proof of guilt cumulates and is made clear. In view of these facts, I ask,

1. Can we summon the suspended brother for a new trial; or

2. Can the lodge reconsider the vote inflicting the punishment and vote to expel; or,

3. Ought we to await the issue of the case in the civil courts and be governed by its results?

1. No, unless a new trial should be ordered by the Grand Lodge.

2. Not without special authority.

3, No. A Masonic Lodge should act independently of the civil courts in regard to disciplining a member for unmasonic conduct, and in no case of the kind be governed by the result of any suit or suits pending therein. But in every case where charges are preferred against a brother, the lodge should promptly, thoroughly and impartially examine into all the facts in the case, and leave no stone unturned in their efforts to ascertain the truth, and then decide the case on its merits, from the facts discovered, without fear or favor. If the brother is guilty, they should not hesitate to inflict the proper punishment, although the courts might by some technicality pronounce him innocent. But if the brother is found to be innocent of the crimes laid to his charge, the lodge should so declare it without hesitation, even though the courts may have condemned him as a felon. In such a case it is the duty of every Mason to stand the more firmly by the unfortunate brother; to aid and assist him by every lawful means at their command, and vindicate his character before the world.*

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* Your committee have carefully examined these decisions, and, with one exception, not only endorse them as sound Masonic law, but commend them for their brevity and

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TRUE HAPPINESS, THE OBJECT OF A CORRECT LIFE.

BY H. R. SHETTERLY, M. D.

[The following is taken from a communication of an old and valued friend, whose mind was prejudiced in early life by the falsehoods of the vile enemies of Masonry. We hope to hear from him often, for the rich thoughts of his scientific researches are too valuable to be lost, and whenever the Dr. can spare a few moments for the MYSTIC STAR we will be truly grateful.—ED.]

FRIEND BILLINGS—The sample number of the MYSTIC STAR you sent me has been edifying; but I found no mysticism in it, but only straightforward reasoning, insisting upon the very great importance of the freedom of mind and conscience as the only correct guide that can lead us in the right path to righteousness and consequent happiness, if rightly employed. And thinking that you might, perhaps, be willing to let a person (not a Mason) contribute an article to your STAR, I send you the following result of what I deem correct reason from cause to effect, and *vice versa*, though it clashes with long cherished opinions of sect and party.

I know nothing about Masonry except what comes from its enemies, and the more correct criterion of its fruits. And these have long since convinced me that the Morgan slander, which prejudiced me against it, in the prime of life, was hatched for the sole purpose of persecution, and for the raising of political wire-workers above a better class of citizens. And the result has been—what might have been expected—a general degradation of morals and honesty in politics and also in private life. And now, as I am past three score and ten, and as my

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plainness; they are decisions, not arguments, concise, not verbose; such work as we delight to inspect.

The exception is, to the answer of the query; referring to "the rejected applicant for membership" who is legally entitled to the return of his dimit in all cases. The preferment of charges against him can in no event alter or change the right of ownership in the dimit; it was lawfully given him and cannot unlawfully be taken from him. If the brother has committed an offence against our laws, he may be tried and suspended or expelled, and the Masonic world informed thereof. To withhold it, would be, we believe, "a deviattion from the minutest principle of justice," which we are admonished in the cardinal virtues, "should be the invariable practice of every Mason never to do."

Respectfully submitted in behalf of the committee,

T. S. PARVIN, Chairman.

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ambition has gone to the tomb with my dearly beloved companion, it seems as if nothing remained for me to do but to await the time when I shall be blessed with the coveted privilege of following her; though I still feel desirous of reminding my fellow men of the all paramount importance, in every walk of life, of yielding implicit obedience to the fundamental commandments of God, so much insisted upon by the mystic brotherhood, but totally ignored by sectarian bigots: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," "As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them, likewise." If these precepts were universally obeyed, what a heaven our abode in this mortal state would be.

"What conscience dictates to be done, or warns ye not to do;
This teach me more than hell to shun, that more than heaven pursue."

"Happiness is our being's end and aim;" and, if we loved our neighbors as we do ourselves; and did unto others as we wish them to do unto us — and this a well cultivated conscience requires, as much as the commands of God — all strife and contention would be banished from the earth. Then would peace flow as a river, and righteousness as the waves of the sea.

"Happiness is our object, ne'er should we miss it
In life's varied path, if the talent were ours
From all we encounter, some good to elicit,
As bees gather sweets from the meanest of flowers."

If, then, all would pursue happiness, what is the reason that the world is so full of contention, injustice, wickedness, and crime? And that, in every land, society is deluged with consequent misery, which is, confessedly, produced by violations of the Creator's laws? To elucidate, and in some measure answer these questions, is our principal object.

In the first place, people do not obey the above cited commandments, and therefore are not practical Christians or Masons, however often they may pray, or whatever great sums of money they may contribute. Secondly, comparatively few people reason from cause to effect, and *vice versa*. And the belief is almost universally entertained, that happiness can be attained by wicked actions, and that this can be enjoyed by a select clan, and even by individuals, while all their fellow beings around them are whelmed in misery. No wonder the Popish Hierarchy, believing this, racked his brains to invent instruments to inflict torture on all whom he judged his foes. The pilgrims brought the same spirit across the ocean. They did not flee from persecution

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as is usually asserted, but only from the strongest party; for they commenced persecution as soon as they had the power. Read the history of New England witchcraft, etc. The same spirit to persecute is still cherished by sectarians, particularly against the Masonic brotherhood, and would doubtless be enforced, had not Masonry exerted its benign influence, and pulled the fangs of all bigots by the enactment of the Declaration of Independence. Masonry has contended nobly against iniquity from an early age.

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GOSHEN CHAPTER, IND.—The following officers were installed on Monday evening in the presence of a large number of the gentlemen and ladies of our city: E. W. H. Ellis. H. P.; Michael Bashor, K.; D. M. Clymer, S.; Herman Elson, P. S.; G. W. Gibbons, C. H.; Geo. R. Winters, R. A. C.; W. A. Woods, 3rd V.; C. B. Alderman, 2d V.; Charles Zirwas, 1st V.; E. G. Chamberlain, Secretary; John W. Egbert, Treasurer; Jacob L. Powell, Guard; M. B. Hascall, Marshall; David Darr and W. A. Barns, Stewards. The occasion was a very pleasant one, and the ceremonies were witnessed by an appreciative audience.

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HOME DEPARTMENT.

For the Mystic Star.

ALL FOR THE BEST.

We are hastening toward the beginning of a new year. We know not the changes that await us before its close He only can enter upon a new voyage into the mysterious future who believes that every good man's life is "a plan of God," and humbly and firmly believes that he will carry it out. That is a happy spirit which can see a wise design in every event of life, whether it be sad or joyful. "It comes from above," says the implicitly believing soul, whether it comes in the form of prosperity or adversity — whether it be a shower of blessings or a shower of tears.

"All things must work together for good." If God makes all things subservient to the salvation of him who humbly believes, and so keeps him that not even a hair of his head can fall without the Father's notice, how can it be otherwise than that he shall be safely preserved unto everlasting life. It is a most precious doctrine, and full of the sweetest consolation, that the Christian becomes a kind of centre towards which all gracious influences flow. He is a king which all things serve, and strengthen, and honor. He is a priest, to which all things bring sacrifices, and as he looks around he

Beholds a chain of love,
Uniting all below
And all above;
All things serving,
All things served;
Nothing stands alone,
The chain runs on
And where it ends
To mortal man unknown.

Here it is we know that all things work together for good to them that love God. It must be so if God is a God of wisdom and love. We know it from observation — from experience — from experience of others, and from the word of God, in which the conduct of his providence, in reference to his people, is clearly delineated. His people are to him as the apple of his eye; he calls them "his portion," the "lot of his inheritance," and for them he conducts and directs the kingdom of grace and of providence. For them

"The whole realm of nature stands,
And stars their courses move."

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Angels minister unto them; the fiery darts of Satan do but urge them more hastily out of this fearful land. Temptations strengthen their power to resist. Afflictions drive them to the court of his protection, as the storm induces the brood to hide under the parental wing. Bereavements loosen their hold on earth, and put them more conciously under the power of heavenly attractions. In short, all things to the good, work for good. Everything becomes to them means of gracious help. Everything the pilgrim passes in the way, be it air or ocean, hills or mountains, beasts or birds, forest, field or flowers, whisper encouragement by his side; kindly beckon before him with a smile, or keep him from looking back with a frown. All things are yours, whether Paul or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come, all are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's. What a legacy! The world of nature as well as the world of grace is destined and adapted to promote his happiness and salvation. Singing birds, blossoming flowers, and shining stars, are all the tokens of his Maker's presence, and the evidences of his love. The vulgar and profane feel not their power, know not their language. These with their lovely influences are God's gifts to his children. They are his

> "Whose eye they fill with holy joy,
> Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted mind
> With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love
> That planned and built, and still upholds a world
> To clothe with beauty."

The devout worshipper of his Maker walks forth into the joyous field of nature as its heir. It is the vast mansion of his Father, reflecting from all sides his loving and peaceful smiles. Those who possess the world in a selfish, uncharitable sense, own it not. Their love of it, in endeavoring to appropriate it to themselves in the way of selfish gain, corrupts them. They would take it from God, forgetting that it is his. They turn it into dust — lifeless though glittering dust — and then worship it to their soul's deep ruin. But the true Christian looks at it as God's, loves it as his, and thus receives its benefit entire as his own inheritance — "as having nothing, and yet possessing all things." Thus, instead of gathering fragments of it as spoils, and bending over it with slavish devotion to dust, he walks in its midst in lordly dignity, and in real conscious and enlarged joy. In this sense it may be said of him who owns no acre, in the earthly sense of ownership,

> "His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
> And the resplendent rivers, his to enjoy.

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With a prosperity that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say — 'My Father made them all.'"

Not only do all things work for good, but they work together for good. Single events sometimes seem to be against us, but they only seem so because we look at them in their single and separate character. If regarded in connexion with other events, they will plainly be seen to work for good. The system of God's providence, and his various dealings in reference to us, work into each other and through each other, so that to a superficial observer there may seem to be confusion and conflict, but all is glorious harmony when observed and understood as a whole. Just as a piece of complex machinery, wheels even side by side, may seem in contrary directions, so as to present at the first glance the strangest confusion, yet when they are understood, in reference to the end for which they all work, there is the most astonishing harmony. To the scenes of providence by which we are surrounded, and by which our lives are directed, though it seems to be full of contraries and contradictions, yet he who presides over it is making all work together, in the most beautiful harmony, for good unto all them that love him.

Of the truth of this, that great light in Masonry, the rule and guide of our faith, furnishes almost any number, and every variety of proofs and illustrations. How strangely did God's providence turn the history of Abraham's life, yet how clearly is his goodness and love seen in each turn of it. Of Jacob it is truly said, God "led him about," yet his hand was on him for good, and he kept him as the "apple of his eye." How greatly was the good patriarch mistaken, when, looking on a few single, isolated events, he said, "All these things are against me!" No, they were for him, as the issue showed. God was for him, and if he be for us, who can be against us? The same may be said of Joseph, Moses, Job, David, "and what shall I more say," for time would fail me to tell of all the rest who were led up and down, to and fro, back and forth in the earth, and endured a thousand seeming single evils, but all working together for good, that they might obtain a better place in the Grand Lodge above, towards which we have all made the journey of another year. He who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" will not forget to regulate his providences with the greatest tenderness in reference to those whom he calls "his portion."

At each turn of our life we may see the hand of God tenderly

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directing us, saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it;" or in merciful reproof arrest our attention, as the angel, which stood with drawn sword before Balaam, saying, "Behold I went out to withstand thee, because thy way is perverse before me." Thus God, often with a seen, but oftener with an unseen hand, directs the history of our life; and, if we suffer ourselves to be led of him, he will guide us by his counsel, and lead us in a way we know not, into that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

Well then may we, in passing on in our crooked pilgrimage into the new year upon which we enter, trust in God, having our faith well founded, and joyfully sing:

"In each event of life how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by thee.

In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

When gladness wings the favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear,
That heart will rest on thee.

JAN. 1870. X. Y. Z.

The root that produces the beautiful and flourishing tree with all its spreading branches, verdant leaves, and refreshing fruits—that which gains for it sap, life, vigor, and fruitfulness—is all unseen; and the further and deeper the roots spread beneath, the more the tree expands above. Christian, if you wish to prosper, if you long to bring forth all the fruits of the spirit, strike your roots deep and wide in private prayer. That faith and support, that strength and grace which you seek of God in secret, that it may be exercised in the hour of need, God will in that hour give it to you before men.

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THE WISCONSIN STATE PRISON.

The State Prison of Wisconsin presents many attractive features to the stranger, so many that seldom does a person visit without expressing surprise that a place of confinement for criminals should be so pleasant in nearly all its departments. Its outward appearance — while it represents solitariness and gloom to those who know it, and the disgrace it is to be an inmate there — is more like that of some vast armory, and the main edifices like those of some State Capital, but once within, the visitor forgets that it is a place of punishment for crime, so busy is every one and everything that it resembles a great manufactory rather than a prison, and from the time we enter within the massive walls and hear the heavy lock click behind us, wedging the ponderous iron gate into a part and parcel of the heavy grating in front, until he hears it on leaving, nothing that is monotonous or oppressive meets the eye.

As we look upon the grounds in front of the main buildings, and contrast them with those of other prisons in our country, we say they would add as much beauty to the most palatial residences as these of most other prisons would disgrace them. Exactly behind the entrance to the yard stands the main building, containing the public rooms, and the commissioners residence. Joining this, on either side, are the long wings containing the cells of the convicts, its dimensions being: main building, eighty-five by ninety feet, and one hundred and thirty feet high, and each wing fifty by two hundred feet, and fifty feet high, both containing five hundred and forty cells. In addition to this, and within the same wall is the female prison, seventy by one hundred and thirty feet; chair and furniture shops, forty by three hundred and seventy-five feet; blacksmith shop, forty by eighty feet; wash-house, twenty-five by forty feet; barn and stable, forty by eighty feet; shoe and tailor shop, twenty-five by forty feet; bath-rooms, forty by eighty feet, all of which is of cut lime stone, and stand upon a rock foundation. These buildings are all enclosed by a wall twenty-four feet high and four feet thick, over an area of eight acres. The cells which are amply large and well ventilated, we find contain books and many articles of furniture suitable to their size, showing that the leisure moments of these unfortunates are properly cared for. In a word, the construction of the whole institution shows that it has been the design of the commissioner, Mr. H. Cordier, who has had in charge its erection, to make it pleasant — if a prison can be pleasant — and healthy and commodious.

It seems to be a common error into which our state governments have

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fallen, that a prison should be a dungeon of itself, and the convicts made to suffer every torture the flesh can bear. Delaware still clings to the barbarous practice of the lash for petty crimes, until life itself becomes a dread, and some others still use a shower bath till a man is nearly strangled. It is true we have a right to punish crime, but this right does not give the liberty to maim and strangle. Is it then duty to treat them thus inhumanly? We can answer by applying the same course of treatment to the same individuals outside of prison walls, and ascertaining whether more anger and hatred is not engendered by such treatment than by kindness. Are not these convicts there for the expiation of crime committed in the heat of anger, arroused, perhaps, by similar treatment to that which he is receiving at the hands of those whose duty it is to reform him? There the same treatment after confinement in a jail or prison, will breed a spirit of anger, and mutiny is often the result, and when they have served their time, leave no better, but worse men than when they entered. This lesson should be taught all wardens and prison disciplinarians, by the multitude of instances with which they must be familiar.

Many have not yet forgotten the revolt the State Prison of Massachusetts occasioned, by the sentence of whipping, which two of their number had received, and was only quelled by calling the militia to the rescue, and giving the mutineers three minutes to choose between death and submission. Instances at the present time are not wanting of this barbarous practice. Among the telegraph news from Deleware, not a month ago, we find the following dispatch: "Whipping day was observed at New Castle by the public flogging in the jailyard of five men; four of them black, one white." If the spirit of humanity was manifested to a greater degree, their punishment might be made beneficial to them. Is it not the duty, then, of a civilized people to treat these unfortunate men and women in such a way that when they are released from their incarceration they may become industrious and law abiding? A man is a man the world over, and with every one lost in degradation there is always some method left by which the impulses of his better nature can be reached, but it is not by harshness and cruelty, but by kindness, and by throwing around him humane influences.

While Delaware, and some other states are trying the virtue of corporeal punishment, Wisconsin is trying the milder method of humane treatment, and throwing around them every salutary influence, the severest punishment being the dungeon, and chain and ball, and these very seldom. For the lash we find the work bench; for the pillory we find the school; the object seems not to endeavor to make

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their life a burden, and dread to see the light of each day, but to make them peaceable, industrious, subordinate. Encouragement is held out to them for good conduct and industry by a commutation of their sentence in the form of a reduction of time, by allowing them five days on each month, thereby gaining sixty days in a year. Recently two convicts attempted to escape by scaling the walls, but were caught and returned to their confinement. Both had served many years and gained much time by the commutation act. One had but a few months to remain, but will now have his full time to serve. What greater or more effectual punishment could be inflicted upon them than to know they are now to serve their full sentence, and all because of their own act of disobedience and insubordination.

So few educated men become convicts in our State Prisons, that it may be safe to infer that ignorance is the prime cause of crime, and imprisonment. Many of them are unable to read or write their own names, and ignorance in every branch of knowledge is exhibited in its worst form. The remedy for this is provided for by an act of the legislature, which gives all who will accept the privilege, two half days in each week, for the purpose of being taught in reading, writing and ciphering. It has been so thoroughly taken advantage of, that since its passage, years ago, more than one hundred and forty members who could neither read nor write when taken there, have been taught all these by the efficient chaplain, Mr. Drew, who we believe secured the passage of the act, so that they can attend to every day business with accuracy. These men do not allow any time to pass unimproved, when a moment presents itself they may be seen studying out their lessons, reading or writing. Deep interest and constant industry is a sure token of progress, and when manifested among these unfortunates, we may be sure of improvement. If more of the states of the Union would adopt this or some other good course for the improvement of criminals, the nation would be the better for it. We are happy to know that one other, California,* has adopted a similar course, and so far have heard that she has no cause for regret at having done so.

As the time approaches for the present commissioner to leave his place, so long, successfully and honorably held, he does not do so without leaving a host of friends behind who will wish him large and continued success.

H. A. B.

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* Michigan adopted a similar practice in her discipline a number of years ago, and the two years that we were connected, as Chaplain, with her prison, we witnessed the good effect of the law of kindness. We became convinced that a great reform was necessary in our prison laws, and in the management of the unfortunate class of citizens who have failed to take good care of themselves.— Ed.

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For the Mystic Star.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

BY GERTRUDE RADCLIFF.

Brave, gallant craft, noble and true,
A happy New Year's day to you!
May fortune shower her golden beams,
And friendship pour her healing streams,
May fancy robe your future way
With visions bright, and joyous day;
May malice never wield his dart,
Nor envy pierce the trusting heart;
May friendship pure as that of mine
Around your hearts a wreath entwine.
And may that wreath be culled with care,
The bitter left with thorns to share;
And that no jealousies intrude,
Is the wish of friend Gertrude.

Fain would I send to each and all the fraternity a carrier dove bearing the olive leaf, and I would fold beneath the wings of that peaceful messenger the forget-me-not, that symbol of true love, brotherly love, that should dwell in the hearts of all, and I would twine around its neck a wreath of ivy, the ancient emblem of female affection, that it might serve as a reminder of the love borne to you from the wives, mothers, and daughters, of those connected with the mystical tie. Yes, fain would I hasten it to thee, laden with the *billet doux*, "Owe no man anything, but to love one another." I would, that the members of the sacred tie, might be bound anew by the golden chain of Faith, Hope and Charity, and that the universal brotherhood might constitute the great circle of practical righteousness, so that the triangle of inharmony need never enter; and that the triangle be

Touched by the electric chain of love
Which links the hearts on earth to those above,
That the All-Seeing Eye may smilling approve
The work you accomplish as onward you move,
And the MYSTIC STAR serve a bright silver ray,
To illumine the cross of life's dreary way.
— FT. WAYNE, IND.

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THE FATE OF THE "HOPE."

BY E. C. G.

Two days after a severe action, which was fought in Virginia during the recent rebellion, I was in Washington City, for the purpose of affording such aid as I could to my only brother, who had fallen by my side from a wound received in the engagement. He had been removed from the field and carried to the Capital to be received at the private residence of a friend, where the attentions paid him resulted in his recovery, and he was soon able to return to his command.

In the immediate vicinity of the house where my brother lay, was a temporary hospital for the reception of some of the disabled members of my own regiment, and a few badly wounded men belonging to the ——th Regiment of Cavalry. Among these latter was a soldier who had received a mortal wound, and to whom I had extended some little acts of kindness during my stay in the city, in the hope of somewhat alleviating his great suffering, knowing, as I did, that he could not possibly survive his injuries longer than a day or two. One afternoon I hurriedly approached his couch, having received orders to rejoin my company, and was about to bid him good-bye, when I was greatly surprised to hear him say:

"G——, do you remember the bark Hope that sailed from New York about eight years ago?"

"Yes," I responded; "I was engaged in superintending some work aboard of her."

"You cannot then have forgotten Sailor Ben? I am he, and am grateful to you for the kindness you have shown me during my last hours on earth. As I cannot live long, I will explain to you what became of the bark. She sailed from New York, as you will recollect and was never after heard of!"

"Yes," I replied, as I recognized for the first time in the soldier an old sailor friend, and extending to him my hand, I added, "many anxious thoughts have been indulged in about the Hope, and parties interested would be glad to know her fate."

"I can tell you all about it," resumed the dying man. "I and Jack Martin were the only two who escaped from the wreck. Poor Jack, his body lies on the battle field where I received my death wound. I will tell you about that dreadful night when the Hope was lost, during a terrible gale in the Western Ocean. I am the last of her company. It can do no harm now, and perhaps some good, and may relieve the

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minds of many to learn the fate of those who were on board of her."

As he spoke, his voice became weaker, and the pale cast of death spread over his features, indicating speedy dissolution. I drew from my pocket a memorandum book, and made such minutes as were of import as he related to me the particulars:

I was standing on a pier on the East River side of the city when the bark Hope sailed therefrom for Marseilles in France, little thinking at the time that I should meet under such peculiar circumstances the last of her crew.

Hard treatment by those in authority to their inferiors on ship board, has long been proverbial, and the commandant of this vessel, aided and abetted by his officers, had for many voyages practiced the most uncalled for brutality toward those under his control. He had won for himself and his vessel an unenviable notoriety; and he was regarded by the foremast hands then sailing from the port, as the most cruel and unrelenting shipmaster of his day. It was only with much persuasion and a high rate of wages that seamen could be induced to ship with him.

As the Hope passed through the Narrows, and out to sea, the inhuman treatment usual on board, had already commenced. The mate — known by the sobriquet of "Florida Jim" — a tyranical brute of a powerful build, who appeared lost to all human instincts, with coarse oaths and loud commands, belaying pin in hand, and partially stupefied with strong drink, laid about him wildly, in every direction, striking without cause, on frivelous pretences, every seaman who came in his way. He had, aided by the captain and second mate, so severely punished the unfortunate crew, that four out of the ten seaman, composing the "forward party," were lying half dead in the forecastle, while the remaining terrified hands endeavored to set the studding-sails; but, being unable to do so, from their disabled condition, with the alacrity required by their brutal supervisors, they were again set upon, and so terribly beaten and cut up, that the captain, who had with great inhumanity viewed the whole scene from the quarter-deck, fearing the total disablement of his men, instructed "Florida Jim" to "let up a little," so that the sails were soon after set, and the bark, aided by a stiff breeze from the westward, screened to it handsomely.

Sailor Ben, at the time mentioned, was about thirty-eight years of age, an intelligent, thorough seaman, of a short, thick-set, and powerful figure, and naturally of a kind and tractable disposition, ever ready to obey his orders, quick and expert in their execution, an excellent helmsman, and somewhat acquainted with navigation, he was known as one of the best sailors then sailing across the Atlantic. He was a

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man who did not readily forget an injury, and when he performed his work he expected good treatment. As he lay in his bunk one day, bruised and bleeding, after a conflict with the first mate, he determined that if his shipmates would stand by him, he would seize and imprison the captain and his officers, take possession of the bark, then devise some means of getting her into port. With these thoughts possessing him, he addressed his companions:

"Shipmates," said he, "I have been on many er cruise, and in many, er 'wild packet,' and braved many er gale; I have sailed to and from ports in all parts of ther globe; but in ther whole of my life I never saw men so shamefully beat and banged about as they have been on board this craft. I am er good sailor, and er man possessed of as much feeling as any skipper who ever trod a ship's deck. I have made up my mind to do something by way of relief. Are you going to stand this any longer? Are you men or dogs? What say you? We'll knock off, and if need be, seize the captain and mates, and take the bark to port ourselves. What say you?"

"Yes!" shouted all; and with cheers and approving words, they faithfully promised to stand by Ben in every emergency.

After a hurried consultation, it was decided to proceed aft in a body that same night, on the striking of eight bells, and demand, through Ben, their leader, from the captain a satisfactory assurance that the brutal treatment they had been subjected to should be discontinued. Should he refuse, they solemnly vowed, at any and every cost, to secure the captain and mates and take charge of the bark as their leader had proposed.

The cabin boy, "Little Dan," as he was called, a willing youngster, who was a son of one of the seamen, was sent to the man at the wheel and he assenting to the plan arranged in the forecastle, all was in readiness, and the mutineers only awaited the appointed time to "demand their rights." The boy Dan rendered further and most valuable service by secretly conveying from the cabin to the forecaste five navy pistols, with ammunition, four of which were put in the hands of the most reliable by Salior Ben, who reserved the other one for himself.

The night set in dark and threatening, but the captain kept all sail on, as there was a good wind in the vessel's wake.

When eight bells sounded, every seaman responded. The cook, who sided with the aggrieved crew, having taken the wheel, notwithstanding the threats and curses of the mates — whom they at a respectful distance with their pointed pistols — proceeded in a body to the cabin door. Here they were met by the captain, who, with fearful

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oaths, orderrd them forward, and refused to listen to Ben, who, hat in hand, respectfully asked his attention.

With maledictions escaping his lips, the tyrant roared out:

"A mutiny, by G—d! Forward, you dogs! Bring out the weapons, Mr. Mate! Shoot them down!"

"Come on, Captain, we are armed, and will be treated like men!" defiantly shouted Ben, followed by loud and hearty cries of "Ay! ay!" from his shipmates.

Florida Jim and the second mate now entered the cabin, seized the remaining pistols, and returned with them to the deck. They passed one to the captain, on receiving which he took direct aim at the nearest seaman, and yelling out, "Shoot down the dogs!" he fired, bringing down the mariner a bleeding corpse to the deck.

The seamen, becoming more infuriated on seeing their shipmate fall, instantly returned the fire, which resulted in the captain receiving a severe wound in the shoulder, and the second mate being killed outright, a bullet from Ben's pistol having pierced his brain.

The sailors, now being masters of the situation, bound the mate, hand and foot, and having placed him, with the captain, in confinement within the cabin, proceeded to attend to the ship's duties, which were much required, as a gale was evidently coming up.

Ben, being the most competent, was made commander, Jack Martin mate, and Bill Wilkins second mate. The wind having veered round to the S. S. E., and blowing fearfully, when Ben took his position on the quarter-deck, he gave the command:

"Stand by your royal and flying-jib halyards!"

He had barely given the order, when a terrific squall struck the bark on her lee beam, taking her aback, and carrying away the top mast and all the rigging attatched. The sea now rose mountains high, breaking away into immense peaks, and dashing with great fury against the vessel, caused her to roll and plunge fearfully. Amid the noise of the tempest's raging and the howling winds Ben could be heard roaring out through the speaking trumpet:

"Stand by to clear the wreck!"

The seaman responded speedily, and with almost superhuman exertions succeeded in releasing the bark and putting her dead before the wind. Now halloed Ben:

"Stand by your foresail! Quick, boys, for your lives!"

With great alacrity they obeyed; but notwithstanding their promptitude, before it could be taken in, the sail was blown completely out of the bolt ropes and in ribbons swept away.

One of the sailors here rushed aft and reported to the new skipper

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that "there was much water in the hold and the bark settling."

The dismayed Ben screeched frantically:

"Man the pumps!"

A portion of the despairing crew seized the pump brakes and worked lustily for some time; but their efforts proved useless, as the fast opening seams of the hull admitted so much water they could not keep her free.

To add still further to the horrors of that awful night, a perfect hurricane of wind that prevailed had blown away all of the remaining sails, and the rudder head having twisted off, the bark fell away into the trough of the sea, completely at the mercy of the waves.

The horrified crew stood aghast at this last disaster, and gave up in despair.

As if to end their sufferings, a tremendous sea boarded the vessel, accompanied by a deluge of rain, which flooded the docks fore and aft, and washed away every movable thing. Four of the seamen were engulfed by the receding waves, and their mangled bodies, with those of their previously slain companion, and the former second mate, were swallowed up in the surging billows, and forever disappeared.

The remaining souls on board attempted to launch the starboard quarter boat, which was still left them as their only remaining hope of escape. As soon, however, as they got it into the tackles, the bark suddenly rolled to the windward, staving the boat into fragments by forcing it with gigantic power against the mizzen-mast. At the same time a mammoth counter sea struck the ill-fated vessel on her beam, causing her to capsize and sink into the interminable depths of the maddened waters.

All hands, with the exception of Sailor Ben and Jack Martin were lost. They clung to a spar and after three days of indescribable torture from thirst, hunger and exposure, they were rescued by an Italian brig and carried to a port on the coast of Portugal. From here they proceeded to Australia, where they remained several years, engaged in shore work, and concealing the story of the wreck, for fear they would be disbelieved and proceeded against on a criminal charge.

They finally shipped in an American clipper, and arrived at Boston some little while after the commencement of the war. Enlisting in the cavalry regiment, they participated in the action mentioned. Sailor Ben expired a few hours after I had taken my leave of him. His remains now repose by the side of his shipmate and companion in arms, in a secluded corner of an inconspicuous graveyard on the outskirts of the National Capital.

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EDITORIAL.

OUR GREAT LIGHT IN MASONRY.

No true Mason at heart can ever regret that the Bible was permanently fixed by our ancient Craft, upon the Masonic altar. When we read its sublime history, we find there never was a fragment of an army that has survived so many hard contested battles. No earthly breastwork, reared by the skill of man, or formed by the convulsions of volcanoes, ever withstood as many sieges. No huge masses of granite was ever battered by so many furious storms.

Notwithstanding all this, it yet remains as the glory and beauty of the light of Masonry, teaching a true Masonic life. That internal word with its divine power and spirit, has existed to bless humanity and cheer the desponding of earth's mortals, during the rise and downfall of empires. Each epoch of time and dispensation have bequeathed some of their dilapidated columns to the rich museums of the world. The numerous princes, lords, and rulers of the earth, with the passing away of their dominions, have been weighed in the balance and are found wanting.

The once fixed laws of the Medes and Persians have been abolished, and are no more. The faintly glimering light, by which the historic page of Greece was read, is extinguished. And the iron rule of Rome with her Cæsars is held in a trembling and a palsied hand, by the head of the Romish church. Still that book, the great luminary of Masonry, which reflects rays of truth divine, survives them all. Its bright beams of glory flit across the isthmus of time, and over the dark stream of death, and rests upon the unbounded plains of immortality.

While the nations of the earth, like generations, have succeeded each other, and passed away; while kings and emperors have been dethroned, while the philosopers of one age have been superseded by those of the coming age, and dearly cherished systems and institutions have been sunk in oblivion — have died and become obsolete — while this great light of Masonry still survives, it engrosses the deepest thoughts of men. In all periods of time, since its existence, it has been carefully perused, and deliberately investigated, by the most towering intellects and master minds. And to-day it holds a place in the affections of the people unequal to any other book on earth. Among the low, and before the highest tribunals, it is looked upon by every true Mason as the rule and guide of our faith.

It is read more and oftener in the morning, as the sun rises to adorn

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the day and produce a cheerful aspect on all the face of nature. So this book, is a light to the spiritual vision, and its truths enlighten the minds, elevates the thoughts, and cheers the pathway of humanity. There is more sharp and fierce controversy, relative to the ancient meaning of some terms contained in it, than in any other volume in the world.

But in many respects all debate is hushed and silent. There is no dispute about the utility of the Ten Commandments, the golden rule, the forgiving of enemies, the Lord's prayer and the practice of charity.

During all the ups and downs of the world, the many charges, and the marches and counter-marches of its bitter enemies, to this our Masonic light, it still remains upon the altar. While it has survived all changes, it exists yet unchanged, with its lessons of truth, to cheer the drooping spirits of the pilgrims of earth.

So will it be, we believe, through all time to come. As it has sustained its power and withstood its bitter and bigoted enemies, so it ever will. Their guns of longest range, are discharged with their dead liest blast, taking their best aim at the Bible, as their hated target, yet, as in the past, its light will continue to shine.

In the dark ages of the world's history Masons were its protecting friends, ever taking the precaution to preserve "the Book of the Law." And during all the varied changes that have taken place with nations, the Masonic Fraternity have been strict in retaining the record as the great light of the brotherhood. And it is passing strange that Masonry should meet with such bitter opposition from those who profess to revere the Bible. The manner and mode of preserving the Ancient Record must be credited to the Masons. And for doing this and having it present in every lodge, we are reviled and slandered by many of the mountebanks of religion. Our foes are among those bigots who imagine that the great Jehovah has given them a license to

"Deal damnation round the land
On each they judge their foe."

But, notwithstanding all this vituperation, coming from hearts steeped in slander and venom, Masonry will stand. It will live and prosper in our world, and become more and more beloved by the good and wise of the future, while its enemies will be buried in oblivion, and be forgotten.

As this great light has existed amid all of the fiery darts of the wicked, so will Masonry, its protector and friend, live to bless the woe stricken sons of earth. Masonry and the Bible are inseperably and eternally united, und what is thus united, let no ruthless hand attempt to put asunder. J.

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RESPONSIBILITY.

BY C. C. POMEROY.

The strength for resistance of any material is within itself, other auxiliaries serve to increase with their inherent forces the power with which they are combined. Associations of men for purposes of protection, government, society and morals,, are only the combining of different abilities to move in unity for the accomplishment of a specific object. Communities are formed in this manner, and they have grown into powerful nations, and great empires. During this process at some time in the world's history, Freemasonry was wrought out, and worked among men; through decades and centuries it comes to us, traditional, from attentive ears, retentive minds, and instructive tongues.

At majority a young man may have been well versed in rudamental knowledge, such advancement as his capacity and industry warranted has secured; through the medium of private study, teachers and public instruction. If his observation and reading have been general, no doubt he is familiar with history, philosophy and morals, each of which are well set forth in the Great Light. With this presumption in his favor he hears of the society of Freemasons; upon inquiry he is, if considered worthy of introduction, put upon the true course, and finally found without the door of entrance, awaiting permission to pass. All the surroundings and conditions, being legal and favorable, he advances in the, to him, new profession, and as he does so recognizes things, familiar to him in the world he has left, presented to his mind in a new light and a beauty thrown around them, making all more precious; as his light increases their sacredness grow upon him; and with his life line, if he be of the true spirit, they become part of himself, never to be lost until his course is run. In this Temple he sustains new relations to mankind independent of those he finds around him, in the charmed circle to which he has been admitted. Possessing the rights and privileges of a Freemason, he is bound to unfaltering *Honor*, as firmly as the conditions of his existence depends upon the air and gravitation; the moment he becomes soiled by fraud, deceit, meanness or treachery, that moment Masonic purity, faith and confidence, in sorrow and humiliation retire from him; and every consideration of a Masonic character within the control of a body of Masons should as speedily be withdrawn.

If we comprehend Masonry rightly, the design is to bring together upon a common level all elements among worthy men; to foster enlightened morality, promote brotherly love, and enlarge the field of

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individual usefulness in advancing the welfare of the human race; failing in this, it appears that the time, labor and money may as well be directed in some other channel; and Masonry be left to take her place among the lost arts.

Her achievements in the labor of bringing society up to her exalted level, depending so much on her individual fidelity, it is loudly incumbent upon her faithful wardens to watch with vigilance, and execute with decision, those who are found false to her lessons and deaf to her admonitions. This wonderful system, rich with the love of ages, within the sacred vales are choice memories of the past, emblems which to the untaught in the moral mysteries appear useless, have in the hands of the wise and the good, opened up to the world some of the noblest attributes of the soul; dispensing unostentatious charities with open hand, and spreading abroad cheerful rays of benevolence, giving joy to thousands of weary hearts, that without the timely ministrations of Masonry might have withered in grief and passed to untimely graves. There are systems embracing principles based upon truth, fortified by reason that mortals instinctively reverence; and they feel the presence of some agency unseen and unknown, superior to themselves, if there is a man who feels these elevating sentiments and struggles to suppress them, the Temple of Masonry is no place for him. It is affirmed by some very clear mentalists that the best brains of a past age endeavored to seek out in unison by persistent labor, the true path to wisdom; but they were dissolved by confusion of plans proposed, and the way to that coveted realm remains undiscovered. In realizing all the results of Masonic philosophy, the same spirit of unity is required as in the cause cited, and each day spent in living testimony of faith in its tenets, will be that much gained in seeking wisdom. Masonry disdains proselytism; its strength rests not on numbers, taking pride only in the loyalty of its votaries, and their reward is measured by the gauge of faithfulness to its teachings. With a knowledge of what is expected from the candidates, it would be perjury for them to press their claims for Masonic recognition, unless they designed to live in obedience to the rules and edicts.

This being the condition surrounding a profane, how much more capable must be the wretched man who in full fellowship with cold-blooded hypocrisy continues to pollute the sanctuary with his presence? No doubt as much labor and profound thought has been devoted to this branch of the literature of Masonry as that required to master the ritualistic points. Multitudes of craftsmen have not libraries at command, and it is the smallest number of them that patronize the magazines published in the interest of the order. Proneness of Masons to accept

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the lectures, with their wise applications and eloquent manner of communication, and settle down to the conviction that it is all sacred to the odge room, renders it necessary that they should be reminded that Masonry expects from them a more extended field of usefulness. The lodge room is for drill and instruction in the moral science, and the world is the arena where those burning lights are to spread it abroad in good works, under the proud banner of truth, in their personal examples before men. The life of Masonry is in contributing to the hearts of men, an emulation to excel in the work of nothing short of righteousness. No sound of the gavel is ever heard that this sublime aim is not presented to the mind of faithful Masons, in terms of beauty that cannot well be forgotten. It is obligatory upon them to shape their conduct in life, under the profession of Masonry, in a manner that will not bring reproach upon the order, or its high claims to the front rank of all associations whose mission is to make men better and society stronger in working out the noblest destiny for the race. Masonic lore, written and traditional, each illustrate this to be her great mission in the world, and the Wardens of the Temple are "sleeping on their post," when they fail to improve upon the minds of those who are remiss in quarry labor, or idle in the vineyard, this prime principle in Freemasonry. Noble is this calling; and it must meet with the warm approbation of all hearts, that look forward to a condition beyond this brief probation, better and purer,

"Where an age shall fleet like earthly years,
And years like moments shall endure."

A NEW YEAR'S REFLECTION.

Oh, soul of mine! if, in the year gone by,
Thou hast by word or deed in aught offended;
If thou hast failed to dry the weeping eye,
Nor hast one suffering child of woe befriended;

If thou hast not stretched forth thy vigorous hand,
To stay the torrent of Sin's mighty ocean,
If thou hast failed to obey Divine command
To love thy brother with supreme devotion;

Then, on thy bended knees, my soul, confess,
That these dark sins of thine may be forgiven,
Resolved, this New Year, if the Master bless,
Thou'lt prove thyself indeed a child of Heaven!

—GOSHEN, IND., 1870. E. W. H. B.

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JURISPRUDENCE.

A brother inquires: "A., being a member of our lodge, objects to the advancement of B, who has received the first and second degrees in the same lodge. But B. moves into the jurisdiction of another lodge in the same Grand Lodge jurisdiction, and applies for advancement. The lodge where he resides asks permission to finish the work of B.'s former lodge.

"*Query.*— Can the lodge to which they both belong, and in which A. makes his objection, grant permission to advance B. while A. refuses to remove his objection?"

Answer.— No. For A. may know something which wholly disqualifies B. from advancing.

"*Query.*— Is an objection the same as a rejection?"

Answer.— Yes. Only a rejection by a ballot exists until the time expires that is fixed by law While an objection must be in force until it is removed by the brother who objects, or by his death. A lodge can fix a definite time to a rejection, but not to an objection. From the fact that the objection rests with the objector.

"*Query.*— Can the W. M. entertain a motion to grant permission to advance B., either in his own lodge, or that it may be done in the lodge where B. resides, while the objection of A. remains?"

Answer.— No. Because it is a matter which is not legally in the hands of the W. M. or the lodge. The lodge cannot proceed with the work on that material block while the objection is not recmoved by the objector.

"*Query.*— If the Grand Master decides that the lodge in which A makes his objection, can, by a vote, give permission to advance B., would such a decision be correct or binding upon the lodge? Or would the lodge, or the W. M., be under any Masonic obligation to notice such a decisiod?"

Answer.— We know of no law in Masonry that gives the Grand Master of the Grand Lodge, or a W. M. of a lodge, the power to invalidate an objection made by a brother.

THE voting of the Œcumenical Council will be done with colored balls. Red will signify affirmation, blue dissent, and white doubt, hesitation or skepticism.

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MASONIC BAPTISM.

It is not unfrequently that we see notices of Masonic baptisms in some of our exchanges. In what the ceremony consists we are not informed. It may not be anything objectionable. It may be a symbolic illustration of some great principle in Masonry, necessary to a correct understanding of what Masonry is. But to have a baptism christened as being Masonic, conveying an idea that it is in form and substance like the baptism practised in the different denominations of Christendom is, to say the least, *unmasonic.*

All things that pertain to real genuine Masonry is binding upon every member of the order, and every candidate admitted should observe all precepts taught therein. But the nonsensical whims of every wild innovator who chooses to dub the speculative notions of his fruitful imagination "Masonic," or as "adoptive Masonry," is paving the way to bring the institution, with its real genuine principles, into disrepute and ridicule.

Every ceremony that is real Masonry, must be uniform. It cannot be represented one thing in Lodge No. 1, and convey a different idea in Lodge No. 2. And we are at a loss to know how the Christian sectarians of the Baptist, Episcopalians and Quakers can heartily unite in forms, and modes, and perform a Masonic baptism, For, in Masonry it will not do, to let each sect choose its own mode, and some not observe any. Confusion among the workmen would be the inevitable result. Which would be in effect as having no Masonic designs drawn upon the tracing board. And providing one particular mode should be chosen, by a majority, the minority may be right, and yet be deprived of that right. Masonry promises upon the very threshold of the temple that no duty, or right, which we enjoy inherently shall be interfered with, in the least. But baptism is introduced, and the brother Quaker looks at all the Christian ordinances through a spiritual telescope. The letter, with him, killeth, but the spirit giveth life. Therefore he neglects the observance of the letter, and drinks deep of the fountain of the spirit. How is he to conform to the observance when his religion repudiates it?

Sometimes when we look at the acts of the would-be wise, above what is written, and are trying to foist their own conceptions upon Masonry, as genuine, it appears that they are nothing but clandestine, anti, and bogus.

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THE MYSTIC STAR.

FEBRUARY, 1870.

ORIGIN, AND HISTORICAL SKETCH OF FREEMASONRY.

An Oration, delivered upon the occasion of the public Installation of Officers, of Blanchard Chapter No. 59, R. A. M., and Bay City Lodge No. 129, F. and A. M., on the evening of St. John's Day, Dec. 17th, 1869, at the Masonic Hall, in Bay City, Mich., by Rev. C. P. Nash, P. M., of Bay City Lodge No. 129, F. and A. M.

LADIES, COMPANIONS, AND BROTHERS; OFFICERS AND MEMBERS OF BLANCHARD CHAPTER No. 59, AND BAY CITY LODGE No. 129: In complying with your request to address you on this occasion, I shall attempt a brief answer to three questions: First, When, where, and how did Masonry originate? Second, What has been its general history; and third, What are its present aims?

The origin of Masonry is involved in some obscurity, as is evinced by the fact that three distinct theories have been advanced, and are still held, in regard to it. The first of these I shall take the liberty of denominating the visionary theory. It dates the birth of Masonry back to the period of man's first existence, erects its first altar in the garden of Eden, and sends its first incense curling heavenward from Eden's leafy bowers. This theory has found an able advocate in no less distinguished a writer on Masonry, than Dr. Oliver--if, indeed, he was not its inventor—and thousands of readers have received it from him in unquestioning acquiescence, chiefly, perhaps, because the data, upon which to base an investigation, was not at hand, and so difficult to obtain; and beside, it is so flattering to our pride, as lovers of the institution to conceive of its hoary locks having floated upon the breeze of so many centuries. And furthermore, strangely enough, Masons in general have given this theory a *quasi* indorsement, by dating their official documents A. L. 5869, throwing that out to the world as the age of the world, rather than A. D. 1869, the popular calendar.

Now it cannot for a moment be supposed that Dr. Oliver, erudite as he was, really believed, or meant to convey the impression, that there

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was literally a Masonic lodge in the garden of Eden, or that Adam possessed what are now recognized as Masonic secrets. He could have meant no more than that the great principles which underlie the institution formed a part of the first revelations to man. In so far we can agree with him most heartily; but the statement that Masonry existed in any state approximating its present form, will not stand the test of investigation for a moment. That an association might have been formed at the building of the tower of Babel, after which, in some particulars, Masonry may afterward have patterned, is possible; but even this rests in mere conjecture. And we know that the principle signs and words of Masonry refer to incidents which occurred in connection with the building of the temple; and hence, they could not have had an earlier origin than that. And even the tradition of the "Foundation Stone" — erected by Adam as an altar in the garden of Eden — used as an altar upon which to offer sacrifices by Abel — the stone upon which Jacob rested his weary head in the wilderness — the stone upon which Moses stood when he smote the waters of the Red Sea, to make a passage through for the Israelites, and which, after various other experiences, was employed in the building of the Temple — if it were true, it only proves that a stone, rendered sacred by religious associations, was symbolically wrought into the mystic rites of Masonry afterwards. But I have too large a field to explore to discuss any point at length, or in detail to-night.

The second theory of the origin of Masonry which I wish to notice, plants it in the "Middle Ages" — probably the latter part of the tenth or the beginning of the eleventh century. This theory owes its origin, without doubt, to the fact that the history of those times reveals organized associations of operative Masons, or builders, scattered over Europe, in Italy, France, Germany, Portugal, and probably to some extent in England and Spain. And, as for certain well defined reasons, they had not been known in history, to any extent, before that time, it is very natural that historians should conclude that they were first organized then. But as we are dependent, in a large degree, upon tradition — the ground-work of so large a share of all ancient history — for the history of our order, let us see what internal evidence we can find that this theory is unfounded in fact.

Masonry had an origin at some time, for it now has an existence. All Masons know that its rituals, and symbolry, all point back to the building of King Solomon's Temple. Now would it have been possible at any subsequent period, to that recited in the rituals, and traditional history of the order, to have effected such an organization, and to have palmed it off upon its initiates as having existed since some remote period, long prior to the existence of those receiving its degrees?

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To suppose a parallel case: Here are a number of men who form an association in this place, basing its ceremonies upon some ancient historical fact. They invent a traditional history of their order, dating its orgin back some centuries in the past. When they initiate their first candidate, they recite this history to him. Would he not be astonished? Would he not examine their records for some evidence to substantiate this claim; and when he could find no name on their books beyond the present membership, and no record of another lodge of the order anywhere, would he not be incredulous? And if they failed to satisfy him, which in such a case they must do, would he not advertise them as a humbug? Or, if refused the privilege of examining their records, would not their pretensions be so patent to him, as to induce him to denounce their baseless assumptions? And this is just what the theory I am investigating supposes in regard to the origin of Freemasonry. It supposes that about the beginning of the eleventh century a company of men associated themselves together for the first time, styling themselves a lodge of Freemasons and claiming to have existed since the building of the Temple; and that their initiates were such willing dupes that they could not see through the swindle. Such a thing is simply impossible, and it is, moreover, self-evident that the man who invented such a theory was not himself a Freemason. There is then but one theory remaining, viz: that set forth in our rituals and traditions, that Masonry as an institution was organized at the building of the Temple. That is, its foundation was lain there, and certain landmarks established, from which it has never departed, though it has been modified since, in some quite essential particulars. And yet there is good ground for reasonable doubt whether the idea of forming such an association was first conceived then.

The fact has been established with very satisfactory clearness, that, in the year 1044 B. C. there existed in Asia Minor an architectural association, known as the "Dionysiac Fraternity," having together with their religious ceremonies, certain "secret signs and other modes of recognition." They were engaged in the construction of temples and theaters, in Asia Minor. The organization was well represented in Tyre; and as this was about fifty years before Solomon commenced the erection of the Temple, there is but little room for doubt that this constituted one of the principal reasons why Solomon invited Hiram, to assist him in his stupendous undertaking. Hiram accordingly sent him a band of these "Dionysiac" workmen, at the head of whom was a certain widow's son, a most skilled and cunning architect, who organized all the workmen at the temple, as well as those in the mountains, and in the quarries, perhaps somewhat after the organization of these "Dionysiacs," and yet with such new and marked features as to render

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the two organizations entirely distinct, and so originated the order now known throughout the world as Freemasons. So much for the origin of the order; allow me now to devote a few minutes to its history. As I said in the beginning, I shall only attempt a brief outline; as it is known to all of you that it would require volumes to write up this history in detail.

Masonry was originally, and indeed until the beginning of the eighteenth century, exclusively operative; its membership being composed entirely of operative workmen — actual builders. There was employed in the erection of the Temple one hundred and fifty-three thousand seven hundred workmen, of all classes, and these, after the Temple was completed, naturally dispersed into foreign countries, to find employment. Wherever they went they were known as Solomon's Builders, and many stupendous and grand edifices were erected by them, as fitting commentaries on their skill. Among these was the second Temple of Diana, so pre-eminently magnificent, that it was reckoned one of the seven wonders of the world. They, also, in the reign of Artaxerxes, built the Second Temple, the first having been destroyed; after having built the cities of Boristhenes, in Poutres; Prusias and Chalcedon, in Bithinia; Constantinople and Lampsacus, in the Hellespont, with more beside than time would permit me to enumerate. These travelers also penetrated into Italy, Spain and Gaul, diffusing light, and erecting monuments to their memory wherever they went. For a considerable period the church of Rome nearly monopolized their labors, and it was during this period that they constructed that wonder in church architecture, St. Peters, at Rome. It seems almost incredible that the institution of Freemasonry should experience such bitter opposition from the church of Rome to-day, when at one time, for the period of more than a century it received its chief patronage from that church, with a succession of Popes for Grand Masters.

But to resume; Prior to this time we find them engaged in their work of building in other portions of Europe. Rebold says they were in Europe in the beginning of the seventh century, but known by different names. And this, by the by, spoils the Middle Age theory of their origin. In Italy, he says, they were known as "Colleges of Architects; in France as "Free Corporations," sometimes as "Pontifical Brothers;" and in England and Scotland as "Free Masons."

Dr. Henry, in his "History of Great Britain," says: "The Italians, with some Greek refugees, and with them French, Germans, and Flemings, joined into a fraternity of architects, procuring papal bulls for their encouragement, and their particular priivleges. They styled themselves 'Free Masons,' and traveled from one nation to another as they found churches to be built. Their government was regular, and

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where they stoped near the building in hand they made a camp of huts. A surveyor governed in chief — every tenth man was called a warden, and overlooked each nine."

We also learn from English history, that after the great fire in London, in 1666, which consumed about three fourths of the city, Sir Christopher Wren, then Grand Master of Masons, employed the craft in rebuilding the city, which gigantic undertaking he personally superintended. But in the sixteenth century the regulations which required all applicants for the mysteries of Masonry to be operative workmen, began to slacken, and it is probable that some distinguished persons received the degrees during that century, who were speculative Masons only. However that may be, Preston informs us that at the beginning of the eighteenth century, during the reign of Queen Anne, a regulation was adopted, providing "That the privileges of Masonry should no longer be restricted to operative Masons, but extend to men of various professions, provided they were regularly approved and initiated into the order."

In 1717 the Grand Lodge of England was formed on this basis, since which time it has been substantially a speculative institution. This change from the operative to speculative character of the institution, however, was the occasion of a serious decline; so that in 1715 there were but four active lodges in the whole south of England. It, however, soon revived, and has since enjoyed unbroken prosperity, with the exception of the Morgan excitement, which is too fresh in the memory of all to require recitation here. Masonry was established on this continent at an early period of our history, under the auspices, chiefly, of the Grand Lodges of England and Scotland, and in no country is the institution more prosperous to-day than in ours. But the institution has undergone other changes, than in name, and the character of its work, which perhaps I ought to mention, and I can do no more than mention them.

First among these, is our present organization of lodges and Grand Lodges. Originally a lodge consisted of a requisite number of Masons, wherever they might assemble — usually in the open air, but later in private residences, instead of in the lodge-room as now — and the master Mason's degree was conferred only by, or under the personal direction of the Grand Master. Then, when a brother had received the degrees, he was a member of no local lodge, but of the fraternity at large, wherever dispersed throughout the globe.

Another important change has been effected in the degrees themselves. Originally, there were but three: the Entered Apprentice, Fellow Craft, and the Master Mason. These originally included all the degrees of the Chapter, and the two degrees of the Council, except

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two: Past Master, and Most Excellent Master; the latter having been confe-red as a mark of distinction only on brothers who had distinguished themselves, and proved themselves competent to diffuse light and Masonic information throughout the globe; and the former having been created, since the institution of the Chapter, out of what was formerly but an installation ceremony. Other degrees have been added, which form no part of ancient craft Masonry. First among these are the degrees of Knighthood, which had no existence in their present form until after the Crusades. The present Knights Templars had their origin in the "Hospitallers," and "Knights of St. John," which accompanied those crusades. They are of Christian, while ancient Masonry is of Jewish origin. Then, added to these are the the thirty-three degrees of the Scottish Rite, and over ninety, I believe, of the "Rite of Memphis," both of modern design, and constituting no part of Masonry proper.

But lest I weary you with these dry details, I hasten to consider the last question named, viz.: What are the present aims of Freemasonry. What end has Freemasons in view, and what do they seek to accomplish by perpetuating their institution. And, if I may be allowed to consider this for a moment negatively, I will remark first, that it forms no part of their purpose to control, nor interfere with the political institutions of the country in which they live. Anti-Masonry may run into politics; it has done so, run riot and wild; and yet these men have the effrontery to charge against Masonry as a serious offense the possession of a disposition to do, what they have been guilty of in fact. Is it worse for Masonry to meddle with politics — if true — than anti-Mansonry to? Perhaps they will say that we attempt to carry into execution our machinations covertly, while they avow their intentions openly. But how do we know that? They will not accept our asseverations, why should we theirs? Are they composed of better, or more reliable men than we? Why then may they not hold their assemblies in secret conclave as well as we? But they have us at disadvantage, in that we are unable to prove to them our real intentions, beyond the simple asseverations of our membership, and our acts as developing our intentions. And are not these credible witnesses? Is not our membership, in the main, selected from the best portion of community? And if their testimony is not reliable, where shall we find reliable witnesses?

But suppose we were disposed to meddle with politics, what a jolly time we would have of it, composed, as we are, of every shade of political opinion. No, that is no part of our object. Nor is it any part of our object to interfere with religion or any brother's religious duty. We only require that each brother shall believe in God, put his

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trust in him, and invoke his blessing on all his laudable undertakings. We enforce nothing beyond this, nor do we restrain any brother in what he may deem his religious duty, beyond this. How could we, were we disposed, composed as we are of every shade of religious thought and opinion? Nor yet are we simply a charitable institution. We claim to be charitable, and we hope we do not dishonor the claim; it is one of our first and most important lessons, and we are neither a health, nor life insurance society, banded together for the purpose of mutual protection against misfortune.

Affirmatively, then, what are our aims. That Masonry was divinely instituted, there seems no room for reasonable doubt. That beside classifying and arranging the workmen in the building of the Temple, so that that vast army of workmen were under such perfect control that each moved harmoniously in his allotted sphere, it preserved its entire membership from the myriad evils of idolatry, is one of its most glorious achievements. Down through those long succeeding centuries it brought its vast membership without any taint of the ruinous whims of heathen Mythology. And it proclaims the same truth to-day: There is one God, and only one, the Supreme Architect of the universe, after whose designs, laid down in the great volumes of Nature and Revelation, we must erect our spiritual, moral, and Masonic edifice, is still its voice to every Masonic builder. But Masonry regards man chiefly as a builder. Hence, its great lesson to him is, to teach him how to erect his moral and spiritual edifice.

Its lesson then is threefold: It teaches the Mason to know, believe and trust in, and reverence his God; to know and regard his brother man; to know and improve himself. It levels all distinctions, on the chequered floor, all rank and station are forgotten; the lord and the peasant, the dignitary and the laborer, all meet upon one common level, each regarding the other, not for the position he holds in life, not for his acquirements, outside of virtue, but for what he is, as a *man*. And this lesson is so beautifully, and impressively taught, that all learn to love it; men of the most exalted station feel that it derogates nothing from their true dignity and manhood, to meet the humblest upon the same level with themselves.

Another great lesson we are taught, is to regard the rights of others as equally sacred with our own. Oh, what a world of meaning is there to the Mason, in that simple instrument, the square. Square work, and square dealing. No supplanting, no backbiting, no cheating, wronging, nor defrauding. And then we are taught to wear a mantle of charity, at least as broad as our own faults. That is, we are to be ever ready to cover as much in others, as we would hide in ourselves, and in the same way. Then, there is our duty to ourselves; first of all to learn to

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subdue our passions, and appetites. Temperance, fortitude, prudence, and justice; these are the cardinal virtues, we are taught to study.

Our Masonic creed is composed of but three articles: *brotherly love*, *relief*, and *truth*. We are a fraternity; every member is our brother, we must treat him as a brother, and prove ourselves a brother to him. If we find one in distress, we must go to his relief, no frivolous excuse can be offered; we must go, even at the peril of our lives. And so, in everything, and in every place, to be true. Oh, in this false world, where so much that seems light proves the merest moonshine, where so much that seems beautiful, only artistic dissimulation, so much under the guise of friendship that eventuates in the cruelest enmity, is it not worth the sacrifice of a lifetime, to be able to find one place where only true hearts pulsate responsive to your own? Such, in brief, are our great and beautiful lessons. Our aim is, not to meet here from time to time,to perform meanless rites, and to repeat senseless mummeries, but to learn these lessons, to teach them, exemplify them; and so to make our glorious institution felt as a power for good in the world, a mighty lever underneath all corruption, rottenness, and aristocracy, upon which each one shall throw his entire weight, until the rotten hulk gives way, and every man is brought to acknowledge his fraternal relation to his brother man.

Such, mothers, wives, daughters, are the lessons your fathers, husbands, brothers, are here week after week to learn. Do they forget the holy Scriptures at home, they cannot forget them here. They cannot enter this lodge room without looking upon the sacred page. While engaged in these noble, and holy pursuits, you cannot be displeased because we have a few signs and words of recognition that are withheld from you? You might know them all, and they would be of neither service nor detriment to you; but they might be communicated to those who would make a bad use of them, and injure us. Do you blame us that we withhold them? And, finally, are you unwilling to make the sacrifice of sparing the agreeable companionship of your father, husband, brother for a few hours, when you know he is not in a saloon, not at the gaming table, but cultivating the noblest faculties with which his Creator has endowed him? Will you not agree with me that every mother, wife, daughter, would consult her best interests by urging her father, husband, brother, to become a Freemason?

Words are little things, but they strike hard. We weild them so easily that we are apt to forget their hidden power. Fitly spoken, they fall like the sunshine, the dew and drizzling rain, but when unfitly, like the frost, the hail and the desolate tempest.

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For the Mystic Star.

"LOOK TO THE EAST."

BY T. F. GREENE.

When night shades the earth with mantle so dark,
And nought save the glimmer of stars like a spark
Come to cheer the sad heart with trouble oppressed,
Looking and longing for some future rest,
Look to the East, brother, look to the East.

The stars may grow dim, and dark be the sky,
It only foretelleth that morning is nigh;
So, when a deep gloom falleth over your heart,
Be not discouraged — let not hope depart,
Look to the East, brother, look to the East.

Look to the East — see the darkness of night
Quickly dispelled by bright rays of light,
Gladness and life are in the sunbeams,
Warming the earth, enlivening the streams,
So look to the East, brother, look to the East.

Look to the East, brother; all those who have stood
At Masonry's altar, among wise and good,
Have learned from the Master the great source of light,
Its open page beaming with promises bright,
Oh, look to the East, brother, look to the East.

Then when our life's journey is finally o'er,
And faces familiar shall see us no more,
So lay our poor bodies in earth's narrow bed
That we'll catch the first rays that is o'er the earth shed
As we look to the East, brother, look to the East.
— MALDEN, FEB., 1870.

The first three degrees of Masonry teach the universal religion, the religion to which all men of all creeds, countries and nationalities may subscribe. It requires simply a belief in one ever-living and true God; in the mortality of the body and the immortality of the soul. With those creeds and divisions that divide men we have nothing whatever to do.—*Simons.*

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For the Mystic Star.

IS FREEMASONRY PROGRESSIVE?

BY SAMUEL EVANS.

Upon this question issue is taken by Masonic writers. One school will answer it negatively, the other affirmatively. The former, claiming to be orthodox, assumes a position in antagonism with the evidence, directly contrary to all experience. The latter, pronounced heterodox, makes its inferences from history, and speaks according to the facts which all may acquaint themselves with. To be heterodox on this subject, according to the former is to be Anti-Masonic, but after the way of thinking of the latter it is to accord with truth and reason. Let us look further into this matter, and see how it really stands.

George, the first English King of that name, was a Dutchman, and having but a very imperfect knowledge of the language of the people he was called upon to govern, one day asked the tutor for whose services he was compelled frequently to enlist, to define the terms "orthodoxy" and "heterodoxy." The shrewd and politic Scotchman replied, "Orthodox, your Majesty, is your doxy, and heterodoxy is every other man's doxy." It is just so. It is all a matter of opinion. Orthodoxy is dogmatism. I am orthodox, you are not, if you differ from me.

Is Freemasonry progressive? Of course not, replies school number one. Do you not know that Masonry is the only thing in all creation which does not move? Although the old book says, in plainest terms that the sun stood still to accommodate one armed horde of Asiatics while they butchered another, you are at perfect liberty to doubt that, if you please, but when we declare unto you, that Freemasonry is stationary, you are not permitted to raise any question. We do not care whether you believe, or do not, that Galileo announced a truth when, in spite of the orthodoxy of his day, he shouted, "the world moves," but we would have you understand if any man tells you that Freemasony moves backward or forward, to the right or to the left, that what he utters cannot be otherwise than false, that he must be a bad man, and it will be unsafe to invest a dollar in his promises to repay you, because you will never get it back again. You have been told that the laws of the Medes and Persians were unchanging and unchangeable. So, and more so, are the landmarks of Freemasonry. Do you demand of us, where are now those unchanging and unchangeable laws of the lands of Cyrus and Darius? Echo may answer "Where, oh where." But not so with the landmarks of Freemasonry. As they

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were in the beginning, they now and ever shall be, world without end. Our institution as it is to-day is the same, even to minutest details, as it was when, according to the pious and learned Dr. Oliver, it was brought from heaven and introduced into Eden, by deity himself. Freemasonry was the same through all past yesterdays as it is to-day, and will be to-morrow and on all possible future to-morrows to the end of the chapter. Freemasonry was always full grown. It was never in embryo, never existed in germ. It come into the world of full size like the Adam of Genesis, only, unlike him, never lost a rib. It has never undergone development. Darwin may be right in his theory that the human race has been developed from some primeval bivalve or tadpole. But Masonry not only never has been developed, it is not susceptible of development, growth or improvement of any kind. It is not progressive, because it has no need to be progressive. It is perfect, eternally perfect. So say we, all of us. Therefore it must be so, and, therefore, you will please accept our dictum.

You must excuse us we cannot accept your dictum, our orthodox brothers. All that we have just listened to from you is a tissue of absurdity, it is nonsense from beginning to end. It is what our Nemesis, John Chinaman, would call "bosh."

All things ove. Progress is the rule of all.
"Through the ages one unceasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

Movement, growth, development, is a law of nature from which there is not, nor can be any escape. Freemasonry is not supra-nature. Freemasonry is not exempt from the common lot. It had a germ. That germ budded. It grew and branched forth. It had a spring, although not in Eden, brother Oliver. Thence it rippled down the hillsides into the valleys, became a stream, a river, an ocean in its wide diffusion, has its ebb and flow, flux and reflux, rise and fall, in fact, is a current, rolling along through history, an undercurrent of progress, which is carried along in spite of itself, by the weight of that which presses on behind, by its very inertia, for inertia is that property by which a body will remain in the same position forever, or until moved, when it will continue moving forever, or until some sufficient force or resistance intervenes. Masonry received an impetus when it entered the world and will feel it forever, or until Masonry ceases to be.

Says Longfellow in Hyperion, "In the streets of a crowded city we feel the rushing of the crowd, and rush with it onward." We live in the nineteenth century, an age of progress, and cannot escape its influence if we would. The spirit of the present period shapes and

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molds and modifies every form and feeling which exists upon its surface or struggles in its depths.

The spirit of the age is incarnated in civilization, in society, the outward community, with all its "bubble, bubble, toil and trouble." From this source the Masonic institution receives its accessions. Can this constituency possibly leave the spirit of the age, and what that spirit of the age has made it outside of the lodge doors? Can you throw off inherent tendencies as you would a shoe that is too big for you? Do we not continue to live in the world, and to be of the age, when we become Masons? Is not our Masonry, and all Masonry, unavoidably undergoing modification and change responsive to the modifications and changes which we ourselves are irresistably undergoing? Is there not a Masonry which is only possible to France, and to Germany, and to Massachusetts, and to Illinois, because the age and the influences of the age have made France, and Germany, and Massachusetts, and Illinois precisely what they are, and not otherwise?

Yes, change after change is looming up in the prospect of Masonry, the realization of which no Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, or Grand Master of Illinois can postpone one single moment. There may be, there is, a plentiful crop of Masonic Canutes, who are ready to re-enact the folly of saying to the tide "thus far shalt thou go but no farther," or like Sydney Smith's Mrs. Partington, of making an effort to sweep out from their cabins the sea with a birch broom. But the tides come in, and the sea rises, and no effort of Grand Master, or Grand Lodge, can prevent the approaching transformation of Masonry, which the tide of outer progress will render inevitable as fate, unavoidable as fate, unavoidable as destiny.

In proof of all we have said we have but to notice the recent actions of the Grand Lodges of Delaware and Ohio in rescinding or repealing their acts of former years of ignorance and prejudice which discriminated against the rights of certain races in Masonry, and to point out the feeling which is everywhere among our lodges manifesting itself in favor of making Freemasonry that unsectarian and cosmopolitan institution in fact which it has hitherto only been in name. Freemasonry, another name for which is *Lux* or Light, cannot continue to exist in the universal glare of intelligence which characterizes this age, without exhibiting higher aims than the diffusion of fabulous legend, and sickly and mystical moralizings. It must meet the demands of the age, and show to the world that it has a higher mission, and a broader and deeper sphere of action to some extent more commensurate with its lofty professions. Let us strive to hasten the day. Then will Masonry find there is that within it capable of attracting the world's wisest and best in learning and in life. Then will we be

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surprised at the amount and character of influence which our leaders have in their littleness so long allowed to remain dormant, or permitted to expend itself in processions, and stone-layings, and exhibitions of tinsel and gewgaw.

MASONRY IN DETROIT FIFTY-NINE YEARS AGO.

INTERESTING REMINISCENCES OF ZION LODGE NO. 1, F. AND A. M.

Among the reminiscences and fraternal recollections, that are called up by the brethren of "the mystic tie," by the recurrence of the anniversary of St. John's Day, which was appropriately observed in this city on the evening of the 27th of December, we have been shown by an esteemed gentleman, long a resident of Detroit, a small pamphlet, of which the following forms the inscription of the title page: "Oration delivered at the City of Detroit, to Zion Lodge, No. 1, at their request, on the anniversary of St. John, the Evangelist, Dec. 27, A. L. 5810, by Brother Harris Hampden Hickman. Published at the requst of Lodge. Pittsburgh, printed by Cramer, Spear & Fitchbaum; Franklin's Head, Market street, 1811."

It will be observed in this that Detroit was called a city, although the city records show it was first incorporated in 1815 by the Governor and judges of the territory of Michigan. It is probable that the first charter was obtained from the authorities of the Northwestern Territory.

The oration referred to comprises but seven small octavo pages of large type, leaded, and begins by saying:

To set apart certain days in the year for commemorating the action of great and good men, has become customary perhaps in every age, and common to every nation. It is a custom of which the propriety and usefulness are abundantly evident. It affords an opportunity of testifying our gratitude to the author of all good, for the blessings conferred on mankind, through the instrumentality of such characters; of paying a proper tribute of respect to their memories, and of exhibiting to the public view the virtues of their lives, as examples worthy of imitation.

It then proceeds to review the character of the departed saint and brother, and then follows with a history of the institution of Masonry,

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in which it is observed that, "in tracing its history, it will be uniformly found that Masonry has flourished most when science was most cultivated, and that they have reciprocally tended to promote the prosperity of each other." It cites three important epochs in its history worthy of more particular remark, viz.: The building of the tower of Babel; the building of King Solomon's temple, and the establishment of the Grand Lodge at York, England.

It was at the first of these that Masons first assumed their name—at the confusion of tongues on the plains of Shinar they invented that universal language, which has enabled them to converse through each succeeding age without the aid of speech; at the second epoch, the building of the temple, the operative branches of Masonry were brought to their acme of improvement, and at the epoch of the establishment of the Grand Lodge of York, in the seventh century, the ancient landmarks were all brought together, and under the character, which was obtained by Prince Edwin, the organization was effected under which Masonry has since wrought, no material changes having since taken place. The oration embraces some remarks on the principles of the institution and its characteristic virtues, and concludes as follows:

Celestial charity! While Masonry is lighted by the unextinguishable torch of truth, and guided by thy heavenly hand the sacred science shall shine with undiminished splendor when rolling centuries shall have passed away. It shall endure until the pillars of the universe are shaken, and God's last thunders peal the wreck of worlds."

Heretofore it has been understood that the first lodge of Free and Accepted Masons in Detroit was organized under the direction of the Grand Lodge of Canada, December 19, 1794; but it is stated in the pamphlet before us, that "The first charter of Zion Lodge was obtained in the year 1764, from an authority in the (then) colony of New York, and was renewed in the year 1806, by the Grand Lodge of the State of New York."

At the time this oration was given, or in 1811, Worshipful Sylvester Day, M. D., U. S. A., was Master of Zion Lodge, Augustus B. Woodward, one of the judges of the territory of Michigan, was Junior Warden, and the late James Abbott was Secretary. The other officers were as follows:

Jonathan Eastman, Senior Warden; Philip Lecuyer, Treasurer; H. Hickman, Senior Deacon; John Anderson, Junior Deacon; Andrew W. Vanalstine and George Johnston, Stewards, and John Palmer, Tyler.

Motto for chess-players—Act on the square.

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MASONIC HISTORIANS.

BY WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

Although many thousands of volumes have been published on Freemasonry — several of which have been termed histories of the Craft — it is a fact that to write a really impartial and universal work on the Order has not been practicable until the last few years, when the Rev. Dr. George Oliver, Dr. E. Rebold, and J. G. Findel, with commendable zeal and patience collected the scattered records, documents, and traditions of the Order and presented them to the Masonic public in a most readable and interesting form. The Brotherhood are much indebted to Bro. J. Fletcher Brennan, (Editor of the well-known Magazine, "The American Freemason,") and Bro. D. Murray Lyon, (the historian of "Mother Lodge, Kilwinning," &c.,) for faithful translations of the two last-named works into most excellent English.

It has, however, been reserved for Bro. Findel, of Leipzig, to approach the nearest to perfection as a Masonic historian, and we congratulate the Craft most thoroughly on the completion of so exhaustive and laborious an undertaking as the second German, English, and French editions of the "History of Freemasonry," by that learned Mason.

Of course we do not consider Bro. Findel's history to be perfect in every respect, for with all the improvements of the second edition, under Bro. Lyons' most efficient supervision, several departments are still defective, while other divisions of the subject have not the prominence given them that their importance requires. These drawbacks are but the necessary consequence of attending the examination of so extensive an inquiry, and the wonder is not that there are some errors, but that so few objections can possibly be brought against either the view or the accuracy of the historian. We feel persuaded that no one versed in Masonic literature, could rise from the perusal of Bro. Findel's large and interesting volume without confirming our verdict, and acknowledging the work to be the best, the fullest, and most accurate history of Freemasonry extant. The plan of the work is on a gigantic scale, as the author attempts nothing less than to chronicle the progress and vicissitudes of Freemasonry throughout the universe, from the earliest times to the present day. Hence to review it as its merits and general excellence deserve, would be like re-writing it.

We cannot, though, refrain from glancing at a few, out of the many

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divisions of the subject so skillfully treated by our friend Bro. Findel, and seek to induce our readers to become as familiar with his history as we are by procuring copies for themselves. The preface by Bro. Lyon first attracts our attention, and pleases us amazingly. Within four pages this accomplished author states the grounds upon which Bro. Findel is entitled to the first rank as a Masonic Historian, and as the writer of the preface also revised the work, and moreover is familiar with Masonic bibliography, he is well entitled to give an opinion. After alluding to the apocryphal character of many of the so-called histories of the Craft, published during the last century, ("which are so thoroughly saturated with superstition as to render them valueless for the purposes to which historical records are usually applied,") and stating that the digestion of the facts so patiently accumulated by diligent searchers after truth, "by a mind not less distinguished for its enthusiasm for Freemasonry, than for its love of truth, its keenness of perception, and its judicial impartiality, has in this instance led to the production of a volume in every respect worthy of recognition as the history of Freemasonry *par excellence*." Bro. Lyon observes that in saying this much it is far from his intention to "depreciate the labors of those brethren who have successfully traced the history of particular sections of the Craft universal. We admire their works, and honor them for their labors, and while endorsing this sentiment, the author will be the first to acknowledge the value of their contributions as auxiliaries to the development of the grand design, the completion of which it is our privilege thus imperfectly to herald."

Through an unconquerable disposition to eliminate from Freemasonry all that does not pertain to the three Craft degrees, Bro Findel has been at considerable pains to trace the source whence have sprung what are known as the "high degrees," but which in reality are entirely different Orders, whose chief claim for identification with Freemasonry lies in their having made lodge membership *sine qua non* to reception in the Chapter, Conclave or Consistory, but we must leave the capital preface in order to take a hasty view of the work itself, and premise that the author thoroughly accepts, what is now being generally admitted, viz.: the operative origin of the society. So that "originating from the Fraternity of operative Masons, the Craft has borrowed its emblems and symbols from the building corporations, to impart to its members moral truths, and the rules of the Royal Art. Speculative Masonry embraces all things fit to build up man in wisdom, strength and beauty."

To be Continued.

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MICHIGAN.

Extracts from Grand Master Metcalf's annual address, delivered at the Grand Communication to the Grand Lodge of Michigan, January 12, 5870.

BRETHREN OF THE GRAND LODGE OF MICHIGAN — The time of holding our annual communications has always seemed to me to be particularly auspicious for the interests of the Masonic fold.

We come together with hearts all aglow from the cheerful warmth of the merry greetings and the merry makings of the season, the love-light of its firesides yet glisten in our eyes; the glad voices of children and friends yet ring their Christmas chimes in our ears; and the kisses of a pure love are yet warm on our lips. Santa Claus, the merry saint of all good children, and St. John, the loving and patron saint of all good Masons, combine their influences to give us happy and loving hearts,and to prompt us to all those sweet charities which makes homes happy, society a brotherhood, and men everywhere better.

It is the season of congratulations. Permit me, therefore, to congratulate you, my brothers, upon the unity, the growth and the prosperity of our beloved order during the past year, and upon the bright future that opens before us in the year to come.

But this allusion to the past and to the future reminds me, too, that the mythologic influences of the old Roman Deity — Janus, the God of the year — are also upon us. He is represented with two faces — one looking before and one looking behind — to the future and to the past. We come therefore to this Grand Communication with all the peculiar influences of the new year still fresh upon our minds. As in the secret chambers of our hearts each one reviews his own past, and brings it all before the tribunal of his conscience, or looks to the future for amendment of his life, or for perseverance in well doing — as the business man inventories his stock and balances his ledger or makes plans for the future — so we, as Masons, may profitably indulge in retrospect, carefully determining whether the designs drawn on our trestle-board one year ago, under the scrutiny of the All-Seeing Eye, have been properly worked out; or indulging in prospect, may wisely determine what there is for us to do, for the good of Masonry and of mankind.

And this communication is peculiarly an occasion for retrospect; for while we are but just past the line that divides the old year from the

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new, we have also just entered upon another decade, when census statistics will cause numberless comparisons to be instituted between 1860 and 1870, and give occasion for many reviews of the great events of the intervening years — events that will mark it as one of the most important decades of modern history.

Since Masonry has not been idle during these long and busy years, bear with me while I pass in brief review our Masonic history and growth.

We had in our jurisdiction in

	Lodges.	Members.		Lodges.	Members.
1860	115	5,816	1865	150	10,079
1861	123	6,310	1866	189	10,509
1862	129	6 4:0	1867	199	13,154
1863	136	7,313	1868	221	16 861
1864	141	8,772	1869	243	18 016

And now we have, in 1870, 257 lodges exclusive of those U. D., and over 20,000 Master Masons in good standing.

Our wealth and our capacity for accomplishing the charitable purposes of our order have proportionately increased with our numbers. We now have a membership showing as large a percentage to population as any Grand Lodge in the United States.

And thus briefly we may summarize the statistical history of Masonry in Michigan for ten years.

But is this all? Ah, no! But who can write that unwritten history of Masonic charities and Masonic helpfulness that illustrate its career?

During the dark and dreadful four years of war, when not only States but families were rent assunder — when brother was arrayed against brother — friend against friend — Mason against Mason — who can tell (when the battle paused) how many sick were comforted — how many wounded were succored — how many dead were decently buried by enemies who were guided by the light of Masonry? Who can tell how many who met in battle as foes, and by the fortunes of war were wounded or made prisoners, after the battle was over, found in the hail of distress, or in the Shibboleths of Masonry, a charm more powerful to relieve than all other influences? Who shall record the kind offices rendered by Masons to the dying — the kind messages and tokens of love sacredly conveyed to the loved ones at home? In short, who can properly portray the halo of human kindness that Masonry shed over every camp and every battle-field of the war? So, too, who shall tell of the widows and orphans of soldier Masons kindly cared for and cherished by the brotherhood at home? Or what eye has seen, or pen delineated the gentle surgery of Masonry since the war, whereby many scars of civil strife have been soothed and healed, and the way to peace has been made smooth and easy!

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Yes, my brothers, Masonry has a history of its work during this dark and stormy period, which fills many a volume — but they are volumes whose pages are human hearts, and whose precious binding is human memory. To such records all Masons are content to trust their history.

JURISPRUDENCE.

Almost innumerable queries touching Masonic law have been submitted for my opinion and decision, but as the questions involved in nearly all of them find a comparatively easy solution in the principles of Masonic jurisprudence, I shall incumber my address with only two or three, presenting novel features.

1st. At our last regular communication, an unusual number of members were present, and in balloting upon candidates for initiation, several brethren were unable to ballot because of an insufficiency of balls.

Ques. Is the ballot legal?

Ans. No. It is the right not only, but the duty of every member present, to ballot upon candidates for initiation or advancement, unless excused by a unanimous vote of the lodge. The remedy is this: Amend the minutes of that meeting sufficiently to explain the error, and, at a regular communication, ballot again.

2d. A brother dissatisfied with the action of his lodge upon a subject of controversy, asks for a dimit.

Ques. Is a lodge obliged to grant a dimit to a member in good standing and whose dues are paid?

Ans. No. The very fact that a vote is required, is sufficient to prove that a lodge is not obliged to grant a dimit, simply because a brother demands it. In general terms, a brother is entitled to a dimit "on good cause shown." "Good cause" for dimission is defined as follows:

1st. "About to travel in foreign countries."

2d. Removal beyond the jurisdiction of his lodge.

3d. To join with others in making application to form a new lodge. Applications for dimits, to avoid the payment of dues, or on account of unfraternal feelings, should be rejected.

3d. *Resolved*, That all whose names appear in our records E. A. or F. C.'s must appear within four months from this date, and apply for the remaining degree or degrees, or they will be considered the same as though they had not been initiated.

Ques. Is such a resolution legal?

Ans. No. An E. A. is entitled so all the rights and privileges of an E. A. Lodge, and they cannot be denied him except upon charges and trial.

Having thus reviewed the more important work and events of our

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Masonic year, let us glance at some of the points of interest in our

FOREIGN RELATIONS — GRAND LODGE OF CANADA.

It is well known to the members of this Grand Lodge that some two years since the political status of our Canadian neighbors, north of the lakes, was materially changed. What we have long known as the Province of Canada (having one Legislature) was divided, and became the Province of Ontario and the Province of Quebec, each having its own Legislature; while both, united with the Province of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick in a federal union, became what is now called "The Dominion of Canada." These political changes have necessarily disturbed pre-existing Masonic relations, and the disturbance has culminated finally in an attempt to organize within the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of Canada a new Grand Lodge for what is now known as the Province of Quebec. This so called Grand Lodge of Quebec appeals to us for recognition, and assigns the political changes just mentioned as the principal reason for organizing a Grand Lodge for their Province. On the contrary, the Grand Lodge of Canada complains to us that the proceedings of the Quebec brethren are not warranted by political changes, are illegal, unmasonic and contrary to the will and wish of the parent Grand Lodge, and prays us to withold from the Quebec organization our recognition and sanction.

This is one of those Masonic difficulties (with which we in the United States are familiar) growing out of a change of political boundaries.

It is well known that Grand Lodges in the United States have uniformly agreed that when a Territory or district has been recognized by the proper political power as a State, with all the rights and privileges of a State in the Union, from that moment all lodges and brethren within the limits of the new State are entitled to proceed to the formation of a Grand Lodge. Indeed, it is the universal policy of Masonry to conform to the boundaries of its grand jurisdiction to the political boundaries of the State.

It seems evident that our Canadian brethren will find in this principle the only practicable solution of their difficulties. While I thus frankly state the policy which, from an American standpoint, seems to me best in such cases, I cannot refrain from expressing at the same time my deep regret that our Canadian brethren have not made an amicable adjustment of their difficulties; and so confident am I they will yet find such a settlement through the influence of Masonic charity and brotherly love, that I recommend this Grand Lodge, for the present, to refrain from all interference in the questions at issue. Our

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Canadian brethren have always been, and I hope they may always continue to be most harmonious and fraternal.

ITALY.

I have received from Col. L. Frapolli, the M. W. Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Italy, a communication extending to us the fraternal greetings of his Masonic jurisdiction.

Masons in Italy have but recently emerged from embarrassments which rendered it difficult, if not impossible, for them to openly communicate with the other grand families of the order, and now that impediments are removed, and they are able to renew their official and fraternal relations with the brotherhood of the world, we, in common with all kindred grand bodies, most cordially grasp the hand extended to us from beneath the shadow of St Peter's, and bid them a hearty God-speed.

FRANCE.

The painful duty is forced upon me of announcing to this Grand Lodge, that, by the voluntary and deliberate action of the Grand O. of France, our fraternal relations with our French brethren, hitherto undisturbed and pleasant, are endangered, if not wholly destroyed.

A few words by way of preface to our complaint will fully explain the situation and facilitate a perfect comprehension of our difficulty with this Grand Orient.

It is well known to the brethren of this Grand Lodge, that Scotch Rite Masonry in the United States (first established in 1767, at Albany, New York, and having since then a somewhat complicated history) is divided into two jurisdictions — a Northern, with its Grand East at Boston, Massachusetts, and a Southern, with its Grand East at Charleston, South Carolina. Those two bodies have established the most fraternal relations with each other not only, but they concur in a policy toward the York Rite, as exemplified in our Blue Lodges, which must command our respect for their wisdom and our cordial regard for their Masonic and brotherly sentiments.

These two great jurisdictions of the A. and A. Scotch Rite in the United States, through their Supreme Councils at Boston and Charleston, severally and solemnly declare the first three degrees to be the basis of all esoteric Masonry, and leave their purity and exemplification to be the care of the Blue and Grand Lodges. They have still further honored the York Rite (while at the same time they protect themselves) by making it a part of their regulations to receive none but M. Masons as candidates for their rite.

So long as this fraternal policy is pursued, the relations between the

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representative bodies of the York and Scotch rites in the United States cannot be otherwise than harmonious, pleasant and profitable. With this preface I proceed to the subject of complaint.

The Supreme Council of the A. and A. Scotch Rite for the Southern jurisdiction, Grand East at Charleston, complains that the Grand O. of France has invaded its rights and jurisdiction by recognizing a spurious and clandestine Supreme Council in the State of Louisiana, with its Grand E. at New Orleans.

With this infraction of Masonic comity in the Scotch Rite we officially have nothing whatever to do. But immediately upon the heels of this comes the complaint of our sister Grand Lodge of Louisiana, that this spurious Supreme Council of the A. and A. S. Rite, recognized by the Grand O. of France, notwithstanding the most earnest protest of our Louisiana brethren, has invaded her jurisdiction by conferring the first three degrees of Masonry and assuming to control these degrees throughout her entire jurisdiction.

This is a question that demands your most careful and serious attention, not only because of the invasion by our French brethren of the rights and jurisdiction of a sister Grand Lodge in one of the United States, with whom we are in friendly correspondence, but chiefly because of the reasons assigned by the Grand O. of France in justification of her unmasonic proceeding. As these matters will undoubtedly be made the subject of a report by the proper committee, I need not further detain you with details.

LABORS OF THE GRAND MASTER.

The growth of our Order has been so rapid, the number of lodges recently chartered so great, and the friction of new machinery, operated by inexperienced hands, so severe, that the labors of the Grand Master have been very severe. To give some idea of the amount of labor done during the past year, I take the liberty of saying that in the discharge of my official duties I have written over fifteen hundred letters, very many of them involving careful research and much consideration; have delivered twelve addresses, and have traveled nearly two thousand miles within the jurisdiction. These are the principal labors of the Grand Master; but beside these there are a multitude of minor official matters that must necessarily occupy his attention. The Grand Lodge must perceive that such a tax upon his time and strength is incompatible with the proper prosecution of his ordinary business, and that a prompt and faithful discharge of his official duties must often compel him to make sacrifices which, I am persuaded, this grand body do not wish to exact of any of its officers. The question of

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relief to the Grand Master will necessarily, therefore, soon require the attention of the Grand Lodge, and I deem it my duty to urge you to an early consideration of the question, that in your wisdom and deliberation a system of relief may be devised that will secure at the same time the interests of Masonry within our jurisdiction and the relief which is needed by your chief officer. Whether this relief is to be obtained by paying to the Grand Master a salary sufficient to compensate him for devoting his entire time to your business; or whether it is to be found in a system of district deputies, is for the Grand Lodge to determine. My own judgment favors the latter plan — for example, one district deputy for each Congressional district, or some equivalent arrangement whereby the correspondence, (which is the great burden,) the travel and other work of the Grand Master will be so reduced that what remains for him to do will not unduly tax his time, his strength or his private interests.

Finally, my brethren, in retiring from the O of this grand jurisdiction, to which I have been elevated by your confidence and favor, words but feebly express my emotions.

The honors you have done me I gratefully and profoundly appreciate, especially as I see among you so many who are both "older" and "better soldiers," whose ability and experience better fit them to carry the peaceful hammer of our order in this jurisdiction. Our relations, I trust, have been mutually agreeable — they have been especially so to me, and my heartfelt thanks are hereby tendered:

To the grand officers who have been associated with me in the work of the Grand Lodge during the past year, for prompt assistance and uniform courtesy.

To my District Deputy, R. W. Brother Thomas N. Lee, for efficient aid and much fraternal kindness.

To R. W. Brother H. M. Look, Grand V. and L, for untiring energy in his Masonic labors and for his valuable counsel and support.

To all W. brothers who have been my proxies in the labor of the Masonic year, for cheerful compliance with my wishes and for work well done; and

To all the brothers of this large jurisdiction for courtesy, assistance and kind indulgence during my seven years of service as one of your Grand Officers.

I am conscious that many imperfections mar the work I have brought for your inspection; and for this I should feel much sorrowful regret were I not also conscious that, at all times, I have used my utmost skill to shape it by the *Plumb*, the *Level* and the *Square*. My work of the past year is now *submitted* for your inspection.

And may the spirit of wisdom and brotherly love brood over and

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direct the transactions of this Grand Communication; and may the special favor and richest blessings of the Great Architect of the Universe rest upon every portion of this Masonic jurisdiction.

FREEMASONRY AND PAPACY.

"The Church is even greater than Heaven itself."—*Pope Pius IX.*

Rivarol said of the great Mirabeau, that he was capable of doing "anything for money, even a good action." The Papacy is incapable of doing a good action even for money. It, for it is only an indefinite it, sets truth at defiance, ignores its own written history, and is the best novelist the world has produced. Its natural proclivities are to the bad; its best results, failures. In extermination, where it has the power, it is unequaled; it turns the fairest spots of earth, into wildernesses; its favorite plants are thistles; its best food, tares; its noblest utterances, curses. It hates whatever is noble and good; it assimilates readiest with the base and evil. It dethrones truth, and raises up the idol of falsehood. It has now, in a manner, renounced God, and became Jehovah unto itself; it is greater than heaven itself!!

Freemasonry is the pioneer of truth in dark places; the light of civilization in barbaric lands. Her watchword is charity, and her hope is in God. She vaunteth not herself, but humbly attempts to remove our earthly vices by precept and example. She sheds a halo of glory around her children, and she points to them the true paths of science and virtue. She is of the light—therefore is she hated of the Papacy.

In the old heathen days, the Romans had three supreme deities—Jove who ruled the skies, Neptune the seas, and Pluto the infernal regions. There was, moreover, a host of other gods and goddesses, who found a local habitation in the Pantheon. The Papacy stepped in, kicked out the old gods, and in their steads raised the Calendar of Saints, who, in their lives do not appear to have been more reputable beings than Hercules and Company. Venus gave place to the Virgin Mary. The Pontifix Maximus, the Pope of Ancient Rome, never thought to dethrone Jove. Our amiable and wise Papa Pio Nono, however, has resolved to put an end to Jehovah. He resolves that he shall be acknowledged to be greater than God himself. The great trinity of deities is now to be the Pope, the Devil, and God. Verily this is a wondrous age.

The Papacy we may look upon, according to human reason, as being

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in its last stage of dotage, "Sans everything." Sense has left it. It is but a wreck of the past, a ruined mind in a ruined body; a church sitting uneasily upon the points of bayonets, amid the wreck of the former mistress of the world; a worn-out lion, impotent to strike, but yet mumbling forth curses from between its toothless jaws. The will is still strong to destroy, but the eyes are dim and the claws are broken. Heavily it draws its breath, and the end is not far off. With its expiring breath it denounces Freemasonry, curses its devotees who attend Masonic balls; even on one occasion refused Masonic charity!

Freemasonry is daily growing in strength and stature; her children are found in every land, and in every land find a welcome and a home. Founded on truth, the waves of error but beat upon rocks to fall back broken on the sea of sin. The great and noble are leaving Rome, and the great and noble are joining Freemasonry.

Papacy is the stagnant pool from which arise poisonous exhalation, deadly to life, and producing a desert out of a garden of roses.

Freemasonry is the broad flowing river upon whose banks rise the goodly towns, and whose waters bear rich argosies to other nations.

The one worships the creature, and the other the Creator.

A little bird whispers from Rome that if the dogma of the Papal infallibility is carried, Pius has a fresh thunderbolt forged for our unfortunate Masonic heads. The light is to be quenched on our altars, and the water to dry up in our cisterns. The sooner we melt our jewels into monstrances, and convert our scarves into stoles the better. Yet there may be some Papistic careless individual among us who echoes the sentiment of this writer, "*Diabolus curat?*" Very much so.

A. O. H.

FREEMASONRY.—Its high and noble mission is to render relief, not only to Masons, but to every form and type of human distress. It is an institution of aggregated charities; it is humanity consolidated, benevolence systemized, relief organized, sympathy impersonated. We are to smooth the asperities or life's journey, to afford assistance in the hour of distress, to counsel a brother in his perplexity, console him in his bereavement, uphold him in his trials, and protect him in his need. It is generous in its spirit, universal in its application; wherever sorrow heaves a sigh, there should its consolation beoffered; wherever distress unfolds its wants, there should it be ready to extend relief.

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For the Mystic Star.

A WORTHY BROTHER.

There are at least two sides to every subject, and different persons entertain conflicting views of the true signification of the same words and phrases. And it is quite possible the phrase at the head of this article may be understood differently by members of the ancient and honorable Order in whose vocabulary it occupies a conspicuous place. Some appear to think if a member of the Order can give all the signs, tokens and grips — speak all the passwords properly — repeat all the obligations fluently — is bright in all the lectures — is faithful in keeping all the secrets of Masonry — if he is charitable to the widows and orphans of the Craft; he is a worthy brother, and ought to be so taken and accepted everywhere and at all times.

Let us see. The cardinal tenets of our Order being brotherly love, relief and truth, it appears necessary for these virtues to be exemplified in the daily walk and conversation of the members, in order to entitle them to the appellation of "worthy brother." A man may be bright in the ritual and understand all the workings of the Order, from the preparation of the first material to the setting of the cap stone, and still be deficient in brotherly love. Is he a worthy brother? Another may be miserly, and forbear to grant relief in many cases where sufferers are really worthy, and his abilities would admit of giving relief. Is he worthy? Another may be in possession of all the knowledge of the Craft, and his tongue may at times fail to utter the truth, or his actions prove untrue to his professions. Is he worthy?

Again, others may, during the recesses of the lodge, convert the means of refreshment into that of intemperance and excess. Are they worthy? Others may refuse or neglect so to demean themselves in other respects as become a man and a Mason. Are they worthy? Is he worthy who uses irreverently that sacred name which should never be spoken without the most profound reverence? Is he worthy who wantonly profanes the name of that august being in whom he professes to put his trust, whom sun, moon and stars obey, and at whose bidding comets run their stupenduous rounds? Is he worthy who neglects to do good, to all as he has opportunity, especially to the household of the faithful? Is he worthy who is prone to speak evil of a brother, or turn upon him the cold shoulder when he is in distress? No. These things cannot be.

The worthy brother is he who makes himself acquainted with the letter and workings of the Order so far as his opportunities and abilities will permit, and is faithful in the performance of all his

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duties both in the lodge and out of it — whose heart is deeply imbued with the spirit of brotherly love and his hands are ever ready to give relief to any sufferer as his ability will admit — whose tongue is ever truthful and faithful to the thoughts of his heart, and never uses deceit; in whose breast the secrets of Masonry are safely lodged; who is true to the institutions of his country, and faithful in the dark as well as in the light, and whose reverence for the Supreme Being is measured only by his comprehension of the good and the true. Such a man is a worthy brother. Brethren, let us mark him, and emulate his virtues. J. H. S.

For the Mystic Star.

FREEMASONRY.

BY JANE M. JACKSON.

The ancient records of Masonry instruct and enjoin its members to worship and adore the Almighty God, to honor and obey the sovereign of the country; to be peaceful and orderly in behavior, dilligent in business, upright and honest in dealing, obedient and respectful towards superiors, kind and merciful towards enemies, obliging in the relative duties of life. The greatest minds on earth venerate the Masonic institution, where its laws and precepts are ackowledged and obeyed, as it approaches nearest to the pure religion, in its influence upon mankind.

Freemasonry has outlived other institutions, and bears the stamp of its immortality. Its unvarying regularity is a proof of its rigid adherence to its principles, and in its union lies its strength. Human enmity can never annihilate it, for the invocation of the divine blessing at the opening and closing of the lodge prevails. As long as its members labor for the advancement of the happiness and good of society, creating brotherly love and true benevolence, performing the duties each one owes to his neighbor religiously in the sight of God, these principles universally diffused must elevate men. Teachings that meliorate the temper, governs the passions, ensures comfort in old age, a pleasant retrospect of the past, hope in the future, a solace when friends and relatives are lost by death or estrangement. When grim poverty overtakes, and all else seems dark and desolate, the lodge opens its doors, and the brothers greet the wanderer with smiles, his hand is grasped in love and friendship, and the soul finds that it has indeed a home and kindred! How beautiful the thought; no longer despised and forsaken for misfortunes he could not prvent or overcome in his solitude, he is encouraged to try again to win a name and subsistence. When, like Ishmael, his path may lie in a wilderness, far

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from all that made life agreeable, he will meet with the faithful. Upon every portion of the earth's surface, will a brother be found and means provided for escape and protection.

Brotherly love among Masons is an obligation voluntarily entered into, vows adopted with asseveration of constancy and affection, to retract would be unmanly and a sin. Its sacrament entails a union of man with man, his religious, moral as well as social duties, thus serving to cement the fraternity. An institution, whose enlightened philanthropy soars abroad, writing its name and purpose in our land in letters that are indelible, from the remotest ages to the present era. Its banner floats in every land, proclaiming attributes of its design, to clothe the naked and feed the hungry, its truth is embroidered in threads of gold for love, charity, justice and liberty. Each duty performed serve as types of the order, leading thousands to its altar, of so divine a character, so potent in its influence.

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HOME DEPARTMENT.

NO SECTS IN HEAVEN.

[A dream related at the late anniversary of the Evangelical Society, has been versified, with some additions, as follows:]

Talking of sects quite late one eve,
What one and another of saints believe,
That night I stood in a troubled dream,
By the side of a darkly-flowing stream.
And a "Churchman" down to the river came,
When I heard a strange voice call his name—
Good father, stop; when you cross this tide
You must leave your robes on the other side."
But the aged father did not mind,
And his long gown floated out behind,
As down to the stream his way he took,
His hands firm hold of a gilt-edged book.
"I'm bound for heaven, and when I'm there
I shall want my Book of Common Prayer;
And though I put on a starry crown,
I should feel quite lost without my gown."
Then he fixed his eyes on the shining track,
But his gown was heavy and held him back,
And the poor old father tried in vain
A single step in the flood to gain.
I saw him again on the other side,
But his silk gown floated on the tide,
And no one asked in that blissful spot,
If he belonged to "the Church" or not.

Then down to the river a Quaker strayed,
His dress of a sober hue was made.
"My hat and coat must all be grey;
I cannot go any other way."
Then he buttoned his coat straight up to his chin,
And staidly, solemnly waded in,
And his broad-brimed hat he pulled down tight

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Over his forehead, so cold and white.
But a strong wind carried away his hat,
And he sighed a few moments over that;
And then as he gazed to the farther shore,
The coat slipped off, and was seen no more.
Poor dying Quaker! thy suit of grey
Is quietly sailing — away — away!
But thou'lt go to heaven as straight as an arrow,
Whether thy brim be broad or narrow.

Next came Dr. Watts, with a bundle of psalms,
Tied nicely up in his aged arms,
And hymns as many — a very wise thing —
That the people in heaven, "all around," might sing.
But I thought that he heaved an anxious sigh,
As he saw that the river ran broad and high,
And looked rather surprised, as one by one
The psalms and hymns in the wave went down.

And after him, with his MSS.,
Came Wesley, the pattern of godliness;
But he cried, "Dear me, what shall I do?
The water has soaked them through and through!"
And there, on the river, far and wide,
Away they went on the swollen tide;
And the saint, astonished, passed through alone,
Without his manuscripts, up to the throne.

Then, gravely walking, two saints by name
Down the stream together came;
But as they stopped at the river's brink,
I saw one saint from the other shrink.
"Sprinkled or plunged, may I ask you, friend,
How you attend to life's great end?"
"Thus, with a few drops on my brow;"
"But I have been dipped, as you'll see me now.
"And I really think it will hardly do,
As I'm 'close communion,' to cross with you;
You're bound, I know, to the realms of bliss,
But you must go that way, and I'll go this."
And, straightway, plunging with all his might
Away to the left — his friend to the right —

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Apart they went from this world of sin;
And how did the brethren "enter in?"

And now where the river was rolling on,
A Presbyterian church went down;
Of women there seemed an innumerable throng,
But the men I could count as they passed along.
And concerning the road they could never agree,
The *old*, or the *new* way, which it could be;
Not even a moment paused to think
That both would lead to the river's brink.

And a sound of murmuring, long and loud,
Came ever up from the moving crowd —
"You're in the old way, and I'm in the new;
"That is the false, and this is the true;"
Or, "I'm in the old way, and you're in the new,
That is the false, and *this* is the true."
But the *brethren* only seemed to speak —
Modest the sisters walked, and meek;
And if ever one of them chanced to say
What troubles she met with on the way,
How she longed to pass to the othet side,
Nor feared to cross over the swelling tide,
A voice arose from the brethren then,
"Let no one speak but the 'holy men,'
For have ye not heard the words of Paul? —
'Ever, let women keep silence all.'"
I watched them long in my curious dream,
Till they stood by the border of the stream;
Then, just as I thought, the two ways met.
But all the brethren were talking yet,
And would talk on, till the heaving tide
Carried them over, side by side;
Side by side, for the way was one,
The toilsome journey of life was done;
And priest and Quaker, and all who died,
Came out alike on the other side;
No forms or crosses, or books had they,
No gowns of silk, or suits of gray,
No creeds to guide them, or MSS.,
For all had put on "Christ's righteousness."

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THE GOLDEN SPIKE.

The heavy gold head of the gold spike which fastened the last rail of the Pacific Railroad has been manufactured into rings, miniature hammers, spikes and rails, as mementoes of the event. One of these mementoes has been or soon will be presented to each of the following persons: President Grant; William H. Seward; Leland Stanford, President of the Central Pacific; Col. John B. Turner, Director, George L. Dunlap, General Superintendent, and William B. Ogden, ex-President of the Chicago & Northwestern; George M. Pullman and A. B. Pullman, of the Pullman palace cars; John Duff, Director, and C. G. Hammond, General Superintendent of the Union Pacific, and C. P. Huntington, Vice President of the Central Pacific. The rings are described as follows, by the Omaha *Republican:* "These rings are solid and heavy. They are handsomely engraved and carved with chase and scroll work in black and white. On the top or cap are two beautiful moss agates, of a light and heavy shades. The gold in the rings represent the orient, the agates, the occident. Between these stones is a neat gold spike. On one side of the rings the words, 'Last spike P. R. R.,' and on the other side, 'May 10, 1869.' On the inside 'David Hewes,' and the recipient's name."

A WORD TO BOYS.

Make yourselves indispensable to your employers; that is the golden path to success. Be so industrious, so prompt, so careful, that if you are absent one hour of the usual time you will be missed, and he in whose service you are shall say, "I did not dream W—— was so useful." Make your employer your friend, performing with minuteness whatever task he sets before you, and above all, be not too nice to lend a hand, however repugnant to your sense of neatness it may be. The success of your business in after-life depends upon how you deport yourself now; if you are really good for anything you are for a great deal. Be energetic, put your manners into business; look as well as act with alacrity. Appear to feel an interest, make your master's success your own, if you have an honest one. Let your eye light up at his request, and your feet be nimble. There are some who look so dull and heavy, and go with so slow and lazy a pace, that it is irksome to ask what is your right to demand of them. Be not like these.

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For the Mystic Star.

THE GLORY OF FREEMASONRY.

BY MRS. W. H. TUCKER.

These are the words and sentiments of he whose poems thrill the heart-strings of the world and was formerly crowned poet laureate of the Craft. His voice yet echoes through every Highland glen in Scotland. The noble Scot will cherish his memory while an Alpine horn or a pibroach resounds among the cliffs, or the German ocean still laves its bold and rock-bound coast. His beautiful faith and admiration of our holy order will live when the words of stern old John Knox and his sterner doctrines shall have faded into the forgotten past. The very castellated walls of Lochbern where the beautiful Scottish Queen languished long years still bear traces of the Masonic faith of Robert Burns.

May not every Mason feel a just pride in remembering that this highly gifted child of genius who electrified not only the learned and poetic of his own clime, by his poetry, but the whole world, wherever genius has a votary, wore upon his brow the glory of Masonry and entered the lodge room with the same feelings any craftsmen assembled within its sacred dome. Poets, statesmen, bishops and kings clasp hands in a brotherly grasp.

Wealth, honor, position, power and fame are alike forgotten and every man stands with his naked soul equal before the Great Grand Master who acknowledges neither prince or potentate, sovereign ruler or lord. Come with me in fancy to that glorious holy temple, revered and honored equal with the sacred fane where Christ alone is preached. Imagine a congregated body of brothers. There unity, peace and brotherly love must exist, there is no proud distinction. The same formula to initiate the royal King of France or England that there is the humblest subject in the realm. A Mason knows no badge of royalty save the banner of peace, which is the watch-word of all true, faithful members of the Order.

Masonry, like true genius stands alone. The universe is its home, and its residence creation. It is blended with every beautiful thought, emotion and sentiment of the soul. It teaches every cardinal virtue known. Its very tradition lends an almost reverential feeling for its high and holy calling. All the good in men is called into life when he takes upon himself the sacred vows of Masonry, and how mistaken an idea the ignorant world possesses of its secrecy. Its banners are unfurled on every breeze, its noble work are blazing on

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every cloud, its virtue, goodness and charity walks abroad at noon day like three sister angels of purity, mercy and love.

Masonic literature can be found in every choice library, profound and classic productions by the greatest writers of divinity. The simplest mechanic can, if he chooses, become familiar with the history, religion and antiquity of Masonry, both modern and ancient. It is a mistaken idea that it is a society which excludes the world at large from its councils. True, exeept a man chooses to become one of them he has no right to participate in their privileges. By his labor he has earned his reward. "By their works shall ye know them," thus sayeth the Lord. When he has reached the beautiful throne of the order, from the lofty summit of the cloud-capped peak he may gaze down on the admiring throng below. Thousands of fathoms separate them.

The world can never know the holy and grand aspirations of a child of genius. He it is who sees glory in Masonry, who takes in and grasps with his master mind all the divine precepts and teachings the order desire to implant in the hearts of the brothers. The aim and object is to make men better citizens, better husbands, and better fathers. Throwing a mantle of Charity, which Christ says is greater than all the other commands inspiration ever uttered, over the faults and errors of all men. Nor does this mantle mean to conceal or justify iniquity, to aid or abet in anything criminal, because the highest and holiest obligation of a Mason is his duty to his country and his God. His country is the law. He cannot break this command without violating one of his most sacred oaths. But charity is so sweet, so gentle in its object, its very motive is to comfort one in affliction. Kind words are charity, kind thoughts are charity.

The vilest slander in the world is merely an insinuation. A true Mason will scorn even to allow any person to breathe a thought detrimental of another in his presence. How truthful the adage, "Soiling another's garments never makes your own clean." All these beautiful wishes and thoughts are what makes the religion of Masonry.

And never did I so fully understand the meaning of these words as when they were made plain to me recently by an aged veteran of Masonry. He was three score years and ten, had breasted the storms of life manfully, and now when the sands in his glass had run low, indicating that a long, a last farewell was nigh at hand, he felt and expressed the glory of Masonry. For more than half a century he had bowed for worship in a consecrated Temple of Jerusalem. He had passed through every grade, and now a Templar's insignia told he was a follower of the true cross, and that no Saracen's blade had ever drank one drop of his honor or faith.

With this honored Knight Masonry was a religion. Its credentials

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he carried in his heart, the essence and poetry of love and refinement. Every walk of his life exemplified the triune faith of Masonry. He had grown holy in its divine teachings. Nothing daunted his courage. He who was to all Masons a star of the first magnitude, a luminary whose lustre shown with a clear and steady light. My aged warrior spoke with a warmth of feeling such as only can shine upon the glorified features of the redeemed. His feeble, quivering voice, and tear-dimmed eye breathed the joy and hopes he had known, the hallowed associations, the tender and sweet memories which clustered around his heart which still wore the evergreen, bright and untarnished.

With the deepest solicitude he watched over his brothers. If he knew of one committing a fault his gentle, patient voice admonished him of his obligations. If a duty was neglected the warning voice of the craftsmen reminded the brethren of the beautiful words of the Laureate:

"Had we never loved so kindly,
Had we never loved so blindly,
Never met, or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken hearted."

I can never forget the sacred solemnity of his voice, quivering with emotion and the expression of infinite love which erradiated his noble features, once when he met a poor unfortunate brother asking alms: "'Tis a sacred obligation of the order to which I belong, to aid a forlorn brother." There was a proud affection in the clasp of his hand, and tears gathered in his eyes, and a heartfelt prayer came upon his lips that God gave him the right to help that poor forlorn one.

Oh, Masonic brothers, do you not feel this is the glory of Masonry? Are you not proud to hold up your good right arm, and say "I am a Mason?" If you have ever been received in holy consecration into the bosom of the divine temple, have gazed upon the Star in the East, enjoyed the light of labor with the assembled Craftsmen how dare you be luke warm in this holy cause? Arise, awake, and be more faithful to this high and sacred calling!

FEBRUARY, 1870.

The nobleman who has been for twenty-six years at the head of the Masonic Order in England is on the point of retiring — the Earl of Zetland. A short time ago a magnificent testimonial was got up for him, but when the fact came to his knowledge he begged that the money be devoted to the charitable institutions of the brotherhood.

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THE CHRISTMAS NIGHT OF A FISHERMAN.

A TALE OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

It was near the Eve of Christmas.

Dark fantastic clouds enveloped the western horizon. Darker and darker they became as the northwestern breeze arose, and soon the veil of night enveloped land and sea, and nothing could be seen except the phosphorescent sheen of the foam-crested waves, over which shone the beacon light of point St. Isabelle. Sometimes the wind drove the clouds asunder, and the moon became visible, shedding a flood of gorgeous light over the dashing waves, and seeming to bathe the shore and lighthouse in a halo of glory, and lighting up the hull, spars and sails of a brigantine that tossed upon the waves, not many miles from shore. The next moment another darker bank of clouds advanced and again nothing would be visible but the sheen of the waves and the steady beacon of the lighthouse.

Hark! Distinctly the boom of a gun could be heard above the roar of waters.

A minute after another and another boom came over the waves. It was the call for help of a vessel in distress.

Two men stood before the door of the lighthouse. They were gazing towards a flickering light that was ascending the path, borne in the hands of a woman.

"It's Dora Grayton. Poor woman! she is looking for her husband. What shall we tell her?" asked the lighthouse keeper, taking his night glass from his eyes.

"Tell her," answered the other, a rough, weather-beaten fisherman, "tell her he's gone down, boat and all!"

"You can't tell her that. Besides you are not sure that his boat hasn't weathered the gale. You did well to make for the shore before night, but Grayton was further out than you. The last I saw before it got too dark was his boat near the brigantine!"

"P'raps he got aboard of her; p'raps not, for a boat can't live ten minutes in such a sea!" cried the fisherman, pointing with his hand towards the huge waves that thundered against the shore over which they broke, throwing the spray far inland.

"My — husband — my husband! Have you seen him?" panted the woman, as she rushed past the two men into the shelter of the arched doorway.

A howling gust of wind sweeping around the corners of the light-

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house drowned the answer of the fisherman. She grasped his arm and again demanded the whereabouts of her husband.

"He hasn't come in. I guess he's aboard the brigantine!" answered the man.

"What vessel fired the guns?" inquired Dora.

"Well, I guess it was the brigantine," cried the lighthouse keeper. "See, she's sending up signal rockets!" he shouted a moment after.

Again a lurid light illuminated the wild scene; it was the second rocket — another call for help from the vessel.

"If she's firing another rocket she's on the bank or on the rocks. It matters little which way she goes down!" shouted the fisherman.

The next moment he rushed down the path to the shore, for a third rocket had been fired.

"Take my child — take my child — I must save my husband!" screamed Dora, pushing a bundle into the hands of the lighthouse keeper.

"Stop! stop!" cried he, but she had already vanished from his sight.

With a doubtful shake of his head the keeper entered the kitchen where he found his wife, into whose charge he gave the bundle.

"Poor babe, only six months old and already fatherless!" exclaimed the kind woman unrolling the large shawl in which was wrapped a sleeping child.

"It's a pity, sure enough," sympathized the kind-hearted keeper. "If," added he after a short pause, "the old man had relented and taken the couple to his house, Charlie Grayton would never have become a fisherman."

"Dora loved him and told the old man that she'd rather drown herself than marry the rich fellow. And the old man said, 'Do so, you can do as you like. If you marry the poor boatman you will never receive a cent of my wealth. If you ever get tired of living in a hut then come to me — but don't bring your husband. My door will never be open for him.'"

"Yes, that's so. And I remember when Dora received a letter from her father in which he begged her to return and leave her husband and baby. That he had money enough to pay for a thousand divorces if she wanted to free herself from the bonds of matrimony," said the lighthouse keeper, who had put on his coat and hat.

"Now," he continued, "I'm off for the cave. Look out for the light, and take care of the baby!"

With these words the lighthouse keeper left the room.

Let us follow him.

The sea was now in a perfect swirl, tossing its white-capped waves high into the murky air, and the puffs of the gale seemed to have

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increased in strength. The waves leaped madly over the rocks that lined the shore and the salt spray flew in feathery showers over a group of four men and one woman who were standing near the white line of the surf.

They all gazed seaward.

Again the veil of drifting clouds rent assunder, and the light of the moon revealed a brigantine nearing a foam-crested line of rocks about a mile away from the shore.

Soon a dull crash, which sounded above the roar of the waters, proclaimed the doom of the vessel.

"My husband! my husband!" shrieked Dora, throwing her arms upward.

A white, gleaming speck was dancing a moment upon the crest of a huge wave that came rolling towards the breakers.

It was the fisherboat of Dora's husband.

By the aid of his night-glass the lighthouse keeper saw that as the boat passed the stern of the vessel a man leaped overboard and was picked up by the occupant of the boat.

"Your husband has saved a man, but they never will reach the shore; there's too much undertow along the cape, and the—" shouted the keeper, but he could not finish the sentence, for at that moment a large wave thundered against the shore and threw its blinding spray over the group.

After the wave had subsided, the party saw naught of the brigantine.

But between them and the reef of rocks danced the little boat of the fisherman.

"If we could get a line to them, they'll be saved. But we can't get a boat over the surf, and it would be risking one's life to swim out there," remarked a fisherman who stood near Dora.

"Give me a line, for God's sake, give me a line! I have learned to swim; he has taught me!" screamed Dora, pointing towards the little boat which was now only a few hundred yards from the shore.

It came no nearer despite the visible efforts of Charles Grayton who was rowing.

"Stuff and nonsense!" shouted the fisherman taking hold of Dora, who had taken a thin but stout fishing line from the locker of one of the boats lying upon the beach

"Let me go, let me go! I will save him!" screamed Dora, biting him in the arm.

With a muttered curse the man loosened his hold, and Dora sprang to the edge of the roaring sea.

"Keep hold of the end of the line!" were the last words she uttered.

The next moment a retreating wave had carried her from the shore.

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Charles saw a form run to the shore and plunge into the dark waves. He stopped rowing and half rose from his seat as he shouted to his companion in the boat.

"Some one is coming out. I also see the men on shore acting as if uncoiling a line. If the fellow reach this boat, then we are saved; if not, then God have mercy upon our souls, for we will surely drift towards the hog-back reef. I have used the oars since the storm began, and now I can scarcely lift them up."

"And I dislocated my wrist when I leaped overboard and tried to lift myself into your boat," cried the other.

"Husband! Charles!" came faintly from over the waters.

Grayton had sprung to his feet, and holding on to a piece of the little mast which was still sticking in a hole of one of the boards, he gazed over the waves.

Far, far below him in the trough of the sea, he saw the white, upturned face of his wife, and again heard her pronounce his name.

Instantly he fastened a line to one of the oars and threw it towards the apparently exhausted woman; at the same time he shouted, "Take hold, Dora; your life depends on it!"

Twice she missed the floating oar; the third time it was in her grasp. A minute after Charles drew the fainting form of his wife over the gunwale of his boat.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

Dora's first sense of returning life was a dim consciousness of the odor of water lilies. She opened her eyes and raised her hands to her brow. A genial warmth surrounded her, diffused from the cheerful fire that blazed in the large fire-place; and through the window panes came the warm rays of sunshine which alighted upon the head of an old man that was bending over her.

"Father, dear father!" murmured she, lifting up her arms. "My child, our savior!" sobbed the old man, holding her in a close embrace and kissing her tear-dimmed eyes.

"Yes, our savior!" echoed her husband, holding up to her gaze their little babe, which was dancing with its little feet as if conscious of the joy that reigned at this moment within the room of Charles' abode.

"I have but a dim recollection of taking hold of the edge of the boat, then I remembered no more," said Dora, drawing her babe upon her bosom and kissing its rosy cheeks.

"I found the line around my waist, and after tying it to the ring-bolt in the bow I signalled to the man on shore to pull. A short time after we were high and dry. It was an awful Christmas night, Dora,

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but God in his mercy has spared our lives," said Charles, kissing her pale brow.

The old man lifted his hands as if in prayer.

"Glory to God on high — peace and good will on earth!" he said in a solemn tone. "Yes, children, forgive what I, in my vain pride, uttered against you when both begged me to give my cousent to your union. An all-wise Providence had ordained that you should become the savior of my life. That vessel, of which I am the only survivor, belonged to me. I was on my way to Cape St. Lucas, where I intended to stay the rest of my life. When the brigantine struck the rocks I saw the boat of Charles and I sprang towards it. He drew me in the boat. Children, this is the last day you remain in this wretched abode. I have already bought houses, and to-morrow we will be on our way to San Francisco. You shall never toil again, Charles. I care not for the loss of my brigantine; I still enjoy a princely income, and we will live henceforth together."

The bright, golden rays of the Christmas sun shone upon the happy group, and the glistening dust that danced in the sunbeams seemed to rejoice at the reconciliation of father, daughter and son-in-law.

MASONIC TRIALS AND MICHIGAN DIGEST.— We have been favored with a copy of this very valuable work of Masonic law in the State of Michigan. The author, the Hon. H. M. Look, has performed a task creditable to himself and honorable to the Craft. It is a work worthy of a place in every Masonic library in the country. It is an invaluable work in conducting Masonic trials. In understanding many of the perplexed questions which are constantly arising it is of great use. Every master of a lodge, every lodge, and every lawyer should have a copy. Price $1.50. Address H. M. Look, Pontiac, Mich.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.— The February number of this popular periodical has entered upon volume fifty. It has been changed into a more desirable form, is well filled with the choicest reading and that which is always useful. It should be read by every family in the world. No publication yields a greater per cent. in mental and intellectual thought and moral improvement. Published by S. R. Wells, 389 Broadway, New York, every month at $3.00 per annum. Five copies for $12.00, ten for $20.00, and one copy to those who get up a club.

GOOD HEALTH.— This is an able work, devoted to the laws of life and health. We have received the February number which is filled with choice reading and calculated to do good to all who carefully read and digest the contents.

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EDITORIAL.

ANTI-MASONRY AND ANTI-CHRIST IDENTICAL.

BY M. W. ALFRED, A. M., M. D.

PREFACE.

The proof of this statement is not instituted from motives of recrimination or revenge, but was suggested by the spirit, measures and declarations of the partisans engaged in the same scheme, and who design to accomplish the same end: the destruction of the objects of their vengeance and hatred. That the distinctive appellations anti-Christ and anti-Mason are convertible terms, the proof is at once irrefragable and indubitable.

The Greek preposition *anti*, used as a prefix, denotes an enemy. Thus Webster defines "Anti-American, an enemy to American." All those who claim this distinctive prefix are considered hostile to those whom they oppose. (Illiad 15, 415.) This claim of hostility, this boast of enmity has been followed by demonstrations which show it to be more than a name, a reality, a most mortal hatred. Light, love, peace and truth never assume the attitude of beligerants, and have no need of the prefix anti. Light dispels darkness by propagating its own enlivening radiance. Love conquers by acts of kindness and amity. Peace is not anti-war, but war is anti-peace. Truth is not anti-falsehood, but falsehood is the enemy of truth, anti-truth. All just, holy and pure principles seek advancement by progressive and not by aggressive measures.

The Greek prepositions are largely used as prefixes, and serve to intensify their principles. As an illustration of this fact we cite *dia*. This signifies through, but when prefixed to *ballo* (I throw) it forms the well known *Diabolos*, which signifies Satan. The prefix anti produces much the same effect, rendering the principle the object of extreme enmity and hatred. (See anti-Christ, anti-Mason, etc.) When men assume the name and attitude of enemies to other men, the allegations they make against the objects of their hatred will be taken by all candid men with much allowance. Enemies so often exaggerate the faults, and misrepresent the motives of those they hate, that little reliance can be placed on their testimony. This is one reason, perhaps, that they injure us so little. Our friends thus estimate the calumny of our enemies. Masonry numbers its friends by thousands who are not

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members of the institution. In former attacks upon us, these friends shared our reproach, odium, and opprobrium.*

This brief consideration of the term anti is intended to justify the use we make of it and synonymous epithets in the following pages when we speak of enemies, adversaries and accusers. They so style themselves and their *animus* conclusively proves the appellation to be appropo. We cannot then be deemed invidious if we apply the appellations to them by which they have elected to be known, even though in the holy Scriptures, they are all applied to the devil. When men voluntarily enroll themselves under the black standard of *Diabolos*, Satan and anti-Christ, we regret the necessity which impels them to make the desperate choice.

Anti-Christ imparts the idea of an enemy of Christ. Protestants pronounce the Popish head of the Romish Hierarchy the Anti-Christ. Whether this be correct or not, the Pope's anathemas consign both Protestants and Freemasons to a most fearful perdition, but especially the Freemasons.

Having at hand almost inexhaustless resources, from which to gather facts in support of our proposition, we expect to prove beyond all doubt and contradiction the identity of anti-Masonry and anti-Christ. This investigation was instituted for the purpose of placing before the reader the truths by which members of our honored Order can easily defend themselves from the attacks of violent men who have in possession but one idea, and that, hostility to all opinions but their own. If among anti-Masons any persons are to be found who have ignorantly associated themselves with anti-Christ, and had their names enrolled on the dark record of hostility, who upon deliberation discover their error, let them assume some appellation which will not subject them to this suspicion. No stronger evidence of any fact can be adduced than what a man affirms of himself. If he declares himself an enemy, or a traitor, assuming the name and adopting the measures usually adopted by enemies and traitors, we cannot err if we declare him such. Thousands of candid men have recoiled at the thought of becoming enemies to their follow men whose standing in society is as good as their own, and whose actions seemed to be the outgushings of noble and magnanimous hearts.

So long as the axiom that "the tree is known by its fruit," is recognized, it will not be a difficult task to identify anti-Masonry with anti-Christ. Our accusers exhibit a remarkable fondness for distinctive prefixes indicative of the sanctity of their characters. They love anti-enemy almost to adoration, but fearing lest that title should prove an insufficient label for their austere piety, they hitch the word Christian before it. Christian enemy! What an embellishment

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What a compliment to the Savior. He preached peace, love and kindness; taught his followers to pray for their enemies; he must appreciate the adulation when they turn enemies themselves! "The Christian Anti-Mason." This is what is called "double teaming," with the idea that one team heads one way and the other in an opposite direction. Such incongruous epithets as they apply to themselves would confound all conjecture as to their real character were we deprived of their literature. A man who is an enemy to any class or condition of men, makes himself vile enough, but when he declares himself a "Christian enemy," he becomes a shocking monstrosity. Tell us of honest thieves, humane pirates, temperate sots, upright hypocrites, veracious liars, pious gamblers, and loyal traitors, and then will we be prepared for a desertation on our Christian enemies. Then will we furnish a treatise on the friendship of tigers, the meakness of lions, and the clemency of Jackals.

In prosecuting this investigation we shall show that the first persecution of the Christians was on account of their mysteries and secret meetings — that their mysteries were misrepresented as a pretext for their persecution and murder by the anti-Christians — that their mysteries were similar to the *Elensinian* mysteries of the Latins, and these to those of *Demetres* of the Greeks, and these were borrowed from those of *Iris* of the Egyptians, in which the knowledge of the true God was taught long prior to the time of Abraham or Tera — that all religion has been taught by symbols, hieroglyphics, and mysteries, including the Christian religion, and that all those who are opposed to secrets and mysteries are embraced under the general cognomen of anti-Christ. We shall also in passing, notice the importance of this subject, "The Test of Moral Rectitude," "The Anti-Masonic Revolution," and the "Bonus awarded to Traitors and Perjurers by the Anti-Masonic Brotherhood." These, with many other topics of interest to the reader, will receive attention, though not in the order above stated.

*In 1826-8 the common appellation given to the friends of the Order who were not members was "Jack Masons," or "Mason's Jacks."

OHIO.—We are indebted to our worthy friend and Bro. A. H. Newcomb, the present Grand Master, for a copy of the proceedings of the sixtieth annual communication of the Grand Lodge, and to Companion J. D. Caldwell, G. Secretary, for a copy of the proceedings of the fifty-third annual Convocation of the Grand Chapter.

MISSOURI.—Our thanks to Bro. Gouley for the finest copy of the proceedings of the Grand Lodge that we have ever seen, and likewise a copy of the doings of the Grand Chapter.

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THE GREAT AIMS OF MASONRY.

If the moral code of Masonry, and all of its mental and intellectual culture, were only designed to fit us like the insect, or the worm, to pass a few fleeting moments of time, obtaining sustenance from the different flowers and plants in our way, and then sink into nothingness, or be transformed into another like generation, how futile and meaningless would be our hopes, desires and affections. And how insignificant would be the meaning, of many of the symbolic lessons, taught in Masonry!

Such would be the now noble teachings of our mystical institution, if it should be stripped of its higher aims and designs, in cultivating the mind, and elevating the spirit of man. Masonry is more than a myth. It is no idle system. It does not allow or sanction the idea, that we can fold our arms, eat and drink to-day, and to-morrow die.

Masonry orders its members to put on the harness for business. To take good care of all of our time, to be lawfully employed in worthy objects, and pursuits. It marks out and draws designs, great and good. It ever calls upon its membership to free the mind and thought from every foul consideration, and purify every avenue to the heart. And to elevate all of our desires above all corrupt conceptions. To subdue every evil passion, curb every over-reaching appetite. Constantly strive, by its principles to correct all of our perverse inclinations to do wrong. To bring all of the attributes of the soul, and every action of life, into perfect harmony with every law of our being. In harmony with eternal goodness, and virtue.

Masonry demands of us to be more than mere finger-boards, standing still at the corners of the highways of human life. We are to let our light shine. To be like a city upon a hill. To place the candle upon a bushel. To put our talent to a proper use. It does nothing less than to put us upon the highway of time, bidding us to imitate God, as far as the finite can imitate the infinite. We are in duty bound to aim at his perfections. Strive to prove the relationship of our being his children, by acts of kindness and brotherly love to humanity.

Ever manifesting friendship to the worthy and upright. Be kind to the unthankful and straying. By thus conforming to all of the great objects and aims of Masonry, we shall never lose sight of her permanent and unalterable landmarks, nor violate the moral law, knowingly or willfully.

Our subscribers who desire receipts will find them in the next issue of the Star, and those who order a discontinuance and wish a receipt will send a stamp.

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MICHIGAN GRAND LODGE.

We had the pleasure of visiting the annual session of the Grand Lodge of the state of Michigan, at its last communication in Detroit on the 12th of January, continuing three days. There was a great amount of business transacted for the benefit of the craft. Quite a large delegation was in attendance. Grand Master Metcalf delivered one of the best annual addresses we ever heard, as our readers will see in this number, a part of which we print.

The report of the various committees on the different subjects and wants of the order indicated skill and ability.

The By-Laws which were furnished for subordinate lodges last year were repealed, and they are now left to be governed by the constitution, rules and edicts of the Grand Lodge. The building of a temple to be erected in Detroit by the craft was rejected with a large vote.

It is in contemplation to adopt the District System, and each section be under the immediate supervision of a District Deputy G. M.

Twenty-two lodges were chartered and added to the family of lodges, which number 280.

The new Grand Lodge of Quebec requested to be fellowshiped by the Grand Lodge of Michigan, and it was postponed to some future time, hoping that the difficulty would be settled amicably among our Canadian brothers.

The fellowship existing heretofore with the Grand Orient of France, was withdrawn or suspended, until such times that they cease to fellowship the clandestine and spurious organization within the jurisdiction of our sister Grand Lodge of Louisana. This shows that Masons are true to our government. For if we allow any foreign organization to invade the regulations adopted by all Grand Lodges in the United States, and let them fellowship a spurious system of Masonry here, that may gain ground, which will in due time destroy our Masonic temple. Then an alliance might be formed with their friends abroad, and combine the forces of other nations against our government.

The M. W. Grand Master of Ohio was present at this session, received the grand honors and seated among the high officials of the order. The R. W. Thos. B. Harris, G. Sec., of the Grand Lodge of Canada, and R. W. Bro. White from that jurisdiction were in attendance.

Bro. White responded to the welcome reception, in a short speech, in a style truly eloquent and graceful.

A lecturer in Iowa is devoting the whole force of his limited intellect to slaughtering Freemasonry. The Chinese drive eclipses away by beating tin pans.

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THE LEVEL.

We meet upon the level—the level of a common humanity—the level of a common dependence. We acknowledge that dependence among the first utterances of our benighted condition. It is our first expression in the Masonic presence. "Kings, Dukes and Lords" have laid aside their crowns, and scepters, and all other emblems of authority, conquerers have relinquished their swords and men of every grade have abandoned all distinction to meet upon this great level.

It is avowed in the declaration that "there is a God." This, therefore, is the great level upon which the whole superstructure rests Just as the operative mason prepares a level for his first course, so do we prepare this as the indispensable foundation of our institution. And just as any disturbance of the level would tend to undermine the most massive wall, so will any disregard of our great level tend to disrupt our institution and prostrate it with the dust.

Therefore, a disregard or contempt for this great principle will work for us a greater ruin than ten thousand enemies that from time to time vilify our venerable and honored institution. They cannot hurt us, nor can any amount of outside pressure. But those who are of us, and yet are not careful to venerate and preserve that level, can be, and are our worst enemies. They do more in a day to injure us than our most inveterate calumniators can accomplish in a dozen of their miserable lives.

And yet that there are such among us — wolves in sheep's clothing — men who would wear the livery of the court of heaven to serve the devil in, is manifest to all. They are the profane that have obtained admission through fraud and false pretense. A swearing, profane man cannot be a true Mason and ought to be expelled. He has no rights in the hive, because his whole Masonic life is a falsehood. It is based upon a fraud. Though not sectarian, Masonry is religious. As much so as any institution in the land. Therefore expulsion should not be considered too severe a penalty for persistent profanity. We have the assurance from the G. M. of Illinois that he will sustain any lodge in this his jurisdiction in such action against a swearing member. So mote it be. If we desire the world to respect us we must respect ourselves.

THE WOMAN'S JOURNAL, a weekly newspaper devoted to the interests of woman, to her educational, industrial, legal and political equality, and especially to her right of suffrage. Editors, Mary A. Livermore, Julia Ward Howe, Lucy Stone, Wm Lloyd Garrison, and T. W. Higginson. Address "The Woman's Journal," No. 3 Tremont Place, Boston. Price, $3.00 per annum, payable in advance.

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EDITORIAL ITEMS.

On a visit to Detroit in attendance upon the session of the Grand Lodge of Michigan we were cared for at the Antisdell House. The proprietors are not Masons yet they keep a hotel "on the square." It is a quiet place which we can cheerfully recommend to the readers of the STAR. It is a temperance house; the sale of cigars is the only reprehensible thing that we could see practised there.

We returned towards home, left the railroad line at Decatur for South Haven. We called at Lawrence and formed a very agreeable acquaintance with the members of the Craft. Here we find our worthy brother S. G. Mather, enthroned as the prince of landlords, furnishing all the comforts of life to his guests, and making them happy by his kindness and attention to their wants.

Our next stop was at Bangor. Here, too, we were kindly treated by brothers, and at this town we found the Bangor House, kept by Bro. H. Sebring who esteems it a pleasure to make the traveling community comfortable while under his care and protection. Here, too, we had the pleasure of looking through the Bangor Woolen Manufactory, a laudable enterprise for this fine country, carried on by a worthy member of the Craft, J. H. Nyman. He will take your wool, make cloth; take your measure and dress you up in the latest fashions, so that you can travel in any country and receive wages to support yourself and family, thereby enabling you to contribute to the poor or to attend your lodge, go to church or to Congress. In all respects he intends to deal with his customers with Masonic weights and measures.

From Bangor we went to South Haven. This is a city which has grown into notice in a very few years. It is situated at the mouth of Black River which, when improved, will make a harbor second to none on the eastern coast of Lake Michigan. The country contiguous is a portion of the noted fruit territory on the lake shore. The Kalamazoo and South Haven Railroad is being constructed and cars are running about half way, and soon the iron horse will make its appearance in their midst. In this place the Masonic bodies are well established and represented. The lodge and chapter are doing good work and square work. And the walls of the mystic temple are being erected on a firm foundation. The blocks are fitted with that exactness and quietude, that even the enemies of Masonry, do not hear any discord or unmasonic sound. With beauty and strength the symbolical edifice is going up, and the grandeur of Masonry is seen in upright lives and honest Masons. Our worthy brother, companion and Sir Knight, S. H. Bailey resides there, and the Masonic Craft are indebted to him for his untiring zeal and energy more than any one else, and for the firm foothold that Masonry has in that locality.

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AGED MASONS.—While at South Haven, in Michigan, we met in the Chapter with companion R. A. Roys. He was initiated into the mysteries of Masonry in Pultneyville, N. Y., in 1817, passed through the period of anti-Masonry, and received his portion of the scandal and slander heaped upon the Order. Subsequently he emigrated to Michigan and located at Schoolcraft, where he still holds his membership. He assisted in unfurling the banner of Masonry after a long night of sleep. He has passed the South gate of human life, and has almost reached the West gate, yet a young Craftsman can sit at his feet and learn many a valuable lesson of the symbolry of Masonry. For fifty-three years he has lived a Mason, and his love for the institution has not in the least abated. He stands firm as the granite rocks to the integrity of his trust.

At Lawrence, Michigan, we had the extreme pleasure of a short acquaintance with Gen. B. F. Chadwick, who has been an honored member of the Masonic Craft for forty-six years. He was brought to light in 1824, in Northville, Cayuga Co., N. Y. From thence he moved to Canada at St. Catherines, and united with St. George's Lodge No. 15. From thence he emigrated to Paw Paw, Michigan. He was one of the charter members of Paw Paw Lodge No. 25, and its first W. M. Then he moved to St. Joseph, Michigan, assisted in organizing Occidental Lodge No. 56. During his residence here he was W. M., and enjoyed the confidence of the brotherhood. He now lives at Lawrence, and has nearly reached the setting sun of his earthly journey. Soon he will be called from his labor on earth and receive his pay, and pass on to the lodge above, where no dimits are given, where no discord reigns.

May peace, love and harmony be with these old patriarchs of our honored institution during the few more days of their pilgramage journey of life.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE FOR 1870 is now ready for sale. It is elegantly printed on fine tinted paper, with about two hundred fine wood engravings of flowers and vegetables, and a beautiful colored plate, consisting of seven varieties of Phlox Drummondii, making a fine bouquet of Phloxes. It is the most beautiful and instructive floral guide published, giving plain and thorough directions for the benefit of customers, to whom it is sent free without application, but will be forwarded to all who apply by mail, for ten cents, which is not half the cost. Address James Vick, Rochester, New York. We would urge all lovers of the beautiful to send for the Guide, and likewise for any needed seeds from the floral kingdom, as you are sure of an unfailing article from James Vick.

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THE MYSTIC STAR.

MARCH, 1870.

MASONIC HISTORIANS.

BY WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

The author of the "History of Freemasonry"— Bro. Findel — devotes much space to the "Introduction," and favors his readers with a really excellent sketch of Freemasonry as a valuable social and moral Institution, which has faithfully fulfilled its mission by inclining "its members to love and charity, to moral courage and fortitude, to truth and the conscientious discharge of known duties; and has comforted the afflicted, brought back the erring to the path of virtue, dried the tears of widows and orphans, and become the parent of many an institution for benevolent purposes." Up to the commencement of the present century few but Germans wrote intelligently on the origin of the Fraternity, and among the foremost to whose researches we are indebted, Lessing, Herder, Fitche, Krause, Seydel and Fessler are enumerated.

Bro. Findel quotes the following eloquent panegyric on Freemasons with approval, but we fear lodges generally fall short of so grand and lofty an ideal, for how many of us can truly say that "To present a life passed according to the dictates of reason and godliness is regarded by each member as a study, an art, and therefore engages each one to strive to perfect himself in some particular. A noble emulation prevails in the Fraternity, and the desire to offer something which may in some degree be worthy of such an assembly, incites each one faithfully and assiduously to appropriate to himself whatever seems to be marked out for him in his particular sphere. The more ready the members are to communicate their thoughts to each other, the more perfect will be their fellowship. No one member has his knowledge from himself alone, he is at the same time a participator in the knowledge of others."— Scherielmacher.

Could but this conception be realized in part, Freemasonry would be more entitled than ever to our regard, for it would then be palpable

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that our aim is to diffuse truth, beauty and goodness around us, and to further the welfare of mankind in obedience to God's laws, and with no selfish ends in view.

To promote the highest aims of the Craft Bro. Findel's work stands by the side of the great Masonic works of Rev. Dr. Geo. Oliver, and breathes throughout a devotion and enthusiasm for the grand principles of the fraternity, and at the same time contains such a mass of interesting information, and is so accurate and trustworthy respecting the Ancient and Modern History of Freemasonry, that we place it on the highest step towards Masonic historical perfection yet attained by any Mason.

Bro. Findel well observes that genuine Masonry has to deal with man as man, and by making its followers good men, it necessarily trains them to be good members of the religious communities to which they belong.

The hostile attitude assumed by the Roman Catholic and other churches towards Freemasonry — wherever it has not been abandoned— is not, or never will be, a proof of the mischievous tendency of this institution, but only of unfounded misrepresentation and invention, and above all, ignorance of its real nature and influence. Freemasonry is neutral ground for all political opinions and religious creeds, and within its Fraternity all political and religious controversies, which so greatly embitter life and set mankind at variance, are happily avoided.

We think the absurd statement or fancy that the Craft is an enemy to " pure and undefiled religion," receives its best answer by pointing to the many distinguished ornaments of Christianity who are to be found active in our ranks, and its non-sectarian character is certainly beyond a doubt notwithstanding the preponderence of the Christian element. Masonry has never, and can never be, prostituted to the purposes of a mere party, the promotion of political aims, or opposition to religion.

Whenever brethren seek to lower the principles of the Craft, by using their membership in the society for their own aggrandizement, for party politics, religious differencss, or social strifes, they cease to be Masons. "The history of Freemasonry — long veiled in mystery, interwoven with legends, purposely distorted by misrepresentations — has, through the profound and conscientious researches of some few solitary and unprejudiced brethren, acquired of late years a sure foundation upon scientific principles."

It will thus be seen that Bro. Findel is not in sympathy with those who seek to veto the study of Masonic history, or with those who would like their feeble cries to drown the results of free inquiry into the origin of the society, concerning which, even to this very day, the

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most confused, ridiculous and discordant opinions prevail, utterly opposed to facts of history.

After noticing some of the strange views of the generality of our historians, and especially those propounded by the Chevalier Ramsay and Dr. James Anderson, Bro Findel refers with a justifiable pride to writers like Krause and Fessler, who have done so much to place Freemasonry on a sound historical basis, and from whose labors, with other well known authors and enlightened brethren, the persuasion that the Craft originated in the Building Fraternity of the middle ages has gained ground and become doubly confirmed and strengthened. We cannot agree with Bro. Findel in his remark that "Since Preston wrote nothing has been done in England towards the investigation of the history of Freemasonry," for apart from much of a fragmentary nature, which has been collected during this century, and which has proved a valuable aid to Masonic historians, surely the labors of the Rev. Dr. George Oliver have resulted in placing him above either Preston or Hutchinson of the last century, and entitled him to be ranked as the Prince of English Masonic authors.

Bro. Findel observes that we may not be led astray in our enquiries into the history of the society of Freemasons we need only bear in mind what the English Grand Lodge, the mother of all lodges, happened to meet with in the year 1717, and immediately appropriated. This was the bequest of some ancient Lodges of Architecture, a simple rite, the three fundemental laws of brotherly love, relief and truth, and the so-called ancient Gothic constitutions still existing as documents, all which bear no remoter date than that of the 12th century.

What we wish to understand, says our learned author, is this: Whether the Roman Building Corporations were directly continued or succeeded by those in Gaul and Brittany of later date. Whether there exists sufficient historical proof to justify the tracing back the Fraternity of Masons to the Building Corporations of Rome? Both these questions must be answered in the negative, and so Bro. Findel entirely objects to the views so ably propounded by Bro. Dr. E. Rebold in his valuable history, and previously supported by Bros. Dr. Krause, A. Lawrie, and other excellent Masons. "The history of Freemasonry is wholly and entirely gathered from documents (constitutions and customs) belonging to corporations formed in the middle ages, and not from any Roman Corporations whatever. The connecting link between the Roman Colleges and the Mediæval Building Corporations, according to the works of Krause and Rebold, was the assembly of English Masons at York, the Roman Eboracum, in 926, which is a mere tradition not an historical fact, and the Athelstan Constitution or Charter of York, which never existed. Besides this, the Roman Colleges in

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Brittany perished during the devastating invasion of the Scots and Saxons."

To our mind the subject requires much thoughtful examination to decide respecting these rival claims, and although we incline to Bro. Findel's views on this matter, we cannot deny the fact that there is a powerful array of talent supporting the other side. Masonic students will do well to carefully examine both Bro. Findel's work and the capital translation of Dr. Rebold's by Bro. J. F. Brennan, (114, Main street, Cincinnati, U. S.,) before finally adopting either opinion as the more historical or probably true.

The older we become the greater folly it appears to rush hastily to conclusions respecting the origin and character of Freemasonry.

We may say that the "father of historical criticism," Bro. Dr. G. Kloss, gave it as his well-grounded conviction that the present Fraternity of Masons had its immediate origin from the ancient company of Stone-cutters and the Building Corporations connected with it.

The account of the "Old Charters" is amplified in the second edition by Bro. Findel, and forms a very useful and interesting compilation.

A fuller acount may be found in the "Constitutions of the Freemasons" we lately published, should our readers desire to further examine the subject. (A copy of which it is probable will shortly be published in the *Freemason* for the benefit of brethren who have been unable to procure the work itself, from so few copies being issued.) The study of our old constitutions must always prove of real interest to Masons.

Bro. Findel has wisely introduced several excerpts from Bro. D. M. Lyon's exhaustive articles on Masonry in Scotland, and especially on page 107, he has treated us to an excellent sketch of the Craft in early days in North Britian. Bro. Lyon declares that there is no record extant, Masonic or profane, from which can be drawn any conclusion, further than that in their organization the members of the Ancient Building Associations of Scotland were leagued together for the protection of their common rights, much after the manner of the trades' unionists of modern times. Bro. Lyon's authority is also mentioned to decide the fact of no more than three degrees having been worked at Kilwinning, and by the Grand Lodge of Scotland; and consequently that the statement that certain high degrees originated at Kilwinning, under the "old mother's wing," is a decided fabrication; for the Kilwinning brethren have assured us, that they have never gone futher than the Three-step Masons, neither has the Grand Lodge of Scotland, from its institution in 1736 to present time,

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ever wavered in its devoted and exclusive attachment to Craft Masonry of three degrees and no more.

We cannot follow Bro. Findel through his work as we would like; we have neither the time nor the ability to do him justice. Suffice it to say, that the mass of information presented entirely prevents an adequate idea being given of the work, for every country and Grand Lodge have attention, and every point of interest, historical or ritualistic, receives elucidation and careful examination.

On the vexed subject of the "Hautes Grades," Bro. Findel speaks in a most emphatic manner, and though in some cases certainly too much in the spirit of opposition, yet the glaring mis-statements reiterated from time to time, notwithstanding their evident absurdity, respecting the origin of these Rites, do, after all deserve an unsparing investigation and fearless denouncement.

Bro. Findel states, that before "Ramsay's mischievous speech in 1740, no document can be produced to certify there existed any so-called high degrees on any spot of the earth whatever." It will be for those who deny this sweeping assertion to afford the evidence said to be wanting, and then we will be among the first to acknowledge the existence of the "Hautes Grades," before or within twenty-three years after the Revival of Freemasonry, A. D. 1717. Until then, we shall be simple enough to prefer evidence to the *ipse dixit* of any party or Rite.

We intend soon referring to a few errors that have crept into the work and shall then conclude our hasty and imperfect sketch of Bro. Findel's history of Freemasonry, which is written to make known the truth, that "The long contemplated separation of the Freemasons from the Operative Guilds, was carried into effect early in the eighteenth century, and the institution made rapid strides towards complete and perfect transformation. From the materials, slowly, surely, and regularly prepared, far back in the twilight of the Middle Ages, and carefully cherished and handed down to posterity by the Old Building Associations of Germany and England, arose a new and beautiful creation. Modern Freemasonry was now to be taught as a spiritualising art, and the Fraternity of operative Masons was exalted to a Brotherhood of Symbolic Builders, who in place of visible, perishable temples, are engaged in the erection of that one invisible, eternal temple of the heart and mind."

Continued.

A single hour in the day given to the study of some interesting subject brings unexpected accumulation of knowledge.

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For the Mystic Star.

SCRAPS OF MASONIC THOUGHT.

BY REV. D. M. REED.

It has been asserted that "Ever since symmetry existed, and harmony displayed her charms," our Order has had a being. This, without the least doubt, is true of its principles. As an institution Masonry has been a vital and powerful fact from the days of king Solomon. Prior to the building of that wondrous temple, it was known only in its outline, in its primary ideas and sentiments. There was no organized presentation of it, no regular assembling of the craft, no systematic instruction in its truths and design. It lacked organic form until that Hebrew monarch took hold of it with his unrivaled wisdom and astonishing skill. He seized upon its scattered elements and worked them up into a definite shape. And from that period on to this it has never been without this distinct organism. Ever since then it has had its admirers and its expounders, its friends and its enemies, its successes and its trials.

On a theme so old, about an organization of such antiquity, it can hardly be expected that anything new should be offered. The sunlight is a very antiquated reality, and yet we welcome it to our homes and paths every morning. It seems new and refreshing at every dawn, it cheers and exhilerates us every hour of the day. How we sigh for its return after several days of cloudy weather.

So Masonic sentiments and thoughts may be older than even the sunshine which we all prize so much, and yet none the less welcome and inspiring in their repetitions. It seems to me that it would be impossible for one to become tired of the beauties of the Masonic art. Oft as they may be exhibited, they lose none of their charm. It is true I am not very old in the art, but every time I am where it is being explained or applied, I never fail to discover in it some real beauty, some fine sentiment, some sublime meaning, some touching allusion which I had never detected before. It is a vast system, embracing everything that is grand in nature, pure and facinating in art, high-toned and substantial in morals, gentle, cheering, and consoling in religion. It is no superficial affair which a man can take in and comprehend in a few days. The oldest Mason living, he who has stood most frequently before its shrines, and most enthusiastically studied its import, will tell you that there are yet plains which he has not rambled in, nor even had a glympse of. The scheme is so immense that no human life is long enough to measure and fathom it all.

This is one of the splendid features of Masonry. It always has

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something fresh to offer you; some scrap of a sublime philosophy, word of encouragement, some excellent word of caution, some rich sentiment, some exhilerating promise, some sweet moral stimulent to offer.

Let no one feel for a moment that there is nothing more for him to learn at the Masonic altars. Such a feeling can arise only from a very imperfect conception of what is involved in speculative Freemasonry.

Like the atmosphere which we breathe, Masonry is pervasive. It is spread through all civilized society. And as the air ministers to the growth, beauty, and sweetness of the flowers, so do the principles of this affiliation contribute to man's social, intellectual, and moral unfolding and grace.

ROCKFORD, Ill.

GRAND CHAPTER OF MICHIGAN.

EXTRACTS FROM THE ADDRESS OF THE G. H. P., WM. L. WEBBER, AT THE TWENTY-FIRST ANNUAL CONVOCATION OF THE GRAND CHAPTER.

COMPANIONS — At this twenty-first annual convocation of this Grand Chapter, we are again permitted by a kind Providence to meet in fraternal harmony, to exchange kindly greetings, to kneel together around one common altar, to render thanks to the great and good Being from whom all our blessings flow, to enjoy a season of pleasant social intercourse, to review the proceedings of the past, and to legislate for the future as the good of the Royal Craft may seem to require. So far as I am advised, no disturbing element exists within our borders. The craft are pursuing their labors with assiduity, and vie with each other as to who can best work, and best agree. At the last annual convocation of this Grand Chapter, as shown by the reports then presented, there were four thousand four hundred and eighty-seven Royal Arch Masons holding membership in this jurisdiction. The number at the present time must exceed five thousand. Ten years ago the number was only one thousand and eighty. Five years ago the number was two thousand and seventy-two. A review of the rate of increase in membership shows great prosperity.

We have only to guard well the portals, and be sure that no unworthy or unfit material is received into our symbolic building to mar the beauty and stability of the structure; and to be ourselves careful and zealous to walk uprightly upon the firm foundation of love to God and love to Man, upon which it is reared, to make and

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keep it an edifice which shall prove a blessing to the world, well pleasing to God.

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1. A ballot being taken on petition, one black ball appears, and the applicant is declared rejected. At the next regular of the chapter a companion informs the chapter that the black ball was cast by him under a mistake as to the fact, and he asks leave to withdraw it and have the brother declared elected. Can this be allowed?

Ans. No. The applicant must wait the six months and present a new petition. It would seriously endanger the benefits of a secret ballot should any other rule be laid down.

2. A brother petitions a chapter nearest his residence, but not so near to the place where his lodge is held as another, which gives jurisdiction, the location of the lodge or the residence of the brother?

Ans. It is the residence of the applicant which gives jurisdiction. The location of his lodge is of no importance to that question.

3. A brother residing for more than a year within the jurisdiction of a chapter in this state is affiliated with a lodge in this state where he formerly resided. Can his petition to the chapter be received?

Ans. Yes. If affiliated with any regular lodge, whether within or without this jurisdiction, that is sufficient.

4. A petition for degrees is received, referred, report favorable, ballot taken and found clear and candidate declared elected. Before any of the degrees are conferred, some of the members of the chapter who were not present at the time the ballot was taken, interpose objections to his progress. Can he petition again at once, or must he wait six months, and how should the fact of objection appear on the records of the chapter?

Ans. The objection, whether written or verbal, even after the ballot, any time in fact before the brother is actually advanced, should be treated as having the force and effect of a black ball, and therefore as a rejection. The candidate should be informed of his rejection and his money refunded him — consequently he cannot petition again within the six months. The only record should be by order of the H. P., that objections have been made (without specifying them or the name of the objector) and, therefore, notwithstanding the ballot, the candidate is declared rejected, and the fee ordered to be returned.

It has been suggested that the craft would be likely to receive benefit, from an edict requiring proficiency in each of the preceding, before passing to next degree. Some of the chapters, it is said, have adopted this as a regulation for their own government, and it is found so productive of good they think it would be well to make it general. If it should be your opinion that the subordinate chapters throughout

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the state would in fact comply with such a regulation, and enforce it in spirit as well as in letter, I have no doubt but it would promote the good of the craft.

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Companions, we are taught by the ancient Masonic charges that "a Mason must be a good man and true, and strictly obey the moral law."

The force of this requirement is great as applied to every Mason. To the Royal Arch Mason it applies with still greater force. The fact that there are men in the order who are not good men and true, and who do not obey the moral law, is no argument against the order any more than it is an argument against the existence of goodness or virtue. Our order is founded on mortality, upon that "religion in which all men agree, that is to be good men and true, men of honor and honesty, by whatever name or persuasion they may be distinguished." The fact, however, is a standing and continual caution to watch closely all applications, to be careful that no more such be admitted. The desire for work, for an increased membership, and additional strength, should never be allowed to usurp the control of judgment. Strength is not gained by such accessions. It is not enough that you know no ill of a candidate. Negative qualities are not sufficient. Some positive good should be known of him. He should be thoroughly examined before being received. It is the duty of every good Mason to labor kindly, patiently and long with the erring members of the fraternity. Let the mantle of brotherly love and charity cover a multitude of sins, even to seventy times seven. Let them be reclaimed to purity, to virtue, to temperance and justice if possible; but if all means fail, if they have forgotten entirely their love for the moral virtues, or if it be found that they never possessed any, then, however unpleasant and distasteful the task, and regardless of the wealth of the offenders, let them be cast off, that the reputation and welfare of the order suffer no further injury by reason of their connection with it, and that the younger members be not contaminated or led astray by their influence.

Masonry is not a reformatory institution. We do not intend to take the vicious into membership to reclaim them. But all men are liable to err, and Masons are but men. Masons sometimes forget the right and pursue the wrong. To them, to our brethren and companions we owe a double duty — the duty which every man owes to his brother man, and also the duty which one Mason owes to another. We must give him good counsel; if he is in want, we must supply those wants, and thus remove temptation; we must in every possible way seek to aid his reformation. This is our duty to him — one that is too often forgotten or "shirked" on the shoulders of others. But he also owes

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a duty to us. He has no right to do wrong; he has no right to defraud his neighbor — to get drunk or otherwise to be intemperate, to be profane, nor to violate the moral law in any of its requirements. Let us do our duty to him, and then if he fails to perform his duty and disregard all his obligations to the order, we may know that a mistake was made in the selection of material. All our impressive ceremonies, all our teachings, are insufficient to make him a Mason. He cannot appreciate truth; he must go among the rubbish. Kindly, sorrowfully, but firmly, let this work of purging the order be done, and it will soon become practically, what it now is theoretically, a band of brothers and companions, loving and being beloved, seeking each not his own but his brother's good, cultivating the social virtues and striving to make not only all Masons, but all men, more loving, more charitable, more kind, wiser and better, and, as a necessary consequence, more happy in this world and better prepared for that Spiritual Temple, that house not made with hands, in the world to come, which is prepared for all those who patiently and cheerfully perform their allotted duties in this life.

This consummation is greatly to be desired. If each does what he can in that direction he will have done his duty, and that is all he is responsible for. I make these remarks, companions, not in view of any particular instance of delinquence, but to keep you in remembrance of that which you have all been taught by the rites of our order; and to impress upon you the fact that we are all growing, progressing if you please, in one direction or the other, and we should be careful to watch our steps and see that we progress in the right direction, and while we thus look to ourselves, let us see to it that our brothers and companions are traveling with us, that we may all be prepared as living stones for that temple of which all others are but types, and meet the approval of our Supreme Grand Master in heaven.

FREEMASONRY IN COURT. — About the year 1807, Alexander Seton was Deputy Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Ireland. Some other brother being elected, Seton refused to give up the books and other memorials belonging to the Grand Lodge; whereupon he was expelled from the society, and notices circulated among the Craft to that effect. This so exasperated Mr. Seton that he brought an action at law against the new Grand Secretary for defamation of character, laying his damages at £2,000, or $10,000. The case was argued at length, and the court decided against Seton; declaring the law to be that a society, such as the Freemasons, had a right to publish the expulsion of its members. Mr. Seton had to pay the costs, and his lawyers' fee.

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THE FREEMASON'S WREATH.

A wreath for the Freemason! thus may it be
  Composed of the richest of flowers,
That e'er can be gathered in poesy's land
  Or that flourish in intellect's bowers.

I'll take from the green tree of Friendship a branch,
  And seek for a fresh bud of Love,
With the blossom of Truth, elixir of life,
  All sparkling with light from above.

Then the pure gem of Charity, holy and true,
  With the dew-drops of Mercy around,
And evergreen Kindness, united to these,
  A hallowed effulgence surround.

A sprig from the olive branch, emblem of Peace,
  With some flowers of Justice entwined,
And leaves of Benevolence, all intermixed,
  With a halo of Goodness to bind.

The sweet voice of Hope must not be forgot,
  And Faith should come in for a place,
They are valued exotics of holiest birth,
  A spotless boquet far a vase.

E'en thus do I weave a choice garland of flowers
  To place on the Freemason's shrine;
'Tis an unfading wreath, if nurtured with care,
  All teeming with essence divine.

But yet, should the breath of neglect or abuse
  Pass over its beautiful form,
Believe me, 'twill fade, all its fragrance depart,
  It lives in an atmosphere warm.

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SOUTH HAVEN, MICHIGAN.

EXTRACTS FROM THE ADDRESS OF BROTHER S. H. BAILEY, W. M. OF THE "STAR OF THE LAKE LODGE," NO. 158, SOUTH HAVEN, MICH.

When order shall produce confusion; when harmony shall give rise to discord; and proportion shall be the source of irregularity, then, and only then, will Freemasonry be unworthy the patronage of the great, the wise and the good. None, therefore, who believe the Divine Original of that sacred volume, and are influenced by a spirit of humanity, friendship and benevolence, can with the least propriety object to our ancient and honorable institution.

What changes Time will bring around. It is now one hundred and seventeen years since the great and immortal Whashington was made a Mason; then a nation looked to him alone as their protector. It was in a Masonic lodge where he invoked the God of battles to aid him in the accomplishment of his country's freedom. Were it another than a Washington whom I seek to honor, I might be charged with a sectional violation of one of the old landmarks, but the name of Washington will never be forgotten as a Mason, till time shall be no more.

What changes within my own recollection: Well can I remember the call for the Masons of this county to assemble Only sixteen within her borders — now we have half that number of lodges, and a membership of over five hundred, and are as follows; Paw Paw, No. 25, 118; Star of the Lake, No. 158, 116; Rising Sun, at Lawrence, No. 119, 69; Decatur, No. 99, 76; Coffinbery, at Bangor, No. 204, 33; Bloomingdale, No 221, 36; Salathiel, at Keeler, No. 233, 25; Lawton, No. 216, 47. To Gen. B. F. Chadwick, of Lawrence, is Masonry in western Michigan greatly indebted, and to him more than any other man am I indebted for the moral principles of Masonry implanted within my breast; but his whitened locks and tottering steps admonish him that his "hour-glass" is turned, and soon he will go to the land of his fathers.

Can a man be a Mason who is a slave to his appetite? Can a man be a Mason while staggering through our streets, using the most vile and profane language? No! God forbid! Let it be plucked out from our order. The committee I appointed have done their duty faithfully. They visited all who are addicted to the use of strong drink, and their report is the best ever made in this lodge. I hope my successor will appoint the same committee, which consisted of brothers Joseph Lannin, Henry Earl and S. G. Sheffer.

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For the Mystic Star.

COMMON SENSE.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE MASONIC ASSOCIATION, INNER CHAMBER. SECRET HALL.

The proceedings of the above Association and the speeches of Counsel A. have repeatedly appeared in the columns of the *Masonic Monthly* and of the *National Freemason*, and its latest proceedings I now beg to submit to the readers of the MYSTIC STAR. The reader must prepare himself to find in the following communication "more truth than poetry," and the publisher must also stand prepared to receive the brunt of "virtuous indignation" from the bigoted and selfish, who love darkness in preference to light. The corruptions and abuses now rampant in the Masonic institution will never be removed by Grand Lodges as now constituted, the press in this, as in other instances, is the only medium through which we can appeal to the common sense of the community. With these remarks we leave the rest to the judgment of the reader.

HOW TO CHECK THE TOO RAPID INCREASE OF THE FRATERNITY.

An Address by Counsel A.

BRETHREN OF THE C. S. M. A.— Queen Elizabeth once took it into her head that the growth of London ought to be stopped, and requested Parliament to prohibit the erection of any more houses in and contiguous to the metropolis. This was a practical suggestion, and had it been followed London might have remained stationary unto this day.

Our Grand Masters have, for a number of years past, been troubled with similar fears to those of Elizabeth. In many of their addresses, amidst congratulations and thanksgivings for the peace and prosperity, the fraternity enjoy, is intermixed the solemn warning that this, its too great popularity, and too rapid increase, forebode a reaction, and we are cautioned against this too rapid increase. Well, that is all right enough, but how is that too rapid increase to be checked? "Oh," say our G. M.'s, "be more cautious whom you admit." Now, if the admission of a candidate depended on a majority of votes, we might require that the majority should, in future, consist of three-fourths, four-fifths, etc., but as the law now stands, a unanimous vote is required. A solitary vote rejects him, and as this solitary vote can not be divided into fractions I cannot see how further precaution is possible. Our Grand Masters may possess the faculty of scenting

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dangers from afar, but there appears to be a lack of practical understanding amongst them to suggest a practical remedy. I therefore propose to make this topic the subject of this evenings discussion, hoping that the suggestions we may make here will tend to the diffusion of information that may conduce to the peace, harmony and respectability of the Masonic institution.

First, I would propose to abolish the practice of initiating clergymen without charge, and would prohibit the returning of the initiation fee to them under any pretence whatever. I am not, indeed, afraid that their free admission will tend to overwhelm our society with ministers. Nor am I opposed to the favors extended to them because they are ministers, or because they are ministers of this or that denomination. Bnt I am opposed to the practice of singling them out to receive favors not given to those of any other class or profession. The motive is that they might make Masonry popular among their parishioners. This is "throwing a sprat to catch a herring." Now, among church members, there are no doubt some who have an opinion of their own. These, if they preconceive a good opinion of Masonry, will join us regardless of the approbation or disapprobation of their ministers. Among that class I know many who are willing to sign petitions, and vote in the Grand Lodge, for the abolition of the festivals called St. Johns' Days, and the uprooting of all sectarian allusions from the ritual. Faith in God, hope in immortality and charity towards all men, is a sufficient creed for the brotherhood as such.

There are, however, another class of churchmen whose opinion must be approved of by the minister. With these authority is everything, and reason is an abomination. It is for the purpose of getting that class that we bribe the ministers, and the nature of that class is such that when one succeeds in wheedling himself into their confidence, he becomes their idol, and they worship him in spite of reason and common sense. It is owing to the predominance of that class in our lodges that sectarianism is rampant in our assemblies. To them we are indebted for the perpetuation of flying legends, ridiculous and superstitious usages, arbitrary and unjust laws and the formation of cliques, ever ready to rally around the one man power in the Grand Lodge. With them every absurdity which their oracle pronounces to be a landmark must forever remain so, and any effort to remove it is met with "We have so received it." These men will go down on their knees and swear to the truth of the legends that Masonry began with Adam, that he wore white gloves and an apron, and performed the same ceremonies in his lodge as per authorized American ritual. Such being the case, the institution gains nothing by bribing clergymen for drumming them into it. They are, however, an advantage to

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the crafty leaders, the higher degree mongers, and dealers in crosses, ribbons, stars and the gewgaws. And well may these selfish charlatans tremble at any effort to disturb the present order of things. They tremble because "it won't pay." Of course it won't pay. Check the credulous from joining us and what will become of my glass and brass trinkets? What shall I do with the stereotype plates of my ritual? How shall I be able, without their aid, to engineer the Grand Lodge to my own satisfaction and profit? And who will hereafter continue to regard me as a shining light in the knowledge of Masonic jurisprudence and ancient landmarks? Why, I shall have to exclaim with the Moor, "My occupation is gone." Such, brethren, are the motives which influence many professional Masons. They may, indeed, join the Grand Master's chorus against the too rapid increase of the Fraternity, but self-interest will make them thwart every effort to carry it out, because it won't pay.

Secondly, I would put a stop to the practice of advertising for candidates and puffing up the institution.

Here the speaker was asked where and when such advertisement appeared.

When passing through Broadway, New York, or any other of the principal streets in our large cities, have you never seen grotesquely dressed gangs of boys carrying placards and flags, marching up and down these streets and led by a drummer? Or men, strangely accoutered, attracting crowds by puffing spread eagle speeches? Now, don't you know that this is an advertisement that in such and such a store you can get ten dollars worth of goods for one? Or you are informed that the original Dr. Esculapius is now ready to furnish you with the celebrated ancient pills, that would give the bald head a luxuriant crop of hair, the grey head would turn into jet black, and make you live as long as Methusalah. Now suppose those advertisers were to complain to you of an excess of business, would you not advise them to stop their peculiar mode of advertising? And now let me ask, for what purpose do the Masons turn out, periodically, in public procession, each dressed in their favorite costumes?

When the procession is over, the public are invited to an oration, and what kind of an oration and how many true ideas can you learn from many of the orators?

Here Bro. A. put himself into the posture of the well-known St. John's Day lecturer, Bro. Talker, then alternately raising and lowering his right hand, pointing successively to the different parties he alluded to, now to the right, now to the left or center, then imitating the voice to a T., he began:

"Brethren, Companions, Sir Knights, Princes of Jerusalem, Illus-

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trious Knights of the Brazen Serpent, etc., and Ladies and Gentlemen: You are told that Masonry is the most ancient and honorable society in the world. We can date our origin far back in the history of time. The tower of Babel, the Pyramids, Palmyria, the Grecian, Egyptian, and Roman temples, are all the handiwork of our ancient brethren. King Solomon, Zerubbabel, and all the prophets were our Grand Masters. In the days of our Savior, the fraternity embraced the doctrines of the Essenes, when the Saints John, the Bapist and Evangelist, were the Grand Masters and Grand Patrons of our Order. Our society is essentially a Christian institution, though in the lower degrees we are tolerant. Freemasonry is one."

This, with a little variation, forms the substance of nineteen twentieths of the St. John's Day orations or advertisements, and it draws a certain class into the institution who rush by steam through the Blue Lodge, the Chapter, up to the thirty-second or thirty-third degrees, and who believe that the higher they rush the more Masonry they possess, and the more fit they are to become Grand Masters, and grand officers; Hence, mere Master Masons have lost all control of their own Grand Lodges, and the fops who do control it generally vote for some illustrious with many titles, who being ignorant of the first rudiments of Masonry, becomes a tool in the hands of an artful secretary. Stop, therefore the process of their illustrated holliday advertising, and you will stop the influx of the foppish and brainless class. Public processions is, however, an old landmark. This practice we inherited from the folly of our predecessors. More than a hundred years ago Masons had processions, and were ridiculed for this folly, and the Gand Lodge of England became ashamed of it. We, however, not only cling tenaciously to old follies, but have invented new ones unknown in former times. I allude to public installations, and public lodges of sorrow. This is a new mode of advertising to catch the brainless, and I have conversed with ladies and gentlemen who had recently been induced to witness those exhibitions, on whom was made a very poor impression.

And thirdly, Counsel A. showed up the impossibility of keeping lodges select with the present paltry dues paid by members. "If, for instance," he said, "a lodge consisting of one hundred members, whose necessary expenditure is twelve hundred dollars per annum, were each taxed twelve (or a trifle more) dollars a year, then the lodge would be independent of initiation fees, but if they are five dollars each, they are compelled to go on initiating to save themselves from dissolution, and are, therefore, not very choice in their selection. A lodge becoming over run by an inferior class, tho fastidious ones think the higher degrees will afford them better associates, but the same causes

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which deteriorate the Blue Lodges operate also in the Chapter and higher up, or rather, I would say, lower down. Indeed, they soon discover that the least skill in the Masonic arts and in the institution are possessors of the higher, and so called, side degrees. Putting aside, therefore, the real, and wasting time in running after every moonshine called Masonic, I seriously ask my brethren whether it is not more sensible to spend thirty dollars per annum in order to keep up the respectability of the Blue Lodge and Chapter, than to scatter the same amount on a half-dozen higher degree concerns, which are so only in numbers, and at the same time, to be compelled to associate with men to whom no one would trust five dollors?"

Bro. A. concluded with exhorting the members of the C. S. M. A. to exert their influence towards banishing from the institution all kind of corruption; to make it a truly moral, social and benevolent association, making no distinction between the good of all countries or sects, and make Masonry a promoter of education in arts, sciences, and general knowledge.

The applause which followed the closing remarks of the speaker was checked by the rising of Bro. Wittyer. We all knew that something was in the wind. Bro. W., after a survey of the audience with a most thoughtful and stolid countenance, contracting and expanding his eye-brows in quick succession, making the wrinkles of his forehead appear and disappear with great rapidity, then slapping his forehead, as if trying to knock something out of it, said, "I have it. I have a plan for accomplishing the sought for object. I propose, brothers, that we recommend the brotherhood of America to authorize their respective Grand Masters to have Masonic temples erected in every Masonic jurisdiction.

"Brethren, limited or not limited, with the aid of Grand Secretaries and their own appointed committees, they are sure to bring their respective jurisdictions into a debt of a half million dollars or so. And when it shall thereafter be made manifest that a Grand Lodge can no longer continue to feed the hungry and give drink to the thirsty, and when, in order to save the institution from bankruptcy and dissolution, it shall be found necessary to call on the brotherhood to put their hands into their pockets deep, deeper, deepest, then the would be wise ones will scatter from our midst like chaff before the wind, and, depend upon it, that we shall not again be troubled with candidates from those quarters until the debt is all settled, and that will probably not take place until near the Day of Judgment."

The motion, being seconded, was carried, amidst shouts of laughter and applause.

REPORTER.

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JURISPRUDENCE.

RESOLUTIONS IN FORCE GOVERNING ROYAL ARCH CHAPTERS IN ILLINOIS.

Resolved, That in the opinion of this Grand Chapter, the chapter degrees cannot legally be conferred on a Master Mason having but one arm.—1852.

Resolved, That profanity ought not to be tolerated among Masons.—1852.

Resolved, That the suspension or expulsion of a Royal Arch Mason from a Master's Lodge, shall operate as a suspension or expulsion from a chapter within this state during the continuance of such a sentence.—1852.

Resolved, That the cardinal virtues of fortitude, prudence, and justice, are dependent upon the maintenance of the cardinal virtue of temperance; that every intemperate man is liable to lose that fortitude which might never forsake him in his hours of sobriety; nor can any such man be either prudent or just.—1856.

Resolved. That the subordinate chapters are hereby strongly urged to root out the evil of intemperance from among them, and to exercise a wholesome, prompt, and efficient discipline upon the subject.—1856.

Resolved, That no chapter, or officer or member thereof, shall, under any circumstances, give a certificate or recommendation to enable a Mason of any degree to proceed from chapter to chapter as a pauper, or in any itinerent manner to apply to chapters for relief.—1858.

Resolved, That dues be paid for companions residing in this state, and for such only.—1859.

Resolved, That the several chapters in this state are prohibited from conferring any degrees upon non-affiliated Master Masons.—1858.

Resolved, unanimously, That hereafter all dues from subordinate chapters be paid in gold and silver and United States legal-tender notes, and that all orders upon the treasury be paid in the same.—1862.

Resolved, That no person will hereafter be allowed to act as a proxy unless he has a proxy in writing, signed by the High Priest, King, or Scribe, and under his or their seals.—1861.

Resolved, That any companion shall have the right, at any time, to object to the advancement of a candidate in his chapter, and that it shall be unlawful to advance such candidate until the objection is removed.—1867.

Resolved, That the conferring of the Royal Arch degree on less than three actual candidates at a time, is hereby expressly forbidden by this Grand Chapter; and if any chapter violates this resolution it shall be the duty of the Grand High Priest at once to arrest its charter.—1867.

Resolved, That all chapters within this grand jurisdiction are hereby directed to confer the degree of Past Master on all candidates before advancing to the M. E. M. degree.—1867.

Resolved, That no applicant for the chapter degrees, if rejected, shall be allowed to present his petition the second time, until the expiration of twelve months from the date of such rejection.—1867.

Resolved, That the work and ritual as prepared by the Committee

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on Work be, and the same is hereby, adopted as the work and ritual of this Grand Chapter.— 1868.

Resolved, That the work and ritual now adopted, when promulgated, shall be the only work and ritual to be used in any Royal Arch Chapter in this jurisdiction.— 1868.

Resolved, That each subordinate chapter, within the jurisdiction of this Grand Chapter, shall purge itself of intemperance and profanity; and that it be the duty of this Grand Chapter to arrest the charter of any chapter failing to comply with this resolution.— 1868.

Resolved, That candidates for promotion be required to pass a thorough examination on the preceding degree, in open chapter, before being advanced.—1868.

Resolved, That every petitioner for the chapter degrees be required hereafter to state in his petition whether or not he has ever before petitioned for the chapter degrees within this jurisdiction, and if so to what chapter, and the result of the same; and in case such petition has been rejected, he shall not be received unless recommended by a unanimous vote of the chapter rejecting him.

For the Mystic Star.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[The following was written some time since, and we gave it to our printer and it was crowded out and got mislaid. But fortunately in removing the rubbish, and careful to observe everything valuable, we came across the lost, and knew where it belonged. We therefore humbly implore the pardon of our worthy cherished brother, and ask him to favor us with frequent contributions to our humble journal, and we will promise to be more careful.]

Dear Sir and Worthy Brother—Most of the time since you honored me with a call at my residence I have been absent from home, or I should have sooner addressed you. On my return I received your complimentary remembrance, by finding in my postoffice box your valuable magazine for the present and last month, and permit me to say, I am highly pleased with both contents and style of execution, and most cheerfully recommend your efforts to promote the noble cause of Masonry to the patronage of the fraternity.

Light, more light, and further light should be the spontaneous cry of every Mason, and is of every one who is a real Mason at heart. Ignorance of the great fundamental principals and true mission of the order, is the reason why we find so many drones in the hive. For it is a lamentable fact that we find more or less initiates in almost every lodge who, if divested of their white gloves and aprons, would not have a single spark of Masonry left in or about them. It would be no

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less inappropriate and preposterous for a man to claim to be a mathematician who has only studied the first rule in arithmetic, or a lawyer when he had only read the first lecture of Blackstone, or a Theologian after reading only the first chapter of Genesis, than for a man to claim to be a real Mason, without any further knowledge of the art than what he learned by passing through the forms of initiation and memorizing the Masonic catechism, predicated thereon. Perhaps ignorance in Masonic literature heretofore may be partially excused on account of the scarcity of correct Masonic publications, but that inconvenience, I rejoice to say, is fast being obviated, and ought not much longer to be received as an excuse for ignorance.

If I should at any time feel that I could aid you in giving further light in Masonry, you may hear from me again, but I must close this by wishing you, and all others similarly employed, a "God-speed." If faithful unto the end your reward is sure. Fraternally, yours,

LOVELL MOORE.

WISCONSIN.

THE GRAND COMMANDERY.

Sir Knight, Alvin B. Alden, G. C., presided. We make the following extracts, deeming them worthy of a place in the MYSTIC STAR. In speaking of the festivities, upon the triennial session, he remarks as follows:

"I may, however, be permitted to say that it had more the appearance of a friendly gathering of true and courteous Sir Knights, assembled for the purpose of exchanging fraternal greetings and participating in the hospitalities and entertainments which had been so bountifully provided for us by the true and courteous Fraters of Missouri, than of legislative assembly.

"It would be utterly impossible in this communication, even briefly to describe the gorgeous ceremonies attendant upon the meeting of the Grand Encampment, or the Knightly courtesies and fraternal hospitalities which were lavished upon the Sir Knights in attendance; but this we venture to say, without fear of contradiction, that never before, since the organization of that Grand Body, has there been so full a representation, or so much of a gorgeous display and knightly hospitality as was witnessed at its last Conclave.

"Too much cannot be said in commendation of the unbounded hospitality and Knightly courtesy of our Missouri Sir Knights on that occasion.

"There were provided, banquets of the most sumptuous character

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excursions which eclipsed all efforts hitherto made on similar occasions, and luxuries in lavish profusion, that would satiate the most fastidious, which were tendered to all in attendance. And, above all, there was a continued effort on their part to make our stay among them pleasant and happy—in short, to extend to us a truly Western welcome, which was fully appreciated by all who were so fortunate as to be present and partake of their hospitalities and share their courteous attentions.

RECAPITULATION.

Created	80
Admitted	11
Dimitted	20
Rejected	4
Suspended	2
Died	6
Members	625

AN ELOQUENT EXTRACT FROM ILL. BRO. ALBERT PIKE, 33°.

The following beautiful passage from an address delivered before the Supreme Council for the Southern Jurisdiction of the United States when alluding to the deceased member's of the same, is as eloquent as it is truthful:

"The time, my brethren, is swiftly approaching for each of us, and is even now near at hand, when we shall lay aside the ranks and titles, the offices and honors of this world, and mutely receive in their stead the apparel and garniture of the funeral and the grave. We shall all soon escape from the strifes and wranglings, the slanders and disparagements, the jealousies pitiful littleness of this life and of time, and, entering eternity, appear in the more immediate presence of Almighty God, to answer and give account how we have led this life of discipline and trial, how borne its successes and reverses, its crosses and injustices, and in what spirit and temper, noble or ignoble, we have loved and labored, joyed or sorrowed, hated or forgiven, conferred benefits or inflicted injuries for revenge.

There we shall be judged by another code of morals and another scale of offenses than those that regulate the administration of the public or private human injustice. For the human law, written and unwritten, moral, social, and political, is enacted by society, not so much to punish what is wrong as that which tends to its injury or discomfort. It is easier to punish, than by gentle means and patient endeavor to reform the erring. By the human law, the strong and the rich rule, and use

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the weak and poor; capital enslaves labor, self-righteousness mercilessly punishes error and misfortune, and intolerance brands truth as criminal.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

He that saith he is in the light, and hateth his brother, hath not yet ceased to be in darkness. Whosoever hateth his brother, is a murderer, and ye know that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him. So wrote John the Evangelist, whom even Masons in name, who revile their brethren wihout cause, pretend to revere as their patron saint.

MASONRY AND THE STATE.

The laws of the state are, or ought to be, for the protection of the poor, the weak, and the defenceless, against the aggressions of the rich, powerful, and wicked; and the whole community from the depredations of the unprincipled and lawless. Laws are intended for the mutual protection of each and all citizens, if they are just and equal; and, under a government like ours, if laws are not equal and just, or a faithful exponent of the will of the people, there is a proper legal and authorized method of redress provided.

There is no necessity of taking any high handed measures to rid ourselves of a grievance, or of setting any law, we may regard as unjust or unequal at defiance. The people are the tribunal to whom all such questions are ultimately to be referred, and their decision is final. If they decide in favor of any law, it is both vain and foolish for any man or number of men to attempt to resist it; for, with the popular voice in its favor, it will sooner or later ride over and crush those who may attempt to set it at defiance.

Nor is this all. The man who rises up and sets any law at defiance, even though it be an unjust and unequal law, in an unlawful manner, in ordinary circumstances, does all he can to bring all law — the good and wholesome, the just and equal, as well as those of an opposite character, into neglect and contempt. And if he is successful in resisting any one law, encouragement is afforded thereby, to all desperadoes and unprincipled men to set all law at defiance, which stands in the way of the attainment of their objects, or the qualification of their wills, their desires, or their unhallowed passions.

We need not tell any man conversant with the history of the world, that every successful attempt to set any one law at defiance, tends most fearfully to destroy the supremacy of law; to diminish its binding force upon the public mind; and to lessen the reverence and respect

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of the people for all law. The end of such procedure must be utter prostration of all law so far as it has any practical effect. If any law happens to come in conflict with the supposed interests, the prejudices, the passions, or the desires and purposes, of any individual, he will feel at perfect liberty to set it at defiance, no matter how good, salutary, equal and just, or how necessary to the public welfare, its observance.

If one man may assume to exalt his whims or his judgment above all law, which is the expression of the combined judgment of a majority of the people, in a government like ours, and, if he may set every law at defiance, which stands in the way of his attaining the objects of his ambition, or the gratification of his prejudices, his pride, or his passions, then every man may do the same. If one man is at liberty to make his own personal selfish interests the criterion by which to judge of all laws, regardless of the public welfare, or to regard his own individual interests, or what he may deem such, as of paramount importance to the good of society or our race, there is an end of all law, if such views are carried into practice. It is a plea which is as good in the mouth of the thief, the robber, the pirate, and the murderer as in that of any person whatever. We need not tell any one of the terrible results which must ensue from such a state of things; for all can see, that a community in such a condition, must be scourged with all the evils of that most terrible of all despotisms, anarchy, in which passion, and the lawless will of each individual reigns supreme, without let or hindrance.

Is conduct which directly and obviously tends to such frightful results to society — conduct which consults each individual and momentary self-interest alone, to the neglect and contempt, if not the immediate destruction of the great interests of society at large, consistent with the demands of brotherly love and truth? Can any one, if such are the consequences involved, wantonly, knowingly, and deliberately trample upon any of the laws of the land, and yet be a good and true Mason? Can he be so especially, when that law has been sanctioned over and over again, by the direct and deliberate voice of the people, upon repeated appeals to them, and pronounced just and equal, and necessary for the security of society, by all intelligent and disinterested persons? It seem to us, that an individual who conducts himself in such a manner, cannot be a good and true Mason — that his doings are at an irreconcilable variance with the principles of the Order — that in his conduct he assails its main pillars, and does what he can for its destruction.

But Masonry not only requires obedience to the laws for these general reasons, but also on its own account. The institution is watched

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with a jealous eye by the community. Although our Constitutions and By-Laws are before the public, and open to the inspection of every one, and these are not objected to, its argus eyes are open to see if we act in conformity with our pretentions, and if any inconsistency is detected in any quarter, the institution has to bear the reproach, and suffer in its reputation and interests on its own account.

Hence, if a Mason is found disregarding, or wantonly, deliberately and habitually setting the laws of the land at defiance, the institution suffers in consequence in the public estimation. And if a thing of this kind is permitted to pass unnoticed, it awakens suspicion among the uninitiated, despite all our disclaimers and protestations to the contrary, that there is an agreement among us, to sustain a brother, even in that which is wrong.

And if such instances frequently occur, it will soon fix the idea in the public mind, that we are combined together, not merely for mutual relief and friendship, but for the protection and defence of each other in doing as we please, no matter whether it be in conformity with the laws of the land, or in conformity with the great law of moral right or not.

Is it not then the bounden duty of every brother, carefully to conform to the goverment under which he lives— a duty he owes to the world as well as to the institution? Is it not an obligation imposed as truly and imperiously by the fundamental principles of the Order, as it is by the great law of moral right? It certainly so seems to one at least. And it seems, that any brother who has a becoming regard for the Order, if engaged in any business in violation of the laws of the State, will either relinquish that business or peaceably and quietly withdraw from his lodge and the institution. And if any one is found among us so regardless of his own reputation, his most solemn obligations, deliberately and voluntarily assumed, and the duties he owes to his country and human society, as to persist in such a business or course of conduct, after suitable admonition, it is the duty of the lodge of which he may be a member to take the matter in hand, and if an amendment cannot be secured, to adopt measures to relieve the Order of the reproach, if not society of the scourge. But in such cases, as in all others, the first effort should be to secure reformation, and more stringent measures should be adopted only as a dernier resort, after all other means of securing amendment have been applied with the utmost dilligence and zeal, without effect. Then measures should be resorted to of a different character, such as will rid the institution of further responsibility for the individual, and reproach from his future conduct. This is a duty due to ourselves, if it is not due to the human race.—*Exchange.*

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ALL that is mortal of George D. Prentice has ceased to exist; but his name will be remembered while English literature exists. The tribute paid at his funeral showed the high position he held in the respect and brotherly love of his fellow men. For many years a prominent Mason, his Masonic brothers gathered to pay their last tribute of brotherly love. On the day of the funeral, the remains lay in state at the Louisville Masonic Temple from 9 to 1 o'clock, and notwithstanding very inclement weather, not less than fifteen thousand persons visited them.

Many affecting incidents occured at the coffin; but the most touching of all was that of a lady, unrecognized by any then present, who came in, gazed a moment on the still, pale face, and then, removing some withered flowers that lay in a wreath over the breast of the deceased, dropped a newly opened rose there, and, bursting into tears, turned and passed away. It was an expression of true affection, and caused tears to come to the eyes of every one present. No one knew the lady, and she came and went so quietly and unostentatiously that few even ventured to inquire.

The remains were taken from the hall to Christ's church at 2 o'clock under escort of the Masonic fraternity. Notwithstanding the weather, the attendance at the funeral was very large. The church was crowded. At the cemetery there was no formal ceremony. The rain was falling fast when the procession of carriages arrived, so the remains were placed in the vault, viewed for the last time by the large number of persons present who descended from the carriages and gathered around the place, when the vault was closed and all returned to the city.

MONTANA, IOWA, JAN. 10, 1870.

SECRETARY PEORIA CHAPTER No. 7—*Dear Sir and Companion:* I write to inform you, and through you the members of your chapter and the craft generally, to be on your guard against one A. E. Crippen, a member of our Commandery at this place. He lived here last summer and succeeded in fleecing several of the craft here out of various sums of money, kept very bad company, deserted his family and left them very destitute, and finally, after several months has turned up in your city, from whence he wrote for a dimit to enable him to join your Commandery. He is a man you cannot trust, and I wish you would warn the fraternity of his character. Charges will probably be preferred at our next regular meeting. I do not know what business he is in, probably on some railroad, that was his business here.

[Signed] H. M. CASE,

H. P. of Tuscan Chapter No. 31, E. C. of Excalabur Commandery No. 13, Montana, Boone Co., Iowa.

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HOME DEPARTMENT.

For the Mystic Star.

KATY KILMORE OR THE MARKET GIRL.

BY REV. L. A. ALFORD, D. D.

"Here, Kate, take this basket and go straight to the market and fetch Granma Lambert whatever she wants — do you hear?"

"Yes ma'am, but I can't go very fast you know." —

"Not a word of it, do as you are bid, or I"ll take the hide off you," retorted Mrs. Blair as she handed the basket to a little girl of twelve years of age, and taking her by the shoulders hurried her hastily into the street.

It was a cold December day, and as the little market girl stepped out into the open street the chilly wind made sad sport with her tattered garments, and the frozen sidewalks were poor companions to her half naked feet.

But she knew Mrs. Blair, knew her to be a cruel woman, knew that since she had resided in the city no labor was too much for her to perform, or sacrifice too great for her to endure. She would almost sink under the load she was compelled to carry, but did not dare complain to any, or remark that her aunt, as she had been taught to call Mrs. Blair, ever treated her cruelly, or that she suffered with hunger or cold.

It was but the day before that she had been sent to the market for a basket of steak, but being a little girl the market man had not noticed her and she had remained in the cold room till one of her feet had become quite frozen.

This was her misfortune, for her aunt could see no reason for her timidity at the butcher-shop, but laid it to her heedlessness and whipped her and sent her to bed supperless. Now as she crippled along the frozen sidewalk she saw many rosy cheeked misses, enjoying the blessing of comfortable clothing, nice shoes and warm muffs and furs and a great many things she did not know the name of and maybe they had full stomachs, while she was nothing but a little ragged girl.

She could remember better days; days when a kind mother watched over her, and she was cared for and clothed; and she could remember the time when the coffin was opened and this same aunt told her she would never see her ma again. She could remember, too, that a few days after her dear pa had been laid by her side, by the same awful

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epidemic, but she dared not mention it to her aunt, or to any else, but why, she did not know.

Truly there may be many a motherless child suffering under the lash of frowns and abuse, that never know the cause of their suffering; for avarice when it once gets possession of the human heart so blunts the finer feelings, that the treatment a brute may receive is even more tender than the mercies of such frozen hearts.

No sooner did she enter the shop than she was accosted by the gentleman who attended to the wants of his customers —

"Ah! here is my little market girl again."

"Yes sir," said Katy wiping a tear from her eye.

"Not a crying, little Miss," continued the butcher. "Won't you go in to the fire and warm you:"

"No, sir."

"You are not in a hurry this cold day are you?"

"I must not stay a minute, sir, aunt will whip me if I stay."

"Who is your aunt?"

"Mrs. Blair, on Lake street."

"Have you no mother?"

"No, sir. Pa and ma both died with the cholera."

"Poor little girl, with no mother to care for her," remarked the butcher as he piled slice upon slice in her basket.

"Does your aunt keep boarding house, little dear?"

"No, sir, but Mrs. Lambert does and this steak is for her."

"And you are her market girl."

"Aunt sent me, and if I don't get back right soon I shall get a whipping."

"I must hurry then."

"Yes, sir, please be quick, I froze one of my feet yesterday, and got a whipping, too, and have had nothing to eat since."

"Impossible."

Mr. Rostien, the butcher, looked into the face of the little girl and thought he detected an intelligent look there that quite impressed him, but he made no further interrogatories.

Katy took her load upon her arm and hastened along the streets homeward; hoping to escape the lash — the frown of censure she always expected.

"You've got back then, you hateful tyke," remarked Mrs. Blair, who never knew Katy to do a single act that pleased her; in fact she could not be pleased so long as Katy Kilmore lived, but why?

Katy sat down exhausted and faint, she had ate nothing since noon the day before, and how to approach her cruel aunt, or by what means to secure a morsel of food she hardly knew.

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She naturally possessed a noble mind, modest, retiring and gentle; little constituted to meet the frowns and cruelties of a heartless protector whose god was gold, and whose heart was as callous to tenderness, as it was devoid of philanthropy. Had she been under other instruction, had she been treated kindly and educated in a school of tenderness no more intelligent little girl could have been found; but pushed here and there, cuffed and whipped, scolded and starved, those noble traits of her inherited nature were only a shadow of what they might have been; and that cast down look easily revived, if the glowing fires of immortal life had been properly cared for. In short, her intelligent mind only needed to be educated to be developed.

"There's a cold potato and a crust of bread there on the plate, I suppose you will be crying if you don't get something to eat afore long," continued Mrs. Blair.

Katy took the delicious morsel, for it tasted to her as sweet as honey from the honey comb and ate it with thankfulness.

After she had eaten her morsel, Mrs. Blair remarked to her—

"Katy if I hear of your calling me your aunt again it will be the last of you—a poor little beggar girl that I picked up in the street, to be called aunt by her, don't you do it again, do you hear?"

"Yes, ma'am."

Here was another strange and unaccountable thing in the life of Katy Kilmore. She had been taught to call Mrs. Blair her aunt, and notwithstanding she full well understood the penalty, she could not see the reason for so sudden and peremptory change in her relation; but this was no very unpleasant task, but she feared that some things she had told the Butcher that very morning might come to the ears of Mrs. Blair, and how then could she escape.

Mrs. Blair owned a very nice little cottage on Lake street, and though she possessed no visible means to parade in fashionable dress, and style, yet she managed to appear as one of the most accomplished ladies of the city; and the manner in which she was now acting towards Katy, was in perfect keeping with the rules of a certain fashionable class, for they must show off in a style that would make others think that their help, or servants, were but little above their domestic animals, and far below the adorable poodle.

This is often the case in large cities. They keep their hired help in utter want, both of instruction and of means to be, or appear even decent in society, and but little solicitude is felt even by the next door neighbor, as to how others treat their hired help.

Mrs. Blair was a woman of more than ordinary size; impulsive, hasty, avaricious, and cruel. Many years before she had been married to a man by the name she now bore, but she had married his wealth,

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and when it took wings and flew away, she too, "traveled," and left the shadow but retained the name of her companion as a kind of memento of whom she once was, but now — a rich widow.

Mrs. Blair's earlier history had been very peculiar. In the outskirts of a little village she had located as a tailoress, and had rented a small house and procured needlework enough to comfortably support her, and thus —

She lived alone in silent grief,
No friend too soothe, or give relief,
Her idol, *gold*, forever fled,
Now all alone, for wealth she wed,
Nor could she with her partner stay,
For all she wed had passed away.

And here she had lived for years, no one knew her kindred or condition; only this, she lived in the village and was a tailoress.

But what a change a few years will often make, both in appearance and location. So it was with Mrs. Blair. She now lived in a large city, in a fashionable residence, above labor and dressed in the richest style. Since she had lived in the city, little Katy had lived with her, but whether an adopted child or one taken up out of the cesspools of degradation, none knew, none cared. She had not designed sending Katy out as her own market girl, but for another; and she did not want others to know as to the manner she became possessed of this little girl, or that she sustained any relation to her whatever.

If Katy should incur disease by exposure and die, all she feared most, would be obviated; would be covered up in obscurity not easily dissipated; then she might live above suspicion or exposure. But should some sympathizing philanthropist inquire after the neglected child she might be overwhelmed in trouble. So Katy was in her way, indoors and out of doors; and how to get rid of her she knew not. Katy remembered too much for Mrs. Blair.

Beautiful Thought. — The same God who mounted the sun and kindled the stars, watches the flight of the insects. He who balances the clouds and hung the earth upon nothing, notices the fall of a sparrow. He who gave Saturn his rings and placed the moon like a ball of silver in the broad arch of heaven, gives the rose leaf its delicate tint. And the same being notices the praises of cherubim and prayers of little children.

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For the Mystic Star.

A DREAM OF HOME.

BY FRANK BROWN.*

I'm thinking to-night of my dear old home
Where my happiest days were passed;
And the picture that memory brings to me
Is almost too fair to last.

In fancy I'm looking on mother's dear face,
Her head crowned with silvery hair;
To others the picture is nothing, perchance,
To me it is wondrous fair.

I see the old house, with its moss-covered roof,
And its background of green forest trees;
I'm sure I can hear the song of the birds,
As they're craddled to sleep by the breeze.

And the old barn stands where it stood years ago,
With the smooth, glassy pond on the right;
The swallows are building their nests in the roof,
I know, for I hear them to-night.

And the little wee brook, at the back of the house;
Perhaps it is forgotten by you,
But I know every stone in its pebbly bed,
And the bank where the may-flowers grew.

And the old cherry tree, by the fence on the hill,
That has stood as a sentry for years;
And the little white rosebush, that grows at the foot —
I scarcely can see it for tears!

For well I remember whose hand placed it there —
On the sunniest side of the hill;
I know that it pines for his fostering care,
For his hand has grown rigid and still.

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And father and mother, you've laid them both there,
  Just where you can watch o'er their sleep;
Ah! I would give worlds, if it were in my power
  A vigil so precious to keep,

There is only one wish in my heart to-night
  That I have no power to still,
That when I am dead, you will lay me to rest
  In sight of the house on the hill.

*Will the author give us the real name and residence.

MUNICH, WITH GREEK REMINISCENCES.

The city of Munich, or, to give its real name, Munchen, has shown a more vigorous appreciation of the elevating power of art than many more populous and more important capitals. The Bavarian kings, unable themselves to become artists, have done the next best thing — though not monarchs of unlimited revenues, they have given most substantial encouragement to genius and to artistic enterprise.

On approaching the suburbs, the attention of the traveler is riveted on the gigantic dimensions of the largest bronze statue in the world. This represents the genius of Bavaria, holding in her upraised hand a laurel crown, and attended by a huge lion, the emblematic beast of this, in common with so many other nationalities. Excursions into the head of this statue are probably more frequent than the ascents of Bunker Hill monument, now-a-days; but the journey is, of course, much briefer. On entering the colossus, you follow a winding staircase, until you find yourself where the brains ought to be, when one of our party shrieks with affright, until soothed by a chance fellow-climber. After peering out through Bavaria's eye-holes, and thinking that the effect of a summer afternoon's sun on this vast mass of composite metal slightly resembles that of a mild fire on a monstrous stove, the most sensible step to be taken is the downward one.

The squares of Munich are adorned with fine works in bronze, and a visit to its foundry (the most renowned establishment of this sort) affords a profitable opportunity for studying the technicalities of this branch of art. A casual observer, however, waxes rather weary over the processes of smelting, molding, etc., and derives far keener enjoyment from traversing the gallery of casts, where one sees in plaster the glorious conceptions which have here been perpetuated, and then

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sent far and wide, filling this prosaic world with "forms of enduring beauty." This word reminds us not to neglect visiting old King Ludwig's gallery of fair ones — portaits taken by his order, irrespective of the rank of the originals. Traversing a mediocre palace is, perhaps, a trifle flat at moments; but a collection such as this redeems the royal residence from the scowling verdict of "tiresome!" The sensation produced by contemplating Kaulbach's spirited interpretations of Goethe is after all, not so very much higher than the first thrill of enthusiasm experienced when flattening one's nose at these wonderful realizations of ideals against Williams & Everett's plate glass, allowing, of course, for the inevitable ebullition of ferver at beholding "genuine originals."

A feature of Bavarian city ornamentation which strikes the uninitiated American as pleasurably strange, is the practice of decorating the public buildings externally with frescoes. These must, undoubtedly, succumb to wind and weather, ere "grim Time claims his own;" but the present effect is startlingly brilliant.

This custom is really very ancient, and we saw in Athens a book of beautifully colored designs, illustrating the theory that the Parthenon, the dazzling purity of whose marble remained unsullied until within the last two hundred years, was once radiant with all the hues of the rainbow.

Weak as was the Anthenian administration of the Bavarian Otho, the reverent tenderness with which he shielded the sacred relics of antiquity from devastation and decay, showed a truly artistic and archæological spirit, and incline us to forgive the undeniable theft committed in sending some of the ancient Hellenic statues to his father's capital, instead of erecting an asylum for them on Greek ground.

All who have read Baroness Tautphoes' delightful novel, "The Initials," will recall the interesting scene so vividly portrayed as taking place in the Frauenkirche. The general effect of the internal adornments of this church is, perhaps, a little garish, and certainly lacks dignity, defects easily forgotten in contemplating a remarkably beautiful mediæval monument, of which any cathedral might be justly proud. The basilica of St. Boniface, with its beautiful frescoes, commemorative of the life and sufferings of the missionary-martyr, is a very interesting specimen of modern art.

Among the richest feasts to be enjoyed in Munich is a visit to its old and new galleries of painting and sculpture, located in separate structures, and called by the Greek names, Pinakothek and Glypthothek. The former, though not rich in the works of the old masters, is a very interesting collection.

Among the numerous fine specimens of the plastic art to be seen in

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the Glypthothek we saw the odd little statues known as the Æginetan marbles. They appear to belong to an early period of art, and it seems difficult to associate their primitively-carved features with the sublime temple which they once adorned, and whose noble ruins still crown the summit of the beautiful island whence one looks down on the gulf of Salamis.

As for the colossal lion, which the peasants destroyed in the night, rather than suffer it to be conveyed into Germany, it must be left to the unstatistical imagination of those who have not a good memory for figures. Although the Bavarians have not left a pleasant memory behind them in Greece, no one can deny that they were people of good taste, and he who wanders, at evening, through Queen Amalie's exquisite garden, or drives out to her lovely little farm, scarcely remembers how selfish her majesty is said to have been with regard to the irrigation of the former, at a time when the Athenians were suffering from the scarcity of water; or, looking up at the graceful archways formed by the tastefully planted avenues of trees, he says, "Perhaps she did not realize."

As one gazes at the spacious palace, with indignation at the greed which swallowed the revenues of poor little Greece, to rear so vast an edifice for the abode of a pair of puppets, a good German band, striking the ear like the voice of the insignificant though royal fugitives, seems to say, "We have left this melodious legacy in a peculiarly unmusical land, and perhaps, after all, we made as wise sovereigns as our very foolish education allowed."— *Woman's Journal.*

THE SUBLIME DEATH OF THE WYBLE CHILDREN.

Joseph Wyble is a poor man. He lives on Wynockie Mountain, on the west side of the Hudson river, about twenty miles from New York. Joseph lived in a miserable shanty, hardly deserving the name of cottage; but though enjoying a small share of this world's goods, like many another poor man, he has had a liberal supply of children in his family.

Three of these children were Anthony, aged nine years; Warren, aged eight; and Johnny, aged five. On the first day of the present year these three children, from whose young hearts even biting poverty did not exclude the gladsomeness of childhood, went forth from their home for a ramble on the mountain, and in search of nuts. Their little feet wandered too far, and after awhile they found themselves where they knew not, and whither to go they knew not. The darkness of night began to spread itself, like a pall, over them; and to add to the unspeakable misery of their situation, a cold, driving storm of sleet

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and snow set in. A woman, passing along one of the mountain paths at this time, heard in the distance the tiny voice of one of them shouting, "Pa-pa—" "Pa, pa, pa!" but somehow, unaccountably enough, she went on unheeding the cry, and, as she testified on the coroner's inquest, simply wondering who had children on the mountain!

Hours passed. The children were irretrievably lost. The darkness of the night increased, and became impenetrable, and the darkness of death now began to enfold their shivering and benumbed little forms. The beating heart could no longer send the blood to the extremities, which commenced to freeze. The youngest, Johnny—the baby of the party — must have sobbed most piteously from his sufferings.

And now we come to the closing scene in the brief lives of these untutored children — whose parents even were unable to read, and had to sign their affidavits with a cross — and it was characterized by a self-sacrifice as pure, as noble and as god-like as history records.

They are all perishing with cold. Warmth is the one thing needed — and that instinct tells them — to prolong life. And yet, at this critical moment, when they themselves feel the icy fingers of death taking hold of them, simply from want of sufficient clothing — what do they do? The seecond boy, Warren, takes off his coat, leaving nothing but his shirt on his own back, and spreads it over his little brother Johnny, to try to keep him warm. And then Anthony, when he sees Warren perishing, strips off his coat and puts it under Warren's head for his death-pillow.

Ah, Astor! with your accumulated millions; with the granite hotel as an enduring monument to your memory; with the grander monument of the Astor Library; and we trust, with some unpublished acts of kindness to ease your passage through the camel's eye. Ah, Stewart! with your outstretched Hempstead Plains; your palatial stores filled with costliest fabrics; your residence of marble and peerless glass. Ah, Peabody! rich, dead, and buried with a prince looking on, and the formal Winthrop to eulogize you. Ah, three-starred Grant and Sherman! there has been nothing so sublime in the life of any one of you, as marked the death of these poor mountain boys! Hallowed forever be the spot where they died! The spot where, in the darkness and dreariness of that awful night, on an unseen ladder, angels were ascending and descending between their expiring hearts and the Throne on High! And where, over the loud roar of the storm, there came to their ears the voice which of old spoke to Peter on the waters, saying, "Be not afraid; it is I;" and the same voice, saying, "Suffer little children and forbid them not, to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."—*Ledger*.

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A RARE POEM.

[It is reported that Mrs. Deming, of California, arranged the following, selecting a line from thirty-eight authors.]

LIFE.

Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour? — *Young.*
Life's a short summer, man's a flower. — *Dr. Johnson.*

By turns we catch the vital breath and die — *Pope.*
The cradle and the tomb, alas! so nigh. — *Prior.*

To be, is better far than not to be, — *Sewell.*
Though all man's life may seem a tragedy; — *Spencer.*

But light cares speak when mighty griefs are dumb — *Daniel.*
The bottom is but shallow whence they come. — *Sir Walter Raleigh.*

Your fate is but the common fate of all; — *Longfellow.*
Unmingled joys, here, to no man befall. — *Southwell.*

Nature to each allots his proper sphere. — *Congreve.*
Fortune makes folly her peculiar care; — *Churchill.*

Custom does often reason overrule, — *Rochester.*
And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool; — *Armstrong.*

Live well, how long or short, permit to heaven, — *Milton.*
They who forgive most shall be most forgiven. — *Bailey.*

Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face — *Trench.*
Vile intercourse where virtue has not place. — *Somerville.*

Then keep each passion down, however dear, — *Thompson.*
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear; — *Bryant.*

Her sensual snares let faithless pleasure lay, — *Smollet.*
With craft and skill to ruin and betray; — *Crabbe.*

Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise, — *Massinger.*
We masters grow of all we must despise. — *Cowley.*

O, then, renounce that impious self-esteem; — *Beattie.*
Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream. — *Cowper.*

Think not ambition wise, because 'tis brave, — *Sir Walter Davenant.*
The paths of glory lead but to the grave. — *Gray.*

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What is ambition? 'tis a glorious cheat, — *Willis.*
Only destructive to the brave and great.— *Addison.*

What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown? — *Dryden.*
The way to bliss lies not on beds of down.— *Francis Quarles.*

How long we live, not years, but actions tell; — *Watkins.*
That man lives twice who lives the first life well.— *Herrick.*

Make, then, while yet ye may, your God your friend, — *Mason.*
Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend. — *Hill.*

The trust that's given guard, and to yourself be just; — *Dana.*
For live we how we can, yet die we must.— *Shakspeare.*

INDIAN HONESTY — An Indian being among his white neighbors, asked for a little tobacco to smoke, and one of them having some loose in his pocket, gave him a handful. The day following the Indian came back, inquiring for the donor, saying he had found a quarter of a dollar among the tobacco. Being told that as it was given to him he might as well keep it, he answered, pointing to his breast:

"I got a good man here and a bad man here, and the good man say it is not mine, I must return it to the owner; and the bad man say, why, he gave it to you, and it is your own now; the good man say, that is not right, the tobacco is yours, not the money; the bad man say, never mind, you got it, go buy some dram; the good man say, no, no, you must not do so. So I don't know what to do, and I think to go to sleep but the good man and the bad man keep talking all night, and trouble me; and now I bring the money back, I feel good."

Washington Irving and Lewis Gaylord Clark, while walking near Sleepy Hollow, were overtaken by a storm. There was great thundering and lightning, and Mr. Irving took refuge under a tree, asking his companion:

"Why don't you come in here and be as comfortably housed as I am?"

"I dare not do it, my dear sir" replied Mr. Clark. "I am afraid of lightning. My father was nearly killed by it while standing under a tree in a thunder storm, and he always enjoined it upon his twin boys never to do the like."

"Oh," said Mr. Irving, "that alters the case. *If lightning runs in the family*, I commend your caution."

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A ROMANTIC STORY.

It was related upon a time at a happy Thanksgiving dinner in a rural village in New Hampshire. It was the first re-union for many years of several generations of a certain family. At the head of the table sat the venerable grandfather, now eighty-one years of age. He had come alone, thousands of miles, from the West, to meet his descendants. After the dinner, he told the story of his life. Some of its main features we have gathered for this letter.

The hero of the story was born in the State of New York, and passed his youth on a fertile farm in the valley of the Mohawk river. In the course of time he was engaged to be married. Before the nuptials were celebrated he became interested in another young lady, who also proved to be engaged, but between them there soon sprung up a strong intimacy, which, on the part of both, was carefully concealed from the other parties concerned. The most solemn pledges, however, had been made by them, and they shrunk from the idea of breaking their plighted vows. In vain they waited, hoping that something might occur which would cause the other parties to give them release from matrimonial obligations.

At length they met, as they supposed, for the last time, and parted. The man married and emigrated to the West, and the woman was united in hymeneal bonds and settled on the shores of the Oneida lake. These events happened nearly fifty years ago. The Western adventurer proved a good husband and kind father, and grew into middle age a widely known and influential citizen. Prosperity attended him, and wealth and many friends came to him. After twenty years of married life his wife was taken from him, but children remained. By and by several of his children married, and one of them came to New Hampshire. Years passed on, but he never visted the East.

After repeated invitations from his relatives he concluded a few months ago to spend with them, in New Hampshire, the then approaching festival of Thanksgiving. He reached Albany at the time of the height of the great flood, and travel being much interrupted he stayed over a few days, and accidentally met some old acquaintances of his youth. During one conversation there was casually mentioned the name of her from whom he had many years ago so sorrowfully parted. Eagerly he asked if she were yet alive, and when answered in the affirmative tears came to his eyes, and he told his friends that he must at once set out in search for her. He was told where she was living only six months previous, and thither he went with all possible haste, but she was not there. Only a month before she had gone away.

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He learned the direction it was supposed she had taken, and again with all possible speed he pushed forward. But fate seemed against him, for farther and farther away seemed to him the object of his search. At last, after he had traveled hundreds of miles, going by night as well as by day, he found the love of his youth. The story of the woman was one of toil and long suffering. After ten years of wedded life her husband had died of lingering disease, leaving her with three small children.

One after another of these treasures were claimed by death, until she was left alone and friendless. In such circumstances she was found by one who renewed the pledge of his youthful affection, and asked that to her happiness he might devote the remainder of his life. Such was the grandfather's story at the happy Thanksgiving dinner, and he closed by saying that one week from that day he was to be married to her who had been so long lost, but who was at length restored to him.

It is not what people eat, but what they digest, that makes them strong. It is not what they gain, but what they save, that makes them rich. It is not what they read, but what they remember, that makes them learned. It is not what they profess, but what they practice, that makes them righteous.

WHAT MAKES A MAN.

A truthful soul, a loving mind,
Full of affection for its kind;
A spirit firm, erect, and free,
That never basely bends the knee;
That will not bear a feather's weight
Of slavery's chain for small or great;
That truly speaks from God within;
That never makes a league with sin;
That snaps the fetters despots make,
And loves the truth for its own sake;
That worships God, and him alone,
And bows no more than at his throne;
And trembles at no tyrant's nod;
A soul that fears no one but God,
And thus can smile at curse or ban;
This is the soul that makes the man.

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A Fish Story — The following of our new Secretary of State, is not without point to those who know that gentlemen and the refined hospitality that has always characterized him. It is related that some years ago he became involved in a business affair that gave him some trouble. He had many sessions with his counsel, and neither of them could see any way out of the difficulty except by lawsuit. Finally a thought struck him, and as it did so he jumped from his chair so violently as to overturn it, struck his heels together twice while in the air, and slapped his thigh so violently with his right hand as to raise a blister.

"Eureka?" he shouted.

"What is it?" asked the lawyer, who was surprised at this demonstration.

"I have it," replied the Knickerbocker, "I will invite them to dinner — my opponent and his lawyer. You and I will do the honors, and if we don't bring them to terms there is nothing that can."

The dinner was given, and worked to a charm. The affair was settled without recourse to the law, and Mr. Fish and the other party were ever after the best of friends.

Beautiful Extract. — Do trees talk? Have they not leafy lungs — do they not at sunrise, when the wind is low, and the birds are carolling their sweet songs, play a sweet music? Who has ever heard the soft whispers of the green leaves in spring time on a sunny morning, who did not feel as though rainbow gleams of gladness were running through his heart? And then, when the peach-blossoms hang like rubies from the stem of the parent tree — when the morning-glory, like a nun before the shrine of God, unfolds her beautiful face, and the moss-rose open their crimson lips, sparkling with the nectar that falls from heaven, who does not bless his Maker? When autumn comes — the season of the "sere and yellow leaf" — when the wheat is in its golden prime, and the corn waves its silken tassels in the air, how those who think, bow and remember the reaper Death! And then again in winter, when the bosom of Old Mother Earth is cold, and the white snow like a shroud, is on her breast, and the naked trees with leaves all fallen, stand quivering in the wind?

A great man's intellect is like glass — it admits light as well as reflects it.

Divine consolations are those nearer to us when human assistance is farthest from us.

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EDITORIAL.

ANTI-MASONRY AND ANTI-CHRIST IDENTICAL.

BY M. W. ALFRED, A. M., M. D.

Chapter I.---Importance of the Subject:

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1870. by M. W. Alfred, A. M., M. D., in the Clerks Office of the Western District of Michigan.

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The world is infested with hostile spirits. It may be that they are, some of them, unconnected with any physical organization. If so, we have no power of identifying them but by their inimical manifestations. But these with whom we have to contend are quite manifest in their connection with human bodies. Their malign nature is as obviously discerned as whether a person be angry or morose, a lunatic or a demoniac.

The world is not only thus tainted, but (with deep sorrow we assert it) the church embraces in its communion many of the same spirit of intolerance and malevolence. These creatures, feeling no self-abasement, are constantly putting themselves forward, insinuating themselves even into the sacred desk, and are foremost at the Eucharistic Feast, laying their predaceous hands on holy things. But wherever found, they are easily recognized by their hostility to all but their own party, or using the Greek term so common in our own language, they are *anti*.

This hostile spirit is gratified only by opposing other persons whom it fancies are of a different opinion. It is as well pleased with a crusade against Christians as infidels; against Freemasons as Albigenses. Under all its manifestations of hostility it is the same elementary principle of malignity, hatred and revenge. How natural was it for this spirit, after the Knights Templars had proved themselves invincible in fighting for the Pope against the infidel Saracens in the Holy Land in order to gain possession of the Holy Sepulchre, to turn against them instead of the infidels, confiscate their vast estates, and burn them at the stake.

This anti-Masonic rally is no new thing. Popes have long cursed the institution of Freemasonry and consigned its members to perdition because it was too liberal for their narrow superstitions. Prelates have reiterated the Papal condemnations throughout all the dominions of

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anti-Christ, and priests have uttered their lesser thunders. Nor are the Masonic exposes very new things; nor the confessions of apostate Christians, who in the first century of the Christian era renounced and denounced the followers of the Nazarene as the vilest of all beings, the most infamous of demons.*

We have before us a catalogue of forty-seven works purporting to be revelations of Freemasonry, all of which were published prior to A. D. 1800.† The first was published in 1676, and entitled, "A Short Analysis of the Unchanged Rites of Freemasons." But Freemasonry still lives! It shows no signs of decrepitude or decay, while anti-Christ, inquisition, and soul-fettering superstition, find their knees waxing wonderous weak. Down with them, onward Omnipotent thought, till earth shall know that truth hath broke the seal so long impressed upon her holy lips and claims the right to speak.

That this subject is one of great importance our enemies testify. Their enthusiastic demonstrations leave no room for conjecture. They publish Masonic secrets, and warn the nations of our dangerous "political prowess," and manufacture dreadful Masonic murders Men of blood must find objects of resentment and causes for war. The hostile spirit has until recently had more than one foe in this country upon which to vent its malice. But as matters now stand Freemasonry must face the storm alone.‡

As long as Freemasonry pursues her peaceful avocations so long her enemies will feel a security in attacking her, which discovers most clearly the hostile spirit of her accusers. Fremasonry never has and never will use any weapon but truth and a conscious sense of uprightness, and will in this respect follow the example of "him who" in self-

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*This statement we shall prove as we pass on, to the full satisfaction of Anti-Christ.

†The stale exposes of Elder Bernard, Elder Finney, and Elder Lucia C. Cook, are behindhand, *et id genus omne*

‡The "Rev. Charles G. Finney," in the commencement of his expose of Freemasonry says: "It is high time that the church of Christ was awake to the character and tendency of Freemasonry. Forty years ago we supposed that it was dead, and had no idea that it could ever revive. But strange to tell, while we were busy getting rid of slavery, Freemasonry has revived, and extended its bounds most alarmingly."

NOTE.—The thing he calls "The Church," is simply that little filibustering association who partake of the Papal spirit of persecution. or the spirit of Anti-Christ. He should have addressed his plea to the Pope, and said: "It is high time that the church of Anti-Christ was awake," etc. The church of Anti-Christ sympathizes with him, and Elder David Bernard. "We" "were getting rid of slavery." All this egotistic "we" did toward the removal of slavery was to preach and pray the nation into a bloody war. To fan the smouldering embers of sectional strife into a flame while "we" remained in safety far from the fearful whiz of rifle balls and left others to do the bleeding, starving and dying. "We were busy.

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defence "opened not his mouth." Our institution is not a warlike organization, but inspires peace and brotherly love. It teaches men of all nationalities, politics and religions to unite in one great brotherhood under the paternal auspices of one Lord, the Father of all, the Ever Blessed.

Peace to belligerent spirits is a most irksome monotony. It is their custom to seek out provocations, though small indeed, as a pretext for shedding blood. The self-righteous whose motto is "stand aside, for I am holier than thou," meet with few inducements to seek our association and enjoy our fellowship "who meet upon the level and part upon the square." The anties are naturally opposed to liberal sentiments and human equality, and consequently shun and hate us. Tigers, vultures and harpies shun association. But this subject will be one of importance to our adversaries, if the sequel of this investigation shall fully prove that the anti-Masonic party is the identical party of anti-Christ — the party who have always hated humility, loved pride, and the chief seats in the synagogues, and greetings in the market places — coveted the praise of men for their almsgiving — become inflated by the sound of the trumpet they blew before praying at the street corners — "said nothing in secret," prayed not "to the Father who seeth in secret," but have made the best showing of their righteousness before men, and especially when it cost them nothing but the gas expended in publishing their piety. They are naturally identified with that class, which it seems important for them to see. In another light is this subject important: Our enemies affirm that we are the abettors of a false religion, that we ignore the true object of Divine veneration, that we deny the Savior of men, not so much as allowing his name to be mentioned in connection with our religion, and that we consequently subject ourselves to the bitter sorrows of an interminable perdition.

These are serious charges, indeed. These charges would excite our alarm if true, and our astonishment were we not apprised of their source. These revilers drink in scandal "as the ox drinketh water." They know that many thousands of our members are also members of different Christian churches and ministers of the blessed gospel. The fact that the leading revilers are professed ministers of religion* goes to show how much their slanders are entitled to belief. We have in our fellowship many talented ministers who are Baptists, Congregationalists, Disciples, Christians, Episcopalians, Methodists, Universalists, Unitarians, Trinitarians, Armenians and Calvinists. All these pious ministers and pastors are reviled by this hostile, inimical party

*"Thou," Rev. Slanderer, "shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."

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as hypocrites, infidels and propagators of a false religion, perjurers, who are sworn to lie, every one of them. But if our connection with this institution deprives us of all hope of future life and blessedness, and bars and bolts the heavenly gates against us, to us this subject is of vast, of infinite importance. This would be a poor return for all our labor, vigilance, weariness and self-denial.

But from still another consideration is this subject of great importance. Our antagonists deeply penetrated with these alarming sentiments in relation to our future destiny, necessarily suffer much anxiety, and disquiet on our behalf. Considering us so imminently exposed, it can scarcely fail to be otherwise. Now if they could be convinced, after all they have said to the contrary, that we are pretty clever fellows, and that our future might not be quite so ill, their mental anguish must be much mitigated. From the perturbation they manifest in their periodicals, lectures, and exposes, their anxiety must be immense. Could this be removed, 'twould be "a consummation devoutly to be wished."

But, taking a less charitable view, perchance they do not desire to be so convinced. They have foretold our sure destruction, and should their prophetic discernment prove unauthentic, their chagrin at the disappointment might torment them more than our certain perdition. Many prophets experience a sort of self-complacency in the assurance of the fulfilment of their predictions, even if such fulfilment involve the destruction of whole cities, or even nations. An instance of this kind we have in the case of the prophet Jonah. He fell into a fearful pet, (Jonah iv:9) when the forty days passed off and Nineveh was not destroyed. Uncharitable, though it may appear, yet the spirit evinced by many toward us very clearly demonstrates the correctness of the above supposition. They cannot be so silly as to suppose their false, vile accusations are calculated to do us good. They evidently do not aim at our conversion. Such measures never convert.

But perhaps they do not think us in so much danger, nor that our connection with the Masonic institution is as fearful a matter as they represent, but of much less importance. These condemnations may only be intended as a big scare, an artifice, a *ruse de guerre*, to frighten us away from our assemblies, and thus break up our venerable institution.

Believing this to be their aim, we do not feel greatly horrified by these statements. In God we put our trust. If our enemies are really in earnest in declaring us unfit for the church, unfit for any public trust, unfit to live, unfit to die, unfit for heaven, and fit only for the unquenchable coals, it is not impossible but that they may find themselves mistaken. If, when Popes, and anti-Christian priests consign us to destruction, and hurl us down the deep abyss of perdition, we,

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judged by a higher authority should ascend to that land where the ever-leafy groves resound with highest hosannas, and the gorgeous vales bloom in never-fading loveliness, the *certiorari* would appear strikingly sublime.

What abundant reason have we to rejoice that Jehovah reigns, and will forever reign.

Errata in Preface in Feb. No. For *inexhaustless* read exhaustless; for eleusinian read eleusinian.

THE POWERS OF A GRAND LODGE.

Because a Grand Lodge possesses supreme jurisdiction over a certain section, for specified objects, it has no inherent power, as many suppose, to do all things it pleases. It has *legislative*, *judicial* and *executive* powers, still, they are limited, and that power must be used in harmony with the laws and landmarks of Masonry by the Grand Lodge, as much so as by one of its subordinate lodges, or the members of a lodge. Some are carried away with the idea that all power to manage the whole system of Masonry exists inherently in the Grand Lodge. That it can issue any edict it pleases, or impose any burden upon the members of its subordinates that it chooses, and all laws, rules and edicts, of whatever nature, can be enforced upon the fraternity, and every one is in duty bound to obey and respond.

In its legislative power it can make laws, but they must be in harmony with the prospective needs of the order, in accordance with those invested rights which have ever been reserved by subordinate lodges. The law-making power of the Grand Lodge is limited and restrained within the purview of its delegated authority. The laws, rules and edicts of a Grand Lodge should ever have an eye single to the landmarks of Masonry, and to the source from whence their existence is derived.

Suppose that the Grand Lodge should abolish the requirement of a belief and trust in God, there is not a Mason on the face of the globe that would be in duty bound to give the least countenance to such a requirement. Notwithstanding a Grand Lodge may have the supreme supervision over its jurisdiction to make good and wholesome rules, yet it is a creature of will, dependent upon the reserved power of subordinate lodges. In its judicial capacity the Grand Lodge has a right to interpret, explain and apply the law it makes, but it can not explain a law which will act unjust and work an injury to the humblest member in the order.

In its executive power, it has no right to enforce the laws so as to

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deprive any member of his rights. If the laws and edicts of a Grand Lodge are in harmony with the power delegated to it, then it can enforce them. Still, the existence of a Grand Lodge depends upon the sovereign will of the subordinates. It is true the Grand Lodge can annul the charter that it has given to a subordinate, and so it could take away every charter, but this act would not destroy the order. In such an event the members of the fraternity would have the right to meet in convention, or general assembly, and transact such business as they, in their wisdom, should see proper and right for the good of Masonry. The acts of a Grand Lodge in such a case would destroy itself. And it can be destroyed by the power upon which it depends for an existence. As long as it is a creature whose life and power to do, rests upon delegated authority, that authority can be taken away. Suppose that the legal representatives of a Grand Lodge, when convened, should pass a resolution, by one majority, that they will dissolve and have no Grand Lodge, that vote would destroy the life and vitality of that body, and its laws, rules and edicts would go with it.

Some are of the opinion that the master of a lodge and the Grand Master are absolute monarchs. This is not so. It is not in the province of those who are chosen to rule and govern, to act the part of tyrants or monarchs. The W. M. of a lodge, the Grand Master and the Grand Lodge are firmly bound by constitutions, laws, rules and landmarks, and they can not override them any more than the humblest member of the order. They are to see that the laws, constitutions and landmarks are observed, while they themselves must strictly observe the same. Grand Masters and Grand Lodges are created by the representatives from subordinate lodges, and their continuance depends upon the same vote that created them.

There are dangers existing in the doctrine that some advocate and practice: A concentration of power in the Grand Lodge, and that subordinate lodges are mere specks or motes which can only move as they are wafted by the breath of a Grand Master, who has the power to do anything that his fruitful imagination may devise. This is a dangerous doctrine, which in time will produce much trouble and harm. The idea of taking power away from the constituency, and concentrating it in a few, and the few ruled and controlled by one individual, will bring ruin in time, especially where the whole business of the Grand Lodge has been under the supervision of a few aspirants. Men have learned to manipulate for self-aggrandizement in political organizations, and very often such men will step over the rules of Masonry, disregard its true principles, and become ambitious of its honors and emoluments, and instead of being pillars of strength

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and beauty they are a shame and disgrace. When their dimensions are taken and they are measured by Masonic rules, they are of that selfish nature which unfits them for the positions they occupy.

Civil governments have built their superstructures upon the concentrated power of the few, and the laws were oppressive and became burdensome, so much so that some have fled to other countries where the liberty of conscience could be enjoyed. Now it is not an impossible thing but that some connected with Masonry, who may imagine that if Masonic power could rest with them, and they be permitted to run the machinery just as fast as the common brotherhood will allow themselves to be taxed, Masonry is safe.

As a Masonic journalist we feel justified in throwing out these hints, and have the members of this noble fraternity to be on on their guard. There are but few careful readers of Masonic history, even the history of their own jurisdiction is seldom examined and studied. Some one informs them that the Grand Lodge holds its annual communications, and they may know that their own lodge orders every year an order to be drawn to pay Grand Lodge dues, but where and to whom this money is paid, and for what purpose, they trouble not themselves. We know that money has corrupted managers of civil governments, and may it not corrupt managers of the Masonic institution?

THE TROWEL VS. THE MYSTIC STAR.

We had carefully prepared a potion for the January No. of the *Trowel's* wee fledgling, "yclept" *Supplement*, in which the conductors of that work build up a mighty man of straw, which they are pleased to call THE MYSTIC STAR, and then set to work vigorously to demolish it. But on learning by our exchanges that a large corps of able M. D.'s, of all kinds of "pathies," from every point of the compass, were freely and *timely* administering their special panaceas, from a big bolus to the little pellets, as "tokens" of their good will and interest in the patients speedy convalescence; we felt then like setting our proscription aside for future use, in case that there might be a greater need, it being a preparation that will "keep without brandy."

The *Supplement's* grave and weighty charges against us "of our boring, badgering and button-holing men for subscribers, calling upon ministers, and eating bread and cheese in the streets, and not withdrawing the STAR from Michigan in favor of Bro. Chaplin," from whom we purchased it, &c., is all bosh. But the real face and front of our offending was simply this: Bro. Hanna felt the spirit move to

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write an article he termed "The Springfield Monopoly," which was written and published in our absence, without our knowledge or consent, and for which we should be neither praised or blamed. Since then the STAR has been known and often noticed, whereas before, for all the "*recognition*" of the *Trowel*, it might have "blushed unseen, and wasted its fragrance on the desert air."

But we have received these many *notices* and *misrepresentations* with becoming humility, and even now we do not find it in our heart to be angry at the repeated accusations made against us, which is proof, to our mind, that we have never "laid our hand upon Bro. Reynolds" in any way whatever, nor have we "wronged him" in word or deed. And in this *expartes* war if the conductors of the *Trowel* think we are vanquished, they are welcome to wear the laurels, and enjoy their trophies of victory.

LAW.— We have many among us who are so tenacious about the law, that everything which engrosses their minds, is to inquire if it is law. If legal, with them, then it is right. Such minds are constantly gravitating into some legal or constitutional measure or construction. It is seldom that their minds can be drawn away from what they suppose to be law. The consequence is, the system of right, which they foster from their standpoint, and the law upon which they hang their hopes is like much of the machinery of the world, with which we do a large share of our labor. They have to be tinkered up — cleaned and scoured continually in order that we can determine the original. Every succeeding generation must have an interpreter, or extensive explanatory notes appended, far exceeding the first draft, or it can not be understood. We are of the opinion that this is much the case relative to the present law and jurisprudence of Masonry. The original primitive principles of Masonry were plain, simple, and easy to be understood. It required no elaborate disquisition to unfold its moral and spiritual meaning. It did not need extensive notes to make known to a Mason's mind his duty to God, his neighbor, his family, his country, or to himself. The path was smooth and straight. Here and there was a brother who stood in need of help, go and whisper love and good cheer to him, assist him and bid him God speed, was the simple duty. If called upon to mention anything about God, it was done in reverence and awe. Not to inculcate fear or distrust in him, but a filial love and regard for his kindness and constant mercy. This has ever been binding upon Masons in all climes, under all governments and dominions. This is the orbit in which every true brother should move. It is the circle in which he must shine if he reflects the noble principles of Masonry. The law is love, and never works ill to humanity.

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GEORGIA.— We are under many obligations to the Grand Secretary for a copy of the Grand Lodge proceedings of Oct. 1869. The Sec'y issues an apology for the long delay, and exonorates himself from blame. Our Georgia brothers may well be proud of the volume, for it appears in the neatest style of the art, and becomes valuable to the Craft. From what we can learn Masonry is making a noble record in Georgia. We have some of the best talent in the Order in that jurisdiction. Bro. S. Lawrence, G. M.; Bro. D. N. Austin, D. G. M. 1st District; Bro. Jas. M. Mobley, D. G. M. 2d District; Bro. J. I. Wright, D. G. M. 3d District; Bro. D. E. Butler, D. G. M. 4th District; Bro. J. H. Dunham, S. G. W.; Bro. D. Mayer, J. G. W; Bro. J. E. Wells, G. Treasurer; Bro. J. Emmett Blackshear, G. Secretary.

WEST VIRGINIA.— The Grand Secretary of this Grand Lodge jurisdiction has our thanks for a copy of its proceedings. There appears to be an awakening interest in Masonry in this young state. May peace and harmony ever exist among the craft. Bro. Wm. J. Bates, G. M.; Bro. R. White, D. G. M.; Bro. W. H. Freeman, S. G. W.; Bro. George Martin, J. G. W.; Bro. W. P. Wilson, G. Treas.; Bro. T. H. Logan, G. Secretary.

COUNCIL MONITOR.— This beautiful volume has been placed upon our table by the publishers. It is a very neatly executed "Text Book for Cryptic Masonry." It is a valuable manual of instruction in the council degrees. It has been carefully compiled by Bro. Jackson Chase, Grand Lecturer of the Grand Council of New York. The work is for sale by the Masonic Publishing Co., 432 Broom St., New York.

BR. RANSOM of the *Masonic Tidings* cheerfully reciprocates our "please exchange again," and adds, "you never ought to cut us off." We never did; the three months the STAR was entirely out of our control the proprietor made a thining out of our exchanges, and the *Tidings* happened to be one, but to us it was, and is, ever welcome.

STANDING IN OUR OWN LIGHT.— It is not unfrequently the case, that the shadows which are thrown across our pathway are caused by the position we occupy. Oftentimes, mentally and morally we stand in our own light. We cast the shades and shadows in our pilgrimage journey of life, and our progress is slow in the world.

CALIFORNIA has abolished the law, prohibiting Sunday theatres. The better part of Chicago is making an effort to have the "drinking saloons" closed on Sunday, for the success of which all men pray.

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THE MYSTIC STAR.

APRIL, 1870.

MASONIC HISTORIANS.

BY WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

We promised in our last communication to refer to a few errors that have crept into Brother Findel's "History of Freemasonry." Certainly not so pleasant a task as recounting its many excellencies. We know, however, that the author will pay more heed to our hurried corrections than to our commendations, as the former will be of more real value to him.

Bro. Findel, in reviewing the records of the "Ancients" from 1756 to 1762, says "They had no Grand Master of noble birth * * * but at length in 1772 the Duke of Athol became their Grand Master" (p. 174.) The following list of Grand Masters of the seceding Grand Lodge will exhibit the fact that noblemen were connected with that body long before 1772:

Robert Turner	A. D. 1753.
Edward Vaughan	A. D. 1755.
Earl of Blessington	A. D. 1757.
Earl of Kelly	A. D. 1761.
The Hon. T. Mathew	A. D. 1767.
The 3d Duke of Athol	A. D. 1772. (1771?)
The 4th Duke of Athol	A. D. 1775.
Earl of Antrim	A. D. 1782.
The 4th Duke of Athol	A. D. 1791.
H. R. H. Duke of Kent	A. D. 1813.

No doubt our brother has been misled by Brother Preston in his "Illustrations of Masonry," who declares that the "Ancients after the secession, continued to hold their meetings without acknowledging a superior till 1772." It seems strange that this mistake has been continued in the valuable work edited by Bro. the Rev. Dr. George Oliver, yet so it is. In another part of the "History" some of the above named Grand Masters are enumerated, so after all the mistake is virtually corrected.

At page 168, the author seems in doubt respecting the constitution granted to the Lodge of Antiquity by the "Grand Lodge of all England held at York." It was granted; and by virtue of such, the

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Lodge of Antiquity was constituted the "Grand Lodge of England South of the Trent," and actually issued warrants to lodges to work under its authority. The celebrated "manifesto" of the Lodge of Antiquity, of which we have a copy, was issued in 1778, and a most interesting production it is. It mainly consists of a recognition of the priority or superiority of the claims of the Grand Lodge of all England at York, and an epitome of the supposed injustice done to the lodge by the "nominal Grand Lodge in London, constituted a Grand Lodge *pro tempore* 1717." Authorities are quoted extensively in confirmation of the ancient privileges of this time immemorial lodge.

We observe that Bro. Findel falls into the same error that we did respecting the records of St. Mary's Chapel Lodge, Edinburgh, and the year A. D. 1600. At page 113 of the history it is stated that "Thomas Boswell, Esquire, of Auchinleek, was chosen as Warden of the lodge in 1600." We presume this record is given on the authority of Bro. Laurie, the Grand Secretary of Scotland, which we also quoted in the *Freemason's Magazine* some little time ago, and about which Bro. David Murray Lyon wrote to the following effect, in the same paper, on Sept. 11, 1869: "We shall not further anticipate the 'History of the Lodge of Edinburgh' (Mary's Chapel) now in course of preparation,* than to say that the minutes of this famous lodge do not afford ground for the assertion to which we have taken exception. Boswell's name appears only in one sederunt of the lodge's meetings; and the minutes of that particular meeting show that he was not the Warden of the Lodge. In the course of his remarks anent the minutes of the old Houghfoot Lodge, to which the respected Prov. G Sec. of Peebleshire has very properly directed attention, our friend Bro. Hughan quotes the version of Boswell's connexion with the Lodge of Edinburgh, as given by Laurie; but it is no fault of his that the statement is incorrect. Like Bro. Findel, and others, he has in this instance been misled by a mis-quotation." We have been careful to give this authoritative correction in order to remind our readers that the earliest instance of a non-professional architect or builder holding office in a Scotch Masonic Lodge, according to Bro. Lyon, is that of John, Earl of Cassillus, Deacon of the Mother Lodge Kilwinning, A. D. 1672. In England we have no record preserved of officers' appointments of anything like so early a date as the one just given.

As Bro. Findel is now preparing a third German edition of his valuable history, no doubt the misquotation will be put straight.

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* The history of this old lodge is now being written by our excellent Bro. Lyon.

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Bro. Findel says that it was not until 1865 that the "Sloane MS., No. 3329, was discovered, and that by the author in the British Museum," page 48. In the *Masonic Press* (page 183, A. D. 1866,) the well known Mason, Bro. Matthew Cooke observes that this MS. was alluded to in the *Enclyclopædia Metropolitana* twenty-four years ago, and that he had transcribed it several times. That being the case, Bro. Findel is not entitled to the claim of having discovered this MS., as it was evidently familiar to one of the best authorities on English Masonic MSS. many years anterior to the publication of the work now under consideration.

We do not know of any authority for the statements that "Five lodges would not accede to or sign" the Constitution of A. D. 1723, The assertion is quite new to us, and certainly somewhat startling, so early to occur after the revival of Freemasonry.

We must take exception to some of the writer's remarks concerning Masonic Knights Templar and Royal Arch Masonry, *e. g.*, "the Order of Knights Templars, revived as playthings for great children about 1780," (page 170.) In the Royal Arch degree, "the unprejudiced observer cannot discover the true principles of Freemasonry, either in their primitive purity of comprehensive fulness," (page 183.)

Although we do not intend to enter on the discussion of these matters now, we are quite prepared to give weighty reasons for our objections to Bro. Findel's views as enumerated above, as also to his support of the German lodges founded in the United States in opposition to the American Grand Lodges. We are strongly in favor of exclusive Grand Lodge Jurisdiction, and entirely disagree with Bro. Findel and the "German Masonic Union," in promoting the reverse.

We are sorry to find several important works issued this century unacknowledged, and many of less consequence referred to. Of course this arises from the extensive character of the work, and not from any want of will on the part of the author to chronicle the progress of Masonic literature. The Masonic Biblography of England and the United States require to be written with as much accuracy as the German department. Few English Masonic historians are noticed, and rarely do we notice a familiar American author in its pages. Certainly the large Masonic library, published by the "Masonic Publishing Company," New York, containing works like the "Masonic Cyclopædia," by Bro. Robert Macay; the "History of Royal Arch Masonry," by Bro. J. L. Gould; and the "Early History of Freemasonry," by Bro. G. W. Steinbrenner, well deserve notice and commendation. There is also Bro. Brennan's excellent translation of Bro. Rebold's History of the Order, a work which deserves the support of the Craft universal. We forbear quoting more names, sufficient

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that we think this department the weakest, and therefore most susceptible of improvement in the next edition.

The great want of the work is a copious index. The present is an improvement on the first, but is still very far from being what we would like to see offered as an index to the capital "History of Freemasonry" by our Bro. Findel.— *The Freemason, (London.)*

For the Mystic Star.

ANCIENT FREEMASONRY.

BY LEON HYNEMAN.

There is no institution in the world founded upon such broad, liberal, benevolent and humane principles as the Masonic, nor one which has exercised such potent influence in humanizing and civilizing man, in developing thought, the arts and sciences, and has an antiquity to which none other can approach. It had its origin far back in the mist of time when the human faculties first developed to have a faint conception of an overruling power and the duty recognized to adore and give homage to that Supreme Power. In the progress of the development of thought men began to cognize the attributes of Divine Being and man's relations to Him and his relations to his fellow men. The recognition of a divine being, an Omnipotent Superintending Power was the primal conception upon which the structure of Freemasonry was ultimately raised.

The Masonic institution did not come into being a perfect organized form at once, but gradually developed through ages of progressive unfoldment until the recognition of a relation to, and dependence upon a superior being, and of man to his brother man. The Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man was thus recognized and acknowledged. However, before the dawn of mind, as well as through all the subsequent periods of time, the status of mankind was not the same. Differences existed in the individuals according to conditions in the intellectual and moral development of the race, as at present. It was such only who had a proper conception of a divine Being, and of man's duties to his kind in this sublunary sphere, who acted in concord for the improvement and elevation of the race and associated in the incipient organization which ultimated in the formation of the institution of Freemasonry. In the development of mind the moral standard was raised, scientific investigation progressed and a higher appreciation of the human being attained.

The improvement of the race was in all ages of the world the aim of enlightened, unselfish, benevolent men, and of such only was the

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Masonic institution in its early formation composed. As men are attracted to each other in associative relation by kindred sentiments and pursuits, so those whose objects were the enlightenment, elevation and improvement of their fellow beings were drawn together by similarity of purpose and design. In the rudimental organic structure the basis was laid of those high and noble principles embodied in the ethics of Freemasonry by which the lives of its promoters were squared. These were men "good and true," whose lives corresponded to their high and holy aims, their benevolent intents, men or truth, of fervent, sincere aspirations, who exemplified in their lives their belief and trust in God the universal Father, the infinite I Am.

The trust in God was not a mere belief with them, requiring a verbal acknowledgement, a confession of the lips, but the patent facts in the unmistakable expression of daily and hourly activities of life. The love of man shown in constant thought and effort to benefit him, to sympathize with and aid the unfortunate, to cheer and gladden those in trouble, to counsel and advise the erring and the weak and to promote the welfare and happiness of universal humanity. This living expression of love of man did not need the vocal asseveration of a belief and trust in God. It was the recognition of God in man, the living in harmony with divine laws, the being just and true according to their highest conceptions of right, truth and justice in all the relations with their fellow beings, which evidenced that man put his trust in God.

The question may here be asked, "Does the membership of the Masonic fraternity consist of such noble, good and true men as we here represent?" We can by no means reply in the affirmative, notwithstanding the laudations of orators, lecturers and those high in Masonic positions generally, because the life and actions of many do not correspond to the sublime ethics of Freemasonry. The letter has been substituted for the spirit and its teachings perverted from the original aims of the institutions. Does a man who truly believes and puts his trust in God need a prompter to tell him in whom he does place his trust? The suggestion needs no response. If a man truly places his trust in God he will recognize that God is ever present with him and his life will accord with such trust. He will have no unchaste thoughts, will not covet what belongs to his neighbors, will wrong no man, but consider the welfare and happiness of others as his own. He will labor assiduously to that end. He will not see his fellow being suffer if he has the means to help him. He will not be a silent witness to depleting the treasury of the lodge hundreds of dollars for refreshments, whilst paltry, insignificant sums are doled out in charities.

Much might be said on this latter subject, that would cause shame to

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color the cheeks if the amounts given in charities were compared to those paid out for refreshments, eating, drinking, &c. We refer more especially to large cities, in the rural districts it may be otherwise. The cause of these departures from the original aims of Masonry, charity, is in the introduction of material into the temple or an effect of the introduction of innovation such as we have referred to.

Freemasonry requires something more than an assertion and the fact that often prompting is required to a satisfactory response, in this age of enlightenment ought to have sufficed, years ago, that material qualifications have been overlooked in the reception of novitiates. The question is not a pertinent one. The vilest of men will give an affirmative response to the inquiry "Are you an honest man?" The growing evils of the times are that there is too much legislation and too great powers assumed by the off-shoots of legitimate Masonry, the tendency of which is and has been to perpetuate innovations and introduce matter into the ritual foreign and antagonistic. The evil has been growing to the great regret of many of the best minds among the fraternity who have been unable to prevent the innovations because the great mass never read Masonic publications, or read them superficially, and such as these have introduced a sentence here and there, and sometimes a tradition that had no foundation in fact, and it is through the influence and instrumentality of this class that the teachings have been perverted and imperfect material introduced into the temple. Every Freemason who has the good of the institution at heart ought to use every effort to restore it to its original purity by lopping off not only those members who are perverting the ancient teachings, but to eradicate from the lectures and ritual all and everything that is contrary to the primal principles of the institution, the best ever devised by man to make an eden of this world in uniting the human family in the bonds of fraternity, peace and concord.

ENTERED APPRENTICE'S DERGEE.

BY BRO. E. W. H. ELLIS.

An old Mason, a few evenings since, after witnessing perhaps for the one hundredth time, the work in this initial degree, remarked that to him it was the most impressive of all the steps in Masonry. And so it doubtless appears to many. Every step of the novitiate's progress is shrouded in mystery, but the faint glimpses of light encourage him

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forward, till the moment arrives when the full blaze of day bursts upon his vision.

Much of the interest in this degree, as in all others, depends upon the impressiveness with which it is communicated. There is no place in it for levity. The solemnity of the grave better becomes its character. It finds man poor, helpless, blind and naked. It teaches him humility, fraternity, equality. It elevates him to a position where he is the peer of the mightiest. It carries him back to the dawn of creation, to the presence of the only living being, the infinite and the eternal, and presents to him that unequaled display of Almighty power, when he issued the command, "Let there be Light!"

At this moment music has its appropriate place, and many of our lodges introduce it with taste and effect. In one of these bodies the following ode, written many years ago,, is adopted. We reproduce it for the benefit of others.

APPRENTICE'S SONG.

When from chaotic sleep,
Heaved up the mighty deep,
Enrobed in night;
Then, ere Earth's beauties woke,
His voice the stillness broke,
And thus the Almighty spoke:
"Let there be Light!"

Swift from yon orb of day
Fled those dark shades away
At his dread word;
Then sang the stars on high,
And through the arching sky
Swelled Heaven's loud minstrelsy:
"Praise ye the Lord!"

Almighty Power — Supreme!
Send down thy brightest beam
To every heart;
Illume us with thy grace,
Show us thy glorious face,
And heaven's own righteousness
To each impart.

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HENRY PRICE:

WAS HE EVER APPOINTED PROV. G. M. OF AMERICA.

To the Editor of the Freemason:

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER — About a month ago, Dr. Winslow Lewis, a most esteemed and respected citizen of Boston, and P. G. M. of Massachusetts, placed in my possession a number of old Masonic documents which he recently purchased from a Mason's widow. Some of those documents were shown to me by the late owner about twenty years ago, this I distinctly remember, but at that time I merely looked upon them as curiosities and paid no further attention to it. On examining those old papers, among other matter, I found several letters of correspondence between Henry Price and two Grand Secretaries of England, which I shall give in chronological order. First, London, Nov. 29, 1768, signed Tho. French, G. S. Next, Boston, June 3, 1769, reply to the above of Nov. 29th. Next, London, Sept. 6, 1769, acknowledging the receipt of June 3d, signed Jas. Heseltine, G. S., with reply to Heseltine from Price, dated January 29, 1770. There are also letters from Heseltine, February 15, 1770, and a memorandum reply, dated Boston, May 16, 1770. These letters at once reveal the cause why Henry Price's name appears for the first time as "G. M. of America" in the "Masonic Almanac" of 1770, which you may remember was a puzzle to the Right Worshipful Bro. Hervey, G. S. of England, to C. W. Moore, of Boston, and in fact to all of us, when I paid a visit to your office last spring.

The discovery of these papers made me naturally feel anxious to get at the beginning. The letter from French of Nov. 20th, refers to a letter from Price of January 27th, the question then was, where could that letter be found? I was also desirous of ascertaining as to the handwriting of the memorandum copies, and other papers in the collection. So I called on Bro. Gardner, our G. M., showed him some of the documents, and obtained permission to examine the original record of the Provincial Grand Lodge of Massachusetts. I say "original," because I had hitherto seen only a transcript copy. The old book was not kept in the Masonic Temple, but at an officer's house, it was therefore specially sent for, for my examination. For a full account of the result of my investigation, I must refer you to Bro. Brennan's *American Freemason* of some future date, at present it will suffice to state, that I found in the record the sought-for letter, and here is a copy thereof:

BOSTON, NEW ENGLAND, Jan. 27, 1768.

RT. WORSHIPFUL BROTHERS — I had the honor to be appointed Provincial Grand Master of New England, by the Rt. Honorable and

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Worshipful Lord Anthony Brown, Viscount Montacute, in the year 1733, and in the year 1735 said commission to me was extended over all North America by the Rt. Honorable and Rt. Worshipful John Lindsay, Earl of Crauford, then Grand Master of Masons, but upon inquiry, I find that said deputation never registered, though I myself paid three guineas therefor to Thomas Batson, Esq., then Deputy Grand Master, who with the Grand Wardens then in being, signed my said deputation. This deputation was the first that the Grand Lodge ever issued to any part of America, [G. M. Norfolk granted a Provincialship to Daniel Cox, for New Jersey, America, in 1730 or 1731, Anderson's Cons. 1738,] and stands so on all the lodges on the Continent. Other deputations have since been issued to different provinces, but they cannot, according to rule, take rank of mine. So I would submit it to your wisdom and justice, whether said deputations should not be registered in their proper place, without any further consideration therefor, and the Grand Lodge here have rank according to date, as it has (by virtue of said deputation) been the foundation of Masonry in America, and I the founder.

Wherefore, Rt. Worshipful Brethren, I beg that my enquiry may be made into the premises, and that things may be set right, is the earnest request of your much honored and affectionate brother, and very humble servant, HENRY PRICE.

P. S.— Rt. Worshipful, I herewith send you an attested copy of my said deputation as registered in Grand Lodge book of this place, under the hand of our Grand Secretary, whose signature you may depend upon as genuine. H. P.

In reply to the above, Bro. French said:

I know not how your name should have been omitted in the list of Provincials, but Bro. Robert Tomlinson, Esq., is the first appearing in our books for any part of America, during the Grand Mastership of the Earl of London, in 1736. These mistakes might have been long since rectified, if you had kept up according to your charter a regular annual correspondence with the Grand Lodge. However, as it appears by the loose papers in my possession, that you had resigned in favor of John Rowe, his Grace (Duke of Beaufort) desires you will forward a letter to me, relating to this point per first opportunity, that the Provincialship may be properly settled.

With the above letter came a deputation for John Rowe, which began thus: "Know ye, that we of the great trust and confidence reposed in our Right Worshipful and well beloved Bro. Henry Price, Esq., of North America, constituted Provincial Grand Master for North America by Viscount Montague, Grand Master, April 13, 1733."

It is evident that the authorities in England did not then care to scrutinize Henry Price's pretensions; they took his word, and the attested copy of his deputation from the Massachusetts record for granted, subject to further explanation. Price, in his reply, however, did not pretend that he had ever written a single line to an officer of the G. L. of England, but merely promised to be in England in the fall of the year, when he would explain "face to face," &c., and the same

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promise he repeated in his reply to Heseletine, Jan. 29, 1770. Price, however, did not thereafter visit England, and the promised explanation "face to face" was never given. The war of independence put a stop to the Provincial G. L.; it ceased to meet from 1775 until 1791, when it assumed the title of the "G. L. of the Holy St. John," and by that title it called itself from Nov. 15, 1791, until 5th of March following, when it merged into another Provincial G. L. of Scotch origin under its present title. Price, however, gained his point, by humoring the Duke of Beaufort with flattering approvals of a darling scheme of the said Duke (to get the Order chartered by Parliament.) Price was acknowledged by the duke in the deputation of Rowe, Price was also put into the "Freemasons' Almanac" in 1770 as G. M. of America, and so the almanac continued year after year to inform its patrons until 1804, when his name disappears.

The perusal of the above-named documents, together with the examination of the Massachusetts records aroused my suspicion that Henry Price was a pretender, that he never received a commission either from Lord Montague, Montacute, or the Earl of Crauford. I should not perhaps have felt disposed to rake up old impositions, if the character of an active and highly popular D. G. M. of England had not been impugned at a time, probably when all parties concerned who might have disproved Henry Price's pretentions were dead. John Lindsay, Earl of Crauford died, I believe in 1749, Viscount Montague in 1767, and the D. G. M. and Wardens who are alleged to have signed Price's commission must also have departed in 1768, for otherwise inquiries would have been made of them concerning Price's claims. Then, and not till then, Price for the first time discovers the ommission of his name as Past Prov. G. M. in the English Register, and for the first time addresses a letter to the English atuhorities, informing them of appointments which naturally surprised them.

We must bear in mind that in both Anderson's and Entick's editions of the Constitution published respectively in 1738 and 1756, mention is made of Tomlinson's appointment in 1736, but nothing is said about Henry Price; but that is not all, for I actually learn from one of my old documents, that Price had written a letter "to the Rev. Bro. Entick, minister at Stepney" in 1754, (two years before the publication of Entick's Constitution,) and sent him three guineas to pay for a commission for Jeremy Gridley, begging Entick at the same time "to forward the affair," or in other words to get Gridley's appointment for Prov. G. M. confirmed, and that Captain John Philips had brought back a receipt for the three guineas but not a line from Entick, therefore Price in 1755, begs some one in London to look after the three guineas, and "to forward the affair." In the first place, can it be

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possible that neither Anderson's nor Entick's Constitution had reached Boston untill 1768, when we know that both Tomlinson, and his successor Oxnard, had visited England during their respective Grand Masterships, and that in 1749 a D. G. M. of Massachusetts had also paid a visit to England? And secondly, what necessity was there for Henry Price in 1754-5 to go a roundabout way, "beating the bush," applying to this and that man "to forward the affair," and why did he not send three guineas and write direct to the G. M., or the Grand Secretary, boldly stating, that "I, Henry Price, having held deputations from Viscount Montague and the Earl of Crauford, as Provincial Grand Master of America, do hereby and herewith recommend the appointment of Jeremy Gridley, Esq., as my successor." Surely, what higher and better recommendation could Gridley have needed, than that of English gentleman who was known to Viscount Montague, or was at least acquainted with Thomas Batson, Esq., and who was deemed worthy by John Lindsay, Earl of Crauford, to receive the appointment of Prov. G. M. over all North America? Nor is there any room for a supposition that Gridley's appointment was opposed by any representations or misrepresentations of some of the Massachusetts brotherhood, so as to require the aid of understrappers "to forward the affair," for Gridley received eleven out of thirteen votes of the Boston G. L. recommending his appointment; and moreover, Gridley was undoubtedly the most talented Grand Master previous to the war of independence. Gridley was eminent at the bar, held the office of Attorney General for the colony under the British Crown, and was a member of the Legislative Assembly. The conduct of Price in 1754-5 is therefore unaccountable. Again, Henry Price appealed to the "deputation" or commission copied from the record of his G. Lodge; not to the original documents, signed and sealed by Thomas Batson or the Earl of Crauford, but to that recorded in his book. It is therefore evident that in 1768 Price was not in possesion of either of his original deputations, for otherwise he would have appealed to them. Now, a Grand Lodge record might be brought in as evidence, providing we are certain that the said record was recorded by an authorized secretary there and then, when each transaction was dated. But I scarcely had possession of the Massachusetts record a quater of an hour, when I discovered, and have since then demonstrated to the satisfaction of the G. M., the G. T., and G. S., that the record of 1733 was not written until 1751. The said record is not only not an original record, but it cannot even be claimed that it is an honest transcript of a true original. The whole of it from 1733 to 1751 is evidently a compilation from memory, and some loose memoranda written by Chas. Pelham, who was not initiated until September 1744, and to the

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copy of his deputation in that record, Price appealed as evidence of his appointments.

There is still another discrepancy which must not be overlooked. Price, in his letter above given, claims to have received his two commissions respectively in the years 1733 and 1735, but in the Massachussetts record of 1734, it is said that Price received the second deputation at the above date, and Bro. C. W. Moore, in his life of Price, says, Price received the comission from Lord Crauford, early in 1734.

The question now is this. Was Price an imposter, or did Thomas Batson, Esq., Deputy G. M., under the Grand Mastership of three successive English noblemen, really pocket three guineas, received by him from honest Henry Price, Esq.? Or could Messrs. Batson, Rooke, and Smythe, the D. G. M., and the Grand Wardens, who had signed the deputations of Price, April 13, 1733, have forgotten to have had the said deputation registered in a year in which no other Prov. Grand Mastership was created?

Now, in order to have the riddle explained, I would beg of you the favor to ascertain from the account book of your G. L., of the above date, if the three guineas of Henry Price, appear among the pounds, shillings and pence. Also whether according to the then regulations of the G. L. of England, did Henry Price have to pay a second three guineas for his second commission, and if so, can any account be found thereof either in 1734, 1735 or immediately after? If the three guineas should be found recorded, then all parties in the case will deserve an honorable discharge, but if, on the other hand, the said three guineas are not found in the accounts, and no mention is made in G. L. record of 1734-1735, or immediately after, of Henry Price, Esq., then, I think, the unanimous verdict will be here, as well as in England, that Henry Price, Esq., was as Artemus Ward would have called him "an awful smart critter." Fraternally yours, JACOB NORTON,
in London Freemason.

BOSTON, MASS., Jan. 12, 1870.

THE UNSEEN HAND.

BY BRO. AL.

An unseen hand has swung the door,
My pilgrim feet go in,
My first step to the Master's shrine
Shuts out the paths of sin.
I seem to hear th' Omnific word,

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That woke creation's void,
As o'er chaotic darkness passed
The fiat of a God.

My untaught vision scarce can bear
The glory of the hour;
How bright, oh, Master, is Thy face!
I kneel before thy power.
Faint are these emblems of Thy might,
Which only seekers know,
In Thee, oh, God, I put my trust
And travel on below.

I struggle for that greater light
Which shot across the sphere,
And 'mid life's rough and rugged road
I think to find it here.
But still the angel finger points
Adown the sacred page;
I follow where the guide shall lead
Upon my pilgrimage.

A brother's hand is near mine own,
Why should I fear the way?
The light of love is in my path
While still I watch and pray.
And overhead the starry sky
The Master's power displays;
I bask amid the noon of night,
In heaven's eternal rays.

"Let there be light;" the great decree
Then rolled that night away;
No longer in the Temple's porch
My weary footsteps stray.
An unseen hand has swung the door,
My pilgrim feet go in;
My first step to the Master's shrine
Shuts out the world of sin.

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For the Mystic Star.

OUR DUTY TO THE ORDER.

Precisely how much Masonry should interfere with matters outside its temple walls is a question open for debate. Still there are points and places where every real lover of the order, will not hesitate to say that the lodge should interfere openly and boldly, both for its own preservation and that of its members.

There can be no question about the fact that there are a good many — quite too many brothers of our order who are in the habit of drinking intoxicating liquors to excess; some of them frequently, thus bringing themselves into degradation, their lodge into disrepute, and endangering the strong ties of our order. Still more, these men who do this, frequently hold honorable positions in the order, and are among those called in Masonic parlance, bright.

I know, believe, and full well understand, that the teachings of Masonry lead us to look with leniency on our brother's failings — to screen him if possible from the disgrace of public exposure — to aid him in all his endeavors, to recover the standing in society, which he has lost by his indiscretions, and, at proper time and place to give him kind brotherly advice. Yet, still we owe a duty to the order, paramount to this, and which must be done, no matter what the kindly feelings toward a brother may dictate. For, to preserve our institution, and keep it above the breath of slander, it is the only way to insure its continuation. Once let it be made evident that its enemies speak the truth when they vilify Masonry, and its days are surely numbered.

Why then should we hesitate to present for discipline any brother who openly violates the principles and teachings of our order, to its, and to their great detriment? And why should men wish to stay within the membership of an institution when they are unwilling to conduct themselves in accordance with its principles and teachings.

But this is not all, young men are not always firmly fixed in their habits; it is almost impossible for them to associate with others without being more or less influenced by them, particularly if they look upon them as brothers. Can we then be too careful as to what temptations we expose our younger or weaker members? Is it not our sacred duty not only to shield them from harm but to keep temptation away from them? One who reads the human heart perfectly, taught us to say in our prayer, "lead us not into temptation."

My attention has been more particularly called to this matter from a recent occurrence in a lodge in this state. A young man, a graduate of

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our colleges and noted for his scholastic attainments and capability unfortunately became associated with bad companions and went step by step in rapid succession toward the ever to be pitied situation of a drunkard. Before becoming lost to all shame and honor he took a better turn, left off drinking, and became a man again. Soon after this he married well, entered into business, succeded, and then holding a useful and honorable position in society, knocked at the door of the lodge for admission.

His case was fully discussed, and many warm friends rejoiced when they saw him safe within the fold, among brothers and friends, and they fondly thought that this would prove to him an ark of safety, and a sure protection against his unfortunate habit. Months passed on, interested in our ceremonies, he rapidly acquired an enviable position in the lodge, and was looked upon as one of our brightest and most promising members. Imagine our consternation and distress, when we found that our brother was again on the road to ruin; and what was worse led into it by the example and influence of those who had ..... On inquiry it was ascertained that he had resisted their influence for some time; but under a temporary depression from some outside cause, yielded and fell. O, how little those brothers knew the harm they were doing. What would his wife have thought of Masonry and its effect on her husband had she known that it was by brother Masons he had been tempted?

Thank God it was not Masonry that led him astray, but it was Masonry of the true and real kind which went to his succor and brought him back "clothed and in his right mind." I am happy to say, for the credit of the craft, that brothers rallied around him, and under their influence he was brought out of the fire; but not until he had twice felt the breath of the flame, and now bears the scar of the burn, in society's opinion of him. And now what of the future?

One thing is certain, we ought not in justice to ourselves, and in fulfillment of our obligations, permit brothers to be exposed to such temptations. And yet we have a duty to all brothers, and there comes to me a still, small voice saying, "Beware, lest by cutting off the only bond which holds a brother (it may be only in name) from total destruction, you destroy the last link in the chain which unites him to decency and respectability, leaving for him nought but disgrace and dishonor, both for himself and those connected with him, 'till death doth soul and body part.'"

If each member of the order would guard well his own actions, would be so without reproach as to be worthy himself to "cast the first stone," the result so much wished for would be accomplished. Here the the duty is plain — a duty we owe to ourselves and to

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posterity — to both friends and foes of our institution — to ourselves, by so "circumscribing our actions" as not to convert the means of refreshment into "intemperance or excess" — to posterity, by transferring to them untarnished as the "lamb skin," the good name of our order to the friends of the craft, by making it what they claim it to be, a moral brotherhood associated for good to each other and the world, and to its foes by teaching them that shielded by truth, under the banner of faith, their puny efforts to harm will only recoil on themselves. "By their fruits ye shall know them," said he who spake as "never man spake," for if the "tree is good the fruit must be good also." Masonry as well as other things must submit to this standard test, and be judged by the fact as to whether it accomplishes much good, and whether its influences are for good or evil.

Let therefore each member of the order always remember that he himself is in a measure personally responsible for its good standing, that any indiscretion on his part not only does himself an injury, but mars the reputation of the lodge of which he is a member — not only pains and hurts its friends but gives "aid and succor" to its foes. That outsiders make every organization responsible for the acts of its individual members, and always charge upon it the guilt of either making its members bad, or of sustaining them in their wickedness.

Love the order as one does a mother, and show how great and strong your love is, by always keeping its honor and reputation above suspicion. Then the component parts being good, the grand whole cannot but command the respect of all who see it, and our enemies will have to look for something besides the faults and failings of its members as grounds for condemning Masonry. So mote it be. T. F. GREEN.

MASONRY.— It is useless to profess a knowledge of Freemasonry, if we do not frame our lives according to it. It is not enough to be acquainted with its doctrines and precepts, if we fail to reduce them to practice. In such a case, our knowledge will rather tend to our dishonor in this world, and will certainly be an additional article of accusation against us in the next. It would be very unreasonable to doubt the beneficial effects of our Masonic precepts, but to admit them to be true and yet act as if they were false, would be unwise in the highest degree. I will not, however, do my brethren the injustice to believe that many of them are capable of such a perversion of reason. And it is my firm persuasion, that they who practice the duties which Freemasonry teaches, in conjunction with the faith propounded in their religion, will inherit that eternal city of God, where they will be associated with a holy and happy fraternity of saints and angels, and enjoy the sweet communings of brotherly love for ever and ever.

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For the Mystic Star.

CORRESPONDENCE FROM P. G. M., LOVEL MOORE.

There is one subject to which I would call your attention, for the general welfare of the fraternity. In reviewing the numerous decisions of Grand Masters, and also the proceedings of Grand Lodges, I find a great diversity of opinion upon many important questions of Masonic jurisprudence, so that masters of the subordinate lodges are often left entirely in the dark, for they will frequently find that one Grand Master has decided a question one way, and another, in the same jurisdiction, has decided it entirely different. This is in consequence of hasty decisions made by Grand Masters, and hurried legislations of Grand Lodges. "Brethren, these things ought not so to be." Much of this confusion would be avoided if every Grand Master would carefully acquaint himself with universal Masonic law, and learn with what powers and prerogatives they are invested, and what they are not, and also what laws and edicts are in force within their respective jurisdictions and be careful not to violate them.

There is one principal of Masonic law which no well informed Mason will dispute, but which is often violated by Grand Masters. When the Grand Lodge is not in session, it is one of the prerogatives of the Grand Master to decide all questions for the government of the craft, and all such decisions are as binding upon the fraternity as an edict passed by the Grand Lodge, and so remains until the next session of said Grand Lodge, and if then approved by said lodge, they then become and continue standing laws throughout that jurisdiction until repealed by the Grand Lodge and every subsequent Grand Master of that jurisdiction is just as much bound thereby as is the most humble Mason in the state, and however much he may differ in opinion, still he is bound to make his decisions coincide therewith, otherwise he would render himself amenable to the Grand Lodge for a violation of Masonic law.

Many thanks for the last number of the MYSTIC STAR. I was much pleased with the decisions of our M. W. Bro. Mickel of Iowa, published in your last number. He shows himself to be the "right man in the right place." There is, however, one of his decisions with which I could not fully concur without a little qualification. On page nineteen he says "A lodge can not reconsider a vote granting a dimit." Now under certain circumstances this would be correct, but under others it would not, in my opinion. A motion to reconsider should be made, if at all, at the same communication, and even then if made in behalf of the applicant, because he may have changed his mind, the

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motion should not be entertained. But I can imagine a case where gross injustice would be done to the fraternity without the right to reconsider the vote. The vote may or may not have been hastily taken, and immediately thereafter a brother enters the lodge and moves a reconsideration and states as a reason, that he has good reason to believe that the demited brother has been guilty of gross unmasonic conduct, and he is prepared to file charges, &c. Now under these circumstances it would be highly improper to give the brother a dimit, or in other words a certificate of good and regular standing for him to carry out and palm himself off upon lodges where he is a stranger, and I don't see how this could be avoided without a reconsideration. I submit this with all due defference.

[Does not this very dimited brother stand in the same position to the fraternity as a nonaffilliate? If so, then the brother who moves for a reconsideration could prefer the charges to the lodge, and the lodge could entertain them, and try the accused just as legally with his dimit in his pocket as if he were a membor of the lodge from which he dimited. His dimit does not cut him off from discipline. We understand that all Masons, whether affilliated or not, are subject to all the *rules*, *laws* and *edicts* of the Order touching the rectitude of a moral life. Taking this view of the subject, Grand Master Mickel is right.— ED]

THE DUTIES AND RESPONSIBILITIES OF RECOMMENDERS.

It is too well known to require more than notice, that Masons never permit proselytism. Every man who seeks admission to our Temple comes of his own free will, of his own accord, of his own inducement. The reasons for asking entrance are his own. They vary in different persons. They must be, however, free from all improper motives, interested, secular or sordid. All this is not to be taken for granted, it must be unhesitatingly avowed. If these are the rules which regulate the action of the applicant, what are the conditions on which he is to be put in a proper course to ask membership? He must be endorsed by friends who are M. M., not only endorsed as to his character, but what is far more important, in the view we are now taking of the subject, he must be endorsed by these brethren as asking admittance on these professed and avowed grounds, and these only. Here begins the duty and responsibility of these brethren. They undertake to recommend the applicant. In the position they assume, their first duty is to the lodge, the second to the craft. Their duty is

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to know, neither to presume, nor believe, nor think, but to *know* that the applicant has such a character as a man among men which he presents; that he is competent and capable to add to the harmony and usefulness of the fraternity, whatever of virtue he has, proper for such a contribution. The applicant, to their knowledge, must be a man who will contribute to the best interests of Masonry, that his gifts are of the high character required. There is no graver Masonic offense than for a M. M. to sign a petition or a recommendation without knowing that the applicant is, in all respects, an acquisition to the lodge. To sign for any other reason, or on any other grounds, is a cheat and a deception, which the lodge and the whole craft may feel, as an imposition on their confidence. This is the duty which the recommenders voluntarily assume.

The *responsibility* is of the same grave character. They stand sponsors for the truth, integrity, uprightness, fitness, the moral and the individual character of the applicant. They must know what this character is, how it is made up, how strong it is, what strains, trials, temptations, it will bear. They are responsible for the completeness of this necessary character, as a part of the general character of the applicant. "What folks say," "what they say," what this man said, or somebody told somebody, that somebody else said he heard somebody say, won't do. These recommenders must know what they assert, is true when they voluntarily agree to ask the lodge, on their recommendation, to take cognizance of the petitioner.

If these duties and responsibilities were better understood, and more fully abided by, the craft would be relieved of serious difficulties. It would not be so often heard in lodges, that A. B. was accepted under mistake, misapprehension or now, too late, with regret. It would not be so frequently given as an excuse from recommenders, that they "thought it was all right." This poor miserable excuse, for evils inflicted, are, fortunately, very rare in our lodges, but are not uncommon. We feel it a duty to call the attention of the brethren to this subject, because we know that the members of the fraternity need only to be reminded of the duties and responsibilities of recommenders, to live up to the requirements of both in all cases. No cowardice, no shuffling, no evasion, but say no, when asked to recommend one, who you could not agree to, if your Masonic convictions were to decide on his admission, or non-admission. Say no, like true Masons. Then, when you say yes, the moral weight of your endorsement will be effective, and no regret will follow your participation in the increase of lodge membership.— *Keystone.*

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For the Mystic Star.

ON SECRET SOCIETIES.

BY JANE M. JACKSON.

It may be truly said that no phenomena in our history is more powerful in their effects than the operations of secret brotherhoods. They have developed human energies, reformed men in every age, from the time of Mythology up to the present enlightened era. They stand conspicuous among the monuments of social life. Previous existence of secret societies are found in rude hieroglyphics, carved on Egyptian pyramids, Orphia legions in the Calerian rites of Samothrace, and everywhere amid mystic associations which enfolded all the wisest men of their day; who taught by symbols, knowledge vast and grand, clothed in mystery too deep for the ordinary multitude to penetrate or understand. They existed in the mysteries of Greece, the Bacchanialia of Rome, Scandinavia and the Druids. Secrecy were the chief charms of Rosicrucians and knighthoods of middle ages, the Santa Hermandad of Spain, the Vehm Gerichte of Germany, Carbonari of Italy, to the Red Republican conclaves of France and Oddfellows and Freemasons of England and America. Secret societies although not so dazzling to imaginations of men in this age, have increased in numbers, embracing multitudes from every rank in life, differing in character as they necessarily must, yet there is a uniformity of principle that they all possess in common. Few are still devoted to scientific researches, metaphysical and astronomical studies, organize moral and social reforms.

The Essenes were a body of religionists in Judea. They taught antelucan worship, were averse to matrimony, regarded their friendships and vows as sacred; they dressed in flowing white robes, used secret signs and were truly charitable. Many societies have since then started into existence, but through each and all runs the same golden threads, religious belief, charity, faith, secrecy, and diffusive knowledge, respect for their lodge, and love to the brotherhood. The signs, symbols deep, decorations, magnificent rites and insignia of the order strikes the imagination and awakens the aspirations of its members and retains all the novelty of enchantment. The lodge is to them a sacred altar, and invested with great power. Within its walls they feel at liberty to commune freely with each other; far removed from the trials of common existence, their souls attuned to harmony, away from the troubles of ordinary life, they seem to breathe a different atmosphere while under its influence This spell was very powerful among the brotherhood of olden times, when their footsteps

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were almost tracked by their blood, when it was necessary to meet at midnight and bury their papers in tombs, and pass through the crowds as medicants, their meetings attended by hair breadth escapes and unheard of difficulties, when every reform met with insults and scorn, and every new invention had to fight its way through obstacles, then persecution drew men nearer together, and they solaced each other by select fraternities where finer spirits could have free speech, and protect and be protected, where all could find a home without distinctions of race, nationality, sect or caste, all were merged in the single distinction of manhood.

Our dail life with exceptional circumstances, is prosaic, and our souls filled with aspirations and poetry, are pining for freedom of thought and speech, and the laws of seclusion, with only the presence of our brothers, who are for the time being part of ourselves, we indulge in the peculiar enthusiasm of the infinite yearnings of our hearts, the secrets between the brotherhood is a bond of unity, of faith so firm in each other's fidelity that one prying eye, or one listening ear of a stranger would dash our enjoyment to atoms.

For the Mystic Star.

INVOCATION.

BY M. W. ALFORD, M D.

["This great duty you owe to God, never to mention his name but with that reverential awe which is due from a creature to his Creator, to esteem him your chief good, and to implore his aid in all your laudable undertakings."— *Charge in first degree of Masonry.*]

Thou life of all thought, thou celestial flame,
Inspiring the notes of Æolian lyre,
Fill my soul with thy light, thou most glorious name,
And touch all my line with thy truth's vivid fire.

I write not of Herses, whose brave, daring deeds
Have vanquished their foes, or bereft them of life,
Where clashed the red swords o'er the furious steeds
And death stood aghast at the fierceness of strife;

But I write of Osenis and Iris of old
Where truth in Arcana reflected her love,

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Almost face to face then the Deity told
His mysteries erst hid in perpetual stone.

I write, too, of Cenes, of classical song,
Revered in the worship of far distant times,
When the spires of Eleusis beheld the vast throng
And devotion spread peace into far distant climes.

In Freemasonry's honor assist me to tell
How its bright golden chain, like the rays of the sun,
Brings Light, Hope and Peace, as our vast numbers swell,
For around the whole earth we're united in one.

It is sad to look back on the old, olden time
And view mighty nations in their deep repose,
See Parthia, or Sparta, or Thrace in decline,
Think of Numa, of Pyrrhus Marcellus and those.

But our loved ancient Order inspires my theme,
As when youth's sunny days glided joyous along,
And love's charms filled my breast with melodious dreams,
And its tales in my ears were a seraph's sweet song.

O, spirit of purity, help me to frame
My thoughts as entrancing as gladdened the lyre
Of Alceaus, or Sappho, or Horace whose names
Gleamed once on the darkness like planets of fire.

Shed light on my pencil, thy radiance impart
As murmuring streams 'neath Mount Halicon shed
Those soul-stirring strains that could thrill all the heart,
And whisper of life from the shades of the dead.

To the task, to the task my fervid pen,
And the thoughts you indite shall as rapturous be
As the breath of the flowers in the lovely glen
Or the spicy groves by the eastern sea.

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For the Mystic Star.

THE WORTHY BROTHER.

BY REV. J. H. SANFORD.

Who is a worthy brother? Is it one who understands all the signs, grips, tokens, passwords and obligations of the ancient and honorable order of the Free and Accepted Brotherhood? Is it one who has made himself well acquainted with all the lectures of the order and is able to pass a strict trial, and work his way into the *sanctum sanctorum* of the order and be pronounced "a bright Mason?" All this is necessary, but a man may possess all these necessary qualifications, and more, and yet he may not be in fact a worthy brother.

The principles of our organization impose upon all its members important duties to be performed, as well as ceremonies to be observed. The first of these cardinal principles is brotherly love. Is a brother deficient in this? Then he has no claim to the worthiness of the fraternity. Is he prone to speak evil of a brother, and thereby tarnish his good name? Then he is unworthy. Would he supplant a brother in any laudable undertaking? He is unworthy. Does he turn the cold shoulder to an unfortunate brother, and do him harm, rather than assist him to rise in the world? Then he is unworthy. Has he been blessed with this world's goods, and seeing a brother have need, shutteth up the bowels of compassion from him? He is not a worthy brother. Does he labor to give publicity to the faults and foibles of a brother instead of going to him in a spirit of kindness and in the most friendly manner remind him of his errors and strive to aid him in reformation? He cannot be a worthy brother. Is a man prone to profane the sacred name of that August Being in whom he puts his trust, which should not be spoken without the most profound reverence? Does he speak lightly of Him whom sun, moon and stars obey, and before whom cherubic legions veil their faces, at whose bidding comets run their stupenduous rounds? Such an one can not be a worthy brother. Does he neglect so to conduct himself while mingling with the busy world without, as becomes a man and a Mason? This brings the craft into disrepute, and renders him unworthy. Is he a slave to appetite and in the habit of converting the means of refreshment into that of intemperance and excess? Such conduct brings a reproach upon the order, and renders him unworthy. Does he spend his precious time in playing at games of chance, thus neglecting his family and wasting the means of their comfort? "He that provideth not for his own household is worse than an infidel, and has denied the faith." Such a man can not be a worthy brother. Does he fail to do good unto all as he has opportunity, especially to the household of

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the faithful? He is unworthy. Is he prone to equivocate in his conversation? Is his veracity questionable? Is he wanting in integrity, so that he can not be believed when he speaks the truth? Then he is unworthy.

It might be wished these words may reach the eye of none to whom they will say, "Thou art the man." But if they do, my brethren, let us see to it that we strive to be more worthy in the future. Let us learn to subdue our passions, keep our appetites within due bounds, and practice the principles of brotherly love, relief and truth. Then shall we be a band of worthy brothers indeed.

A MORAL FROM MASONRY.

The thoughtful and reflecting among all classes of society admit that the influence for good of organization of men for any proper objects largely depends on the principles and character of these associations. It is equally true, that all our social, industrial and communital interests are best served under the operation of the most stable system for their government. Violent or sudden changes, the frequent interference with established rules and regulations, the unsettling of the conditions which are acceptable, or at least not objectionable, produce evils and mischiefs. The fact, that what is, may at any time be liable to overthrow or modification, or unsettlement, produces to a certain extent mistrust, or doubt. An uneasy sentiment or feeling is prejudicial to that faith and confidence and trust so necessary to harmony and prosperity and usefulness of all. This is undoubtedly true of all those various relations among the populations governed by laws or codes or general forms for the adjustment and protection of these several relations. The old axiom that "the world is governed too much" is philosophically the text for the stable and steadfast in these forms or system of government. The quiet and undisturbed conviction, that the rules which regulate our several interests, and the basis of our association cannot be constantly changed, or without due deliberation and paramount necessity disturbed, is one of the causes of our most assured happiness and contentment. Go where one may, ask those who are intelligent enough to comprehend, or deeply enough interested to feel, the effects of constant alterations in the regulation of their real interests, and all will agree that stability is the safest and surest mode of obtaining true happiness or rather the highest degree of happiness in society governed by law.

The moral then that Masonry gives on this subject is eminently

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worthy of consideration. It is a lesson, and an example. The basis, the forms, the rules, the government, the principles, all that constitute government in the body of Freemasonry, is made acceptable, because it is stable and abiding. Whenever actual necessity exists for modification or change, either are effected by the most cautious and conservative modes. Sudden change is never permitted. Crude notions, favorite theories, theoretic or speculative propositions, are not tolerated. How wise all this is, is found from the history of the craft. It stands ancient, harmonious, stable, prosperous and devoted to the highest aims which human association can undertake. Then in these days, when everywhere, unrest and agitation and change are like unto an epidemic in its general prevalence and mischievous effects, let the moral of Masonry have its influence to teach and to enlighten.

It may yet become a beacon, a guide or an example.— *Keystone.*

We find the following just and valuable decisions of G. H. P. Webber in the Proceedings of the Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons of Michigan:

1. A ballot being taken on petition, one black ball only appears, and the applicant is declared rejected. At the next Regular of the Chapter a companion informs the Chapter that the black ball was cast by him under a mistake as to the fact, and he asks leave to withdraw it and have the brother declared elected. Can this be allowed?

Ans. No. The applicant must wait the six months and present a new petition. It would seriously endanger the benefits of a secret ballot should any other rule be laid down.

2. A brother petitions a Chapter nearest his residence, but not so near to the place where his lodge is held as another: which gives jurisdiction, the location of the lodge or the residence of the brother?

Ans. It is the residence of the applicant which gives jurisdiction. The location of his lodge is of no importance to that question.

3. A brother residing for more than a year within the jurisdiction of a Chapter in this state is affiliated with a lodge in the state where he formerly resided. Can his petition to the Chapter be received?

Ans. Yes. If affiliated with any regular lodge, whether within or without this jurisdiction, that is sufficient.

4. A petition for degrees is received, referred, report favorable, ballot taken and found clear, and candidate declared elected. Before any of the degrees are conferred, some of the members of the Chapter who were not present at the time the ballot was taken interpose objections to his progress. Can he petition at once, or must he wait six

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months, and how should the fact of objection appear on the records of the Chapter?

Ans. The objection, whether written or verbal, even after the ballot — any time, in fact, before the brother is actually advanced — should be treated as having the force and effect of a black ball, and therefore as a rejection. The candidate should be informed of his rejection and his money refunded him; consequently he cannot petition again within the six months. The only record should be by order of the H. P, that objections have been made (without specifying them or the name of the objector,) and therefore, notwithstanding the ballot, the candidate is declared rejected, and the fee ordered to be returned.

It has been suggested that the Craft would be likely to receive benefit from an edict requiring proficiency in each of the preceding before passing to the next degree. Some of the Chapters, it is said, have adopted this as a regulation for their own government, and it is found so productive of good they think it would be well to make it general. If it should be your opinion that the subordinate Chapters throughout the state would in fact comply with such a regulation, and enforce it in spirit as well as in letter, I have no doubt but it would promote the good of the Craft.

A MASONIC INCIDENT.— A little incident, containing some mystical interest, transpired in Wayne county, S. C., during the late war. It is as follows:

It was late at night, the husband was absent, and tha wife alone with her children, had retired. Three or four soldiers rudely knocked at the door of the house and demanded entrance and something to eat. The good woman told them that it was too late, that she had nothing cooked; but, fearing that they would break down the door, she got out of bed to expostulate with them. They insisted that she should immediately cook something for them, and while she was getting ready, and they were roaming about the house, one of the party, who seemed to be the leader, found a copy of Mackey's "Masonic Jurisprudence." Turning over the fly-leaf, he saw the name of the frightened woman's husband written there. "Is this your husband's name?" he asked. "Yes, sir," was the timid reply. "Is he a Freemason?" "Yes, sir, a Royal Arch Mason." The officer instantly turned to his men, and gave the order — "Come, boys! right about — forward — march!" and the house was quickly cleared and closed.

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HOME DEPARTMENT.

For the Mystic Star.

KATY KILMORE OR THE MARKET GIRL.

BY REV. L. A. ALFORD, D. D.

In a large and elegant mansion on Clark street resided a gentleman known as Col. Murray, who was a man of some fifty years, very pleasant and agreeable, especially among children; and when he saw any in distress, or cruelly treated, was just the man to ferret it out.

He was a gentleman in the first rank of society; frank, generous and genial, and had one of the most agreeable and amiable families in the city. In an earlier period of his life he had been engaged in mercantile pursuits, and by prudence and fair dealing had amassed to himself a nice fortune, and he now determined to use it to the best possible advantage, by relieving the destitute and helping the poor, dividing his time by the twenty-four inch guage, always remembering that eight hours of the day belonged to God and to the help necessary to soothe and comfort an afflicted brother, his widow or orphans.

"Good morning, Col. Murray," remarked Mr. Rostein, as the Col. entered his market-room, "cold morning, this."

"Indeed, Mr. Rostien, it is severely cold. I have been thinking of the many that must suffer in the city, the weather is so cold, and wood so extraordinarily high. I am informed this morning that wood is selling at eight dollars per cord," continued the Colonel.

"Impossible! What will we do?"

"O, we shall live through it, but what will poor people do?"

"They will suffer, no doubt."

"'Sufier!' Yes, and some I fear will freeze to death—the thermometer was twenty degrees below zero this morning at sunrise."

"Cold, very cold, Col. Murray."

"We know but little of the suffering of thousands in the city."

"O, I don't imagine that there are so many as that, Colonel, but I saw a little girl here yesterday that touched my sympathies more than any I have seen this long time."

"Ah! Who was she?"

"She said her name was Katy Kilmore."

"Kilmore, did you say?"

"Yes, I believe that was the name she gave me."

"Where did she reside?" asked Col. Murray.

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"On Lake street, I believe, sir. Do you know anybody by that name Colonel?"

"Once I did," continued Mr. Murray, with a sad look, "but they are gone."

"To whom do you refer?"

"O my brother; his wife's name was Kilmore, but they are gone. But what of the little girl?"

"Well, Colonel, the long and short of it is this: She came in here day before yesterday to get a market basket of steak, and being a little timid, stood in the corner till she was quite chilled, and in going home froze one of her feet."

"Wrong, Mr. Rostien, you should have noticed her sooner."

"I acknowledge that, Colonel, but she came again yesterday and told me that in addition to the freezing she received a severe whipping on her return."

"Impossible!"

"Well, I believe she told the truth, Colonel. She said, too, she had eaten nothing since noon the day before."

"And you fed her, I suppose?"

"Forgot it, Colonel, forgot it."

"Forgot to feed a hungry little girl? Strange!"

"I asked her to go in and warm her, but she said she could not stay a moment; so I hurried her off as quickly as possible. I dare say she got a good breakfast when she got home, Colonel."

"May be not. I should like to know it myself."

"So should I, Mr. Murray."

Just at this time the little girl made her appearance for another basket of steak.

"Well, Katy, you are out again. This is a cold morning."

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Murray looked at the little girl a moment and then asked:

"Where do you live, little Miss?"

"On Lake street, sir."

"Who do you live with, dear?"

"Mrs. Blair."

"Is Mrs. Blair a relative of yours?" enquired Col. Murray.

"I don't know, sir."

"What is your name, little sis?"

"Katy Kilmore."

"My brother's wife's maiden name, as sure as you live, Mr. Rostien," continued Mr. Murray, with emotion.

"How long have you lived in the city?"

"Five or six years, sir."

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"I thought you told me yesterday that Mrs. Blair was your aunt?" remarked Mr. Rostien.

"I did," said Katy, bursting into tears.

"But what is the reason that you don't know to-day what you knew so well yesterday?" continued Mr. Rostien.

"O sir, I shall get whipped to death if I tell you anything about it."

"No you won't," remarked Col. Murray as he threw his cloak a little back from his heavy shoulders. "I'll see that woman before I sleep."

Katy continued to cry incessantly till the market basket was filled, and then left hastily.

"Send your John up with my steak, Mr. Rostien, I shall see where this little girl lives before I go home," continued Col. Murray.

"It shall be done immediately."

Mr. Murray drew his cap closely about his ears, and bringing his cloak forward, sallied out impervious to the chilling Northwester.

Away ahead of him in the street was little Katy with a sad heart; for she feared that from some source Mrs. Blair would hear that she had conversed with Col. Murray, and had informed him of her condition, and she instinctively shrank from the cruel blows that she fancied she should receive. For she verily believed that Mrs. Blair was none too good to whip her to death, or if not quite so horrible a deed as this, place her recovery beyond hope. This oppressed her so much that she could not refrain from weeping, though she dared not appear in Mrs. Blair's presence in such a condition, nor did she know that Col. Murray was on her track and that he intended to scearch out "the hidden things of dishonesty."

Katy reached home, and as soon as she entered the house began to cry. She thought Mrs. Blair knew all that she had said, and she so feared detection that she could not restrain her feelings.

"Crying again?" remarked Mrs. Blair, giving her a heavy thump against the side of her head.

"They made me tell or, I shouldn't," returned Katy.

"Tell what?" sharply retorted Mrs. Blair, bringing her foot down heavily upon the floor. "Have you told anybody where you lived?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"I'll be the death of you then," shouted Mrs. Blair as she caught the little girl by the hair of her head and drew her into the kitchen.

Mr. Murray had followed little Katy to the door, and had arrived just soon enough to hear the loud threat of the mistress, and had knocked at the door, but the confusion of the lady so operated on her sense of hearing as to render that faculty inoperative, so an ordinary call did not awake sensibility.

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"Oh don't," Mr. Murray distinctly heard as the door slammed violently within, and he considered it his duty to lay aside the formalities of social life and at once introduce himself to Mrs. Blair. In fact he felt anxious to witness the scene, so opening the door he walked through the sitting room into the kitchen, and unconscious to Mrs. Blair, caught he arm just as she was in the act of striking the little girl with a heavy cowhide.

"Hold up, good woman," remarked the Colonel.

"Who are you?" shouted the furious and cruel woman as she saw the presence and felt the strength of the stranger.

"No matter, ma'am; you must not strike that child again!"

Mrs. Blair, after a moment's pause, remarked, "I'll do as I please, stranger."

"I guess not," coolly remarked Col. Murray.

"What business have you here?"

"Enough, I presume, for your comfort."

Mrs. Blair raved and stormed for a moment like a maniac, while little Katy crept up close under Mr. Murray's cloak, and shook for very fear.

Continued.

THE ÆSTHETICS OF CONSTRUCTION.

That oft-quoted line from Keats' Endymion,

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever,"

contains an expression whose beauty is more frequently commended than is its precepts followed. The heedless pursuit of wealth, which characterizes the present age, leads men to disregard its teaching to an extent which but too clearly indicates how closely æsthetics and ethics are allied. Hitherto engineers have not paid sufficient attention to this subject, and the architects of modern times but too often forget that theirs is a noble profession, involving the grandest principles of the fine arts, and not a mere trade whose practice is purely utilitarian.

The works of the civil engineer are generally of a vast and conspicuous character, and need artistic treatment, wherever admissible, so as to prevent the numerous hideous and incongruous structures which deface our cities and our lands. It is especially in the early youth of any art that a disregard of the æsthetical is shown. A city springs up on the banks of a river; a bridge is needed, and a bridge is built; the animal instinct—if we may use the expression—demanded the bridge, and the bridge alone. Economy was, therefore, in

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this instance, the governing motive. Necessity demanded its erection, and but little thought was given to its architectural condition; for in the absence of education, no necessity arises for anything else than utilitarian serviceableness. As the people of the city advance in education, they become less reluctant to lend their influence to the beautifying of the structure; objectionble straight lines are replaced by gracefully curved ones, and uncouthness gives way to elegance. The people are educated by this example; their artistic morality is improved, and their conceptions are purified even by the contemplation of a bridge; and when this city of our imagination has developed itself into a greater one, and another bridge is demanded, the people will discover that their second bridge can be built with both elegance and economy. Thus can a bridge be made an art teacher, whose influence is more extended than could be imagined. One of the greatest enemies to art in engineering, is the expense. A general and erroneous apprehension exists that the artistic rendition of an engineering work involves an unreasonable expenditure, for which there is no palpable return. The average commercial mind of the present time is but seldom occupied with anything except the immediate return on the capital invested. And, unless as an advertisement, or when actuated by a spirit of competition, will such appropriation of capital be allowed. No spirit of sacrifice for the cause of art or the public will be tolerated; and art is forbidden unless on the ground of some apparent economy or indirect advantage resulting from any such expenditure.

Another enemy to the development of art, in engineering works, is the general belief that the artistic is antagonistic to the practical. This idea is a very erroneous one. The question resolves itself into one of education. The civil engineer is deficient in education if he is not conversant with rudimentary principles of architecture; and if he should be thus informed, he must have a conception of the artistic.

The argument that the comprehensive character of the art of construction is such that subdivision is necessary, and that there should be railway engineers and engineers marine, hydraulic, and mechanical; and that every civil engineer should confine himself to a specialty of work, should not deter him from being not only generally informed upon all branches, but also educated so that he is capable of exercising taste wherever such is required. Three centuries ago the artistic and practical features of education were combined in the architect of the period, and so comprehensive were the artists of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries that they combined the most opposite arts in their practice. Michael Angelo painted the "Last Judgment;" he designed numerous hydraulic and other engineering works; he built the Rialto

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bridge at Venice — a marvel of engineering and artistic skill — and he carved the famous statues of David and Moses. Leonardo da Vinci not only displayed his genius in his design of the "Last Supper," but carried out the extensive drainage works of the Lagune, and set out many vast systems of irrigation. He was a mathematician, a man of science, a poet and a musician, in all which walks he excelled! Raphael, and many others, might be instanced in illustration of the successful combination of æsthetical and practical arts. Such examples may, perhaps, have no direct application to the present time, but nevertheless the civil engineer, the mechanical engineer, the architect and the builder, should not so limit the range of their capability in their individual pursuits as to lose sight of the universal in the particular. It is the negligence of this which has contributed so largely to the absence of harmony in their works.

As a general rule, the civil engineer should be sufficiently well acquainted with architectural principles as to give a harmonious rendering to his work; for the originating mind instinctively carries out to the best advantage the artistic embellishment of the work without the assistance of an architect, unless the work is one involving much architectural effect. As vastness characterizes the works of the civil engineer, so should their architectural characters be simple in detail and massive in proportion. It is in this manner that the engineering vastness of the Egyptian monuments are so impressive, whereas if the Pyramids and Ramesian temples had been designed with that profuseness of detail and minutia — which but too frequently characterize the decoration of great engineering works in modern times — their grandeur would not have been apparent, and incongruity and insignificance would have been the result. Many an opportunity for the display of artistic ability has been lost even in the erection of a furnace chimney, which generally towers above all its surroundings. Sometimes an attempt is made to convert it into a campanile, or inappropriately to introduce Gothic details; and, in a contrary manner, we have often seen structures of a light character — which, in their mechanical design, would have been a credit to the engineer — having the appearance of superfluous weightiness, and appearing to the eye absolutely borne down by the character of their decorations. Numberless examples might be recorded as an illustration of the deficient artistic cultivation of the civil engineer.

This question, we think, should seriously occupy the attention of our readers at a time when the rough temporary structures of the past will have to make way for the the superior permanency of the future, when cumbersome and unsightly trestle bridges will be replaced by substantial ones of wrought iron. Indeed, we are about

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entering a new era of civil engineering in this country, and this should therefore call forth the artistic ability of our engineers. We already, with fear and trembling, hear of associations which undertake to contract for bridges of any pattern, size or strength. This tends to repetition, which has produced such direful consequences to our home architecture, as it has in Europe. Indeed, at the present time, it may, without exaggeration, be affirmed that a house may be designed, by consulting the trade price books in circulation, in any style, at any price, and without consideration of surroundings, locality, etc. This, although apparently an economy and necessity in the feverish haste of the present time, is very detrimental to the good taste of a design. Cast iron architecture, so prevalent in New York City, has the same bad tendency. Such a system gives a fatal facility to the designer to accommodate his design to some cheap decorative patterns named, priced and illustrated in the trade price book, which, having but little regard to harmony in appropriateness, gives an incongruity to the design whose results are odious and detrimental. These remarks refer particularly to all classes of iron castings, such as railings, drain pipes, finials, crestings, etc.

The builder, although his business is strictly practical, should be so educated artistically as to be competent to carry out with perfectness the design of the architect. This is an important point at a time when the builder's position is so responsible. The extent to which the subject applies to the manufacturer is unlimited. But, as a manufacturer, the mechanical engineer is open to more cultivation of taste in the character of his work, so that the eye will no longer be offended with unsightly castings and inharmonious combinations. These observations have particular application to machine tools, such as planing, drilling, turning machines, steam engines and steam hammers.

Civil engineers should reflect upon the great works of the Romans, and be emulated by the spirit which conceived them. No opportunity should be lost to exercise a discriminating taste. And what splendid opportunities are daily offering themselves for the exercise of this faculty — railway viaducts, bridges, chimney shafts, water towers — all of which can be rendered tasteful and beautiful by an expenditure so slight as to be unworthy of consideration.— *The Technologist.*

Cornelius O'Dowd says, in *Blackwood*, that in England he meets a marvellous energy and "go" that he finds nowhere else. "I, of course except America," he adds, "for with us we work life at high boiler pressure, but the Yankees do more — they sit on the valves."

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A GREEN SPOT.

The late Noah Winslow was fond of telling the following incident of his mercantile life, and he never closed the naration but with swimming eyes:

During the financial crisis and crash of '57, when heavy men were sinking around us, and banks were tottering, our house became alarmed in view of the condition of its own affairs.

The partners — three of us, of whom I was the senior — met in our private office for consultation. Our junior had made a careful inventory of everything — of his bills receivable, and bills payable — and his report was, that twenty thousand dollars of ready money, to be held through the pressure, would save us. Without that we must go by the board — the result was inevitable. I went out upon the street and among my friends, but in vain.

Two whole days I strove, and begged, and then returned to the counting-house in despair. I sat at my desk, expecting every moment to hear our junior sounding the terrible words, "our paper is protested!" when a gentleman entered my department unannounced. I could not locate him nor call him to my mind in any way.

"Mr. Winslow," he said, taking a seat at the end of my desk, "I hear you gre in need of money."

The very face of the man inspired me with confidence, and I told him how I was situated.

"Make your individual note, for one year, without interest, for twenty thousand dollars, and I will give you a check, payable in gold for that amount."

While I sat gazing upon him in speechless astonishment, he continued:

"You don't remember me; but I remember you. I remember when you were a member of the Superintending School Committee of Bradford, I was a boy in the village school. My father was dead; my mother was poor; and I but a shabbily clad child, though clean. When our class came out on examination day you asked the questions. I fancied you would praise and pet the children of rich and fortunate parents, and pass me by.

"But it was not as I thought. In the end you passed by all the others and came to me. You laid your hand on my head, and told me I did very well; and then you told me I could do better still if I would try. You told me the way to honor and renown were open to all alike, no one had a free pass. All I had to do was to be resolved and push on.

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That, sir, was the turning point of my life. From that hour my soul has aspired, and I have never reached a great good without blessing you in my heart. I have prospered and am wealthy, and now I offer you but a poor return for the soul wealth you gave me in that bygone time."

"I took the check," said Winslow, "and drew the gold; and our house was saved. And where, at the end of the year," he added, "do you suppose I found my note?"

"In possession," he said, with streaming eyes," of my little orphaned grand-daughter! Oh, hearts like that man's are what bring earth and heaven nearer together!"

LIFE MORE PRECIOUS THAN GOLD.

The following incident, which is true in every particular, we have never seen in print, and we take this occasion to rescue it from oblivion, and give the precious waif the immortality it deserves- We hope it may meet the eye of the hero of the incident, that he may know that good deeds are never lost. We only regret that our informant has forgotten the name of the brother, or that, too, should have immortality in this life, as well as in the life to come.

Some years ago a French Brother, whose name we are unable to give, after having spent nine years of severe toil, delving in the gold diggings, resolved to return to France with the competency which he had been fortunate enough to acquire in those nine years of hard labor, toil and exposure, He took passage in the ill-fated steamer "Golden Gate," the particulars of the loss of which is still vividly impressed upon the minds of all Californians, and need not be recapitulated here. Suffice it to say, that when the terrible alarm was given, that all was lost, this brother secured his belt and hard earned gold around his waist, and seizing a floating spar, made what effort he could to save himself and the treasure that constituted his all. Presently he discovered a little girl, though partly sustained from drowning by a life preserver, yet evidently being every moment in the most imminent danger of being engulphed. Without a thought of self, he struck out for the little girl, brought her to the spar, with the hope of yet reaching shore. Alas! the additional weight made one thing evident, that the dear little one must be abandoned, or — the gold! What did our hero do? Simply, his duty — that duty so often inculcated around the altar of Freemasonry. Unlashing his heavy treasure belt, he let it

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sink, down to the coral caves of the mighty deep, and had the happiness of reaching shore with his charge — with empty pockets! Poor and destitute indeed, but richer and far happier than the miser with his millions. What a glorious reward awaits that brother — if he has not already received it — when the Grand Master of the Celestial Lodge shall say unto him, "Well done!"

TRIO OF SCHOLARS — SHAKSPEARE, BACON, MILTON.

Among the female sovereigns who have illustrated the history of monarchial governments, Elizabeth, by her mental endowments, her education, her administrative skill, occupies a most distinguished rank. Her reign was long, peaceful and brilliant; but its highest glory resulted from the illustrious scholars, poets, statesmen, orators, divines, and dramatic authors who adorned and ennobled it. It was not her scepter — not the tiara of diamonds that encircled her brow, but it was jewels of mind clustering around her court which made her name and her age famous. Shakspeare, Bacon, Milton appeared in her day, and reigned, not by hereditary right or force of arms, but by the mightier powers of genius, possessing a domain wider and more desirable than that of Elizabeth, or any of the sovereigns of Christendom before or since her time.

What marvels of intellect they were! What prodigies of elegant, varied and profound learning! How large and comprehensive their faculties! How wide their scope of vision! How literal their ideas! How genial their feelings! With what ease they grasped the histories of the past! With what keenness and solicitude they scrutinized the existing status of England and its relation to other countries! With what indifference they treated the scholastic subtleties of Aristotle and of antiquity! How desirous they were to reconstruct the moral and literary worlds — Bacon in philosophy, Milton in poetry, Shakspeare in the drama — and to throw over each of them a halo of glory, streaming down from the skies, and circulating through every part of the body politic.

Shakspeare was not a university man and no wrangler for its prizes. His ambition soared higher. His aspirations embraced humanity and its disenthrallment from prescriptive rules. Bacon had passed through the studies of an Oxford curriculum, and was not favorably effected by the odor which exhaled from them. The education of the times in which he appeared resembled a balloon inflated with gas. This great

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man touched it with his Ithuriel spear, and it collapsed. The author of "Instauration of the Sciences," and founder of inductive system of reasoning, put to flight the owls, bats and birds of ill-omen of the dark ages — dark equally through ignorance and crime — abolished the reign of paradoxes, and introduced an era of broad common sense and of clear and luminous ideas.

Milton, the greatest champion of liberty, civil and religious, of the sixteenth century, the successful advocate of privilege against prerogative, author of "the liberty of unlicensed printing" and freedom of discussion — a republican springing up in the soil of monarchial ideas — an opponent of the divine right of kings — a fearless asserter of the liberties of the people, was yet, during his early life, trammeled by old ideas, from the blinding and enfeebling influence of which he only escaped when he had attained to the culmination of his grand intellect. He passed through a long novitiate of preliminary experiences before he was prepared to wear the crown which Minerva and the Muses had woven for his imperial brow.

Shakspeare exhibited greater boldness, and a more untamed and irrepressible spirit, than the others of this wonderful trio. He was a freeman equally by birth and principle, and exulted in a larger liberty than any of his British cotemporaries. He had gained the rudiments of learning, the foundations of language, and the clue to the whole circle of arts and sciences at the grammar school of Stradford-upon-Avon. This training was adequate to all the purposes of a great and original genius, whom Providence had raised up, not to depend on others for his thoughts, but to do his own thinking, and shape his own brilliant career. Had he pursued his studies at Oxford or Cambridge, he would have bent the knee to their masters. He would have fallen into the track of the old Greek drama, been hampered by its rules and precedents, and we should never have received from his gifted hand the genuine and glorious old English drama, of which he was the undoubted father and founder. In his hands it became flexible and maleable as gold, and was fantastically moulded into forms of grace and majesty which inspired awe, awakened sympathy and kindled enthusiasm.

In a certain church a question was to be taken. Having no boxes the minister's hat was borrowed. It was passed all around the church and report says nothing was put in it. As the hat was returned to the pulpit the minister looked into it, and seeing it empty, said: "Well, brethren, I am very much obliged to you for returning my hat."

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EDITORIAL.

For the Mystic Star.

ANTI-MASONRY AND ANTI-CHRIST IDENTICAL.

BY M. W. ALFRED, A. M., M. D.

Chapter II.---The Test of Moral Rectitude.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1870, by M. W. Alfred, A. M., M. D., in the Clerks Office of the Western District of Michigan.

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Inasmuch as we are put upon trial by our accusers, at the bar of community, and charged with great guilt and wickedness, it may not be amiss to enquire by what law our actions are to be tried. What is the test of moral uprightness or moral obliquity? Are we to be a lodge of Free and Accepted Masons in the county of St. Lawrence, judged by the edicts of "His Holiness," or the austere opinion of some self-righteous divine, or the ascetic rigor of some cynic priest? We plead in abatement, to the jurisdiction of these tribunals, first, last and forever.

Religion, reason and science unite in ascribing to many human actions the qualities of right or wrong, of virtuous or vicious, praise-worthy or blame-worthy, good or evil, just or unjust. It would, however, be a great mistake to contend that all human actions possess these qualities. There are many that have no moral quality whatever. Human actions may be prudent or imprudent, wise or unwise, polite or impolite, courteous or discourteous, graceful or awkward, affable or rigid, refined or barbarous, bold or bashful. Even those actions which possess moral qualities may be so varied by the intention by which they are put forth, that the same action may in one case be right, and in another wrong. For example, I give a man a sum of money, If this is done with the intention of procuring bread for his famishing family, the act is morally right, but if it was given with the intention of hiring him to beat my enemy, the giving it is morally wrong. Thus it is seen that the intention varies the moral character of the action entirely. So, also, one may take upon himself an obligation to perform a certain act, or not to do a certain thing: If the intention in taking this obligation is to promote his own good and the good of others, the obligation is morally right, but if is taken as a passport to villainy, it is wrong. Every one acquainted with the science of morals

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is aware that even when the intention is right, from an imperfection of the judgment, the action may result in harm. And thus, when harm is the result of an action, we may do the author of the action great injustice by imputing it to a vile intention. We are at best poorly qualified to correctly judge of the intentions of the human heart.

Does the moral quality of an action depend on its conformity to law? Certainly not, for law itself may not be morally just and right. To affirm this would be to assert that law is necessarily right. Nor can the custom of society, with which an action may correspond, prove its moral rectitude. Custom may not be right. Nor again, can the moral character of an action be determined by an enthusiastic revelation from heaven, prejudice, or some odd fancy or caprice.

I once knew an honest old man who became convinced (though not a Jew) that it was sinful to eat the flesh of swine. He stated that he became considerably agitated in his mind on this subject, and that while riding his horse through a wood, he heard a voice from heaven exclaiming, "Humphrey, Humphery, eat no more hog meat;" and thus was the sinfulness of eating pork engraved on his inmost conscience. So one deems it an almost unpardonable offence to smile, but that groans are acts of piety, while another holds the reverse to be the true standard of sancity.

Right and wrong as applied to moral actions exists as an essential element in their nature. They are right or wrong because of their essential nature. This element is independent of all law, custom or whimsey. Law can no more make right wrong, than it can make bitter sweet, or black white, or a triangle square. Any enactment to make wrong right, and *vice versa*, must be an extraordinary sort of legislation. These qualities belong to moral actions as such, and prior to all legislation. Few men of thought will be found who will aver that law gives to moral actions their moral quality — that a law legalizing murder would change the nature of that act to virtue — that a law forbidding us to feed a famishing brother would render that act a crime. Some, perhaps, may be found who maintain that the moral quality of an action exists in the command of God. That this is an error may easily be shown by the two following enquiries: First, did the action become right because of the Divine command? or, Second, did he command it because it was right?

No one need to be misled. The truth lies in an affirmative answer to the second question. He commanded it because it was right. This being so, it again necessarily follows if he commanded it because it was right, it must have been right prior to the command and therefore independently of it.

There is no legislative power in the universe that can by any

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enactment make virtue vice, or vice virtue. These properties inhere in moral actions, and are essential to them. It is essential to the existence of a perfect or equilateral triangle, that its three sides are equal, and its angles equal to two right angles. Failing in these respects, its existence is destroyed. So is it necessary to the existence of a moral action that it be essentially right or wrong. If law originates the moral rectitude of an action, then there existed no reason for enacting the law. Virtue and vice, before the law, were essentially alike, and conseqently equally pleasing to Deity, until He without any reason for so doing preferred one to the other. What an abomination! Yet to this conclusion one is irresisibly driven who denies that moral actions are in themselves essentially right or wrong, independent of all legislation. How can a human being know that an action is right?

Answer. By the exercise of the faculty with which his Creator endowed him when he made him a "living soul." This quality, or power, or faculty of the mind is most appropriately denominated conscience, or the internal knowledge of right and wrong.

The test of beauty or deformity exists in the intelligent judgment of a sentient being, and not in legislation. This "taste" is in some respects analogous to the faculty or power we call conscience. Conscience is as much a Divine revelation to man as anything enunciated from Sinai's smoking summit. This faculty or revelation is bestowed only on man. Brutes are not thus endowed by the Creator, and without this faculty man would rank among the inferior animals. He might be a mischievous animal but could not be a moral agent. The dictates of conscience being a Divine revelation necessarily coincide with the will of the Creator, as revealed in another mode, namely, in the holy Scriptures. Both modes of revelation having the same author, constitute a perfect rule of life, and test of the moral rectitude or obliquity of human actions.

From hence it follows that every man, being in possession of a conscience and the book of the holy Scriptures, is competent to judge for himself whether his conduct is pleasing or displeasing to the Father of Spirits.

Again, it follows, that whosoever attempts to decide for the conscience of another attempts to enslave his God-like nature, and at the same time he usurps the Divine prerogative as the judge of the secrets of all hearts.

We claim to be the judges of our own social relation, and if these do not please our accusors we cannot help it. We also claim to have consciences as fully enlightened as are those of our enemies. Our consciences do not upbraid us in consequence of our relations to society

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and to Freemasonry, nor admonish us of any violation of moral principle in connection therewith.

We do not propose at present to be judged by the conscience of a professed adversary. How can such an one make us feel guilty when we do not feel guilty. Will railings bring us upon our knees to them? They aim to think and judge and feel for us, and put forth their hand to take from the head of Deity his crown:

"Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Rejudge his justice, and be God of God."

We wish it then most distinctly understood that while we do not attempt to control the consciences of other men, we shall not relinquish our right to follow the dictates of our own. These human tests of right and wrong are very fluctuating. That which is moral in one case is immoral in another. *Ille crucem sceleris pretium hic diadema.*

Continued.

MASONS MURDERED BY ANTI-MASONS.

The following deeds of barbarity inflicted upon members of the Masonic brotherhood are only preludes to what our intolerant enemies would do in every section and dominion if they had the power. The Blanchards, the Finneys, the Catholics and their lesser satelites would soon come to the work. Any set of men who declare that Masons should not hold office in a civil government and shall be disfranchised, and not be allowed to give evidence in court, would take one stage more and murder and massacre Masons everywhere indiscriminately. The vile enmity cultivated by the leaders of the anti-Masonic movement in our country, partakes of the same spirit, that moved the Catholics in Cuba, to murder our brothers herein mentioned.

It behooves Masons to be watchful, as they ever have been, of the real welfare of humanity. Educate the ignorant masses. Enlighten those who are in darkness and in the shadow of death. Bring the mighty power of truth to bear upon human thought. It is not impossible but that Blanchard & Co., may form an alliance with the Pope of Rome and his forces and yet make us great trouble. They may through pretense to destroy Masonry, strike a blow at our noble system of government. The same spirit of intolerance has crushed the principle of freedom in other countries, and they may try to do it. ED.

HAVANA, February 26, 1870.

Commencing my letter with Santiago, I must say that I have no military news from there to report, but in offset I have another wholesale

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execution of Cubans, and of two Americans citizens, to announce When Colonel Gonzales Boet captured the family of the Cuban General Figuere do, he also took a number of documents and letters addressed to the General. From these the Spaniards claim to have discovered the existence of a Junta, or association, in Santiago City, whose mission was to assist the insurgents in all possible ways. From forty to fifty persons — planters, merchants, lawyers, doctors, clerks, etc.— were at once arrested, and the latest news informs us that thirteen of the most prominent have been tried by a military commission — formed, as usual in this island, for the purpose of condeming — found guilty of *infidencia* (disloyalty,) sentenced to death and executed. The only letter I have received gives the names of only five of the victims, as follows: Senor Andres La Puente, the Grand Orient of the Freemasons of the island, a very wealthy planter, and a man universally esteemed for his benevolence and fine abilities; Captain Jose Villalongo, once an officer of the Spanish army; Don Jose M. Portondo, a planter; and the two American citizens, Messrs. Charles Damnery and John F. Portuondo — the first an American by birth and the second by naturalization.

A MASONIC LODGE.

The executed gentlemen, when arraigned before the military commission that condemned them, admitted the existence of an association, to which they belonged, but denied its being a political junta, but only a Masonic lodge; that they met together as Masons, for Masonic purposes, and not as politicians for political purposes. This defense appears to have angered instead of satisfied the Spaniards.

MASONS OR CUBANS — TREAT EACH ALIKE.

A Catalan priest, who since the commencement of the war has been noted for the ultraism of his loyalty and his violent denunciations of the Cubans, immediately pronounced Freemasons no better than insurgents; that the rising of Yara was plotted and planned in Masonic lodges; that Cespedes is a Mason; and that wherever Masons congregate, there Spanish loyalty withers and dies. With the same fanatical eloquence that some of his ancestors no doubt employed in the times of the Inquisition for the prosecution before and persecution by this terrible tribunal of some person charged with heresy, he inflamed the passions of his auditors, and the result was, as stated, the condemnation of the thirteen accused. So true it is, as admitted by Senator Gil Gelpi editor of the *Prensa*, a thorough Spanish fanatic, but at the same time the most candid and the plainest spoken of Havana Spaniards, that the Spain of to-day is the same Spain of the times of Peter the Cruel, Phillip II., and the Duke of Alba; that Spaniards have not changed. Mr. Phillips, ably seconded by Mr. Ramsden, the British Consul, en-

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deavored hard and long to save the lives of his two countrymen, Messrs. Damnery and Portuondo, but without success. The volunteers insisted upon their life blood being shed, as well as that of their eleven Cuban associates, and thwarted all appeals made to the Lieutenant Governor of the district to spare them. The two Americans were Freemasons, and therefore were sacrificed to Spanish intolerance and fanaticism.

JURISPRUDENCE.

"Is it the imperative duty of the Junior Warden to present charges against the brothers guilty of disorderly conduct?"

Answer, no. Unless he chooses to be the prosecutor of the Masonic trials of his lodge. The oversight of the Craft during the time of refreshments does not consist in presenting charges, but in giving good Masonic advice, and kindly whispering caution in the ear of a brother warning him of approaching dangers.

"Can charges be preferred against a brother who casts a negative ball to the advancement in the degrees of F. C. or W. M.?"

Answer, no. As long as it is the law to spread the ballot for each degree neither the lodge nor any member has a right to know who cast a blackball. A secret ballot, if conducted Masonically is within the breast of the brother casting it, and there it should eternally remain If a brother should disclose the fact that he was the one who cast the ball for that disclosure he is guilty of violating one of the most sacred things in Masonry; and subjects himself to rigid Masonic discipline.

"Is a brother in duty bound to give his reasons why an E. A. or F. C. shall not advance?"

Answer, no. Because it is his prerogative to prevent him from advancing by a ballot. The law puts that ballot into his hands and absolutely requires him to cast it to the best of his knowledge and ability. If he threatens that such an one shall not go any further, for that threat he subjects himself to discipline and should be tried. Masons have no right to threaten. From the fact they can accomplish their object without.

"Is a brother under obligations to give his reasons why he objects to the advancement of an E. A. or a F. C. after the ballot has been spread and found clear?"

Answer, no. Unless he is willing to state his objection. It may be of such a nature that it would be imprudent for him to disclose and it is his right to keep that to himself.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

MISHAWAKA, April 15, 1870.

BR. BILLINGS — *Dear Sir* — Herein find an answer to your request to give you a reminiscence of my early Masonic life. I was born in Williston, Chittenden county, Vt., Feb. 20, 1790, my occupation has been saddle and harness business. In June, 1811, I joined Hamilton lodge of Free and Accepted Masons in the county of St. Lawrence, New York, Bro. Gordon, W. M. In the autumn following, in Massina Chapter of Royal Arch Masons, I took the four degrees of said Chapter Companion Steadman, M. E. High Priest. At that time there were but few clandestine or Anti-Masons and a man found worthy to belong to said society was a recommendation for him, and his word was good when pledged to a brother for any reasonable amount, and the widow and orphan were cared for and their wants supplied. The war of 1812 found me on the line between the two contending nations. Then was Masonry dear to me. Then if I found a man, either day or night, to be a brother, I was safe if even he was an enemy in time of battle. In 1819 I emigrated to Rochester, N. Y. There I found the best Masonic society I had ever met both in work and fellowship and was ever ready to aid and assist a worthy brother, and if a brother lived agreeable to the five points of fellowship, he found friends in time of need. In the spring of 1823 Wm. Morgan, a man about forty-five years old with a woman of about eighteen years came to this city he was not large, was very bald-headed (I have been informed beyond a doubt that he left a wife and five children in Baltimore, Md., and came away with his hired maid.) He was an operative and speculative Mason. He was much afflicted with inflamed eyes. If he had not got help from the brethren he would have been a pauper. He proposed to others, and also to me to join him and print a book called "Masonry Exposed," put in some Masonry, not enough to hurt the Craft, and fill it up with something beside. My answer was no, with a rebuke. He said it would make us rich. He went to Batavia, there he found a man by the name of Skinner, a printer, who published his "Masonry Exposed," far and near. We had a council of brethren who agreed not to pay any attention to them. It was not what the anties wanted. It was necessary that something be done to make the book sell well, and John Haskel of Leroy, considered a worthy brother and was then a leader of Masonry, after a short time published an Anti-Masonic paper. He sent for Morgan to come to Leroy; from there he sent him to Canindagua in an open buggy at liberty to stay or go as he chose with orders to put him into the hands of Masons at that place. Messrs

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Sawyer, Cheesbro and Lawson received him coming as he did from Haskel. They put him in jail. It was said he wanted to go to Canada. The Masons sent him to Fort Niagara and left him with the ferryman, Mr. Gideons, an anti-Mason who published the Anti-Masonic Almanac. He was not taken away and murdered by Masons as was reported, but the anties took him away and lost him. Then the anti-Masonic agitation run high, then the Scriptures were fulfilled, the father was against the son and son against the father and his enemies were of his own household, Such was the rage against Masons that we gave up our charter and Masonry died in those parts for the time being. Confidence was gone in the brotherhood and it was felt in the community at large. Masonry is the same now as then, but that fellowship and confidence has not been fully restored. In the year 1836 I emigrated to Mishawaka, St. Joseph Co., Indiana, my present residence, here, I helped to organize three Master Mason lodges, two Chapters, one Council. We generally have peace in our society, but have some unworthy members and so has all societies. I was eighty years old the 20th of February, 1870, a Mason more than half a century.

Yours truly, RICHMOND TUTTLE.

A MASONIC INCIDENT.

Some few years ago thousands were attracted to the land of gold. Like all other outbursts of excitement, there was much elbowing practiced. Get out of the way, or off the track, was the real feeling manifested by nearly all. If one failed whose physical constitution was not equal to the task, he was left, and the Levites and Priests of these latter days passed down on either side.

One day three companions, who formed a company, were eagerly prosecuting their journey, and two of this company were accosted by a man unable to pursue his journey, lying by the wayside. He spoke a language to them which they understood, being Masons. The third one, who was our informant, was not a Mason. At first he thought it strange that this man should attract his friends more than any others, for they were accustomed to see men, every day, left in like manner. But the fact was soon know that this man was a Mason, and his companions said "he must be cared for, we cannot leave him; our duty is to help this, our brother.' So they took him into their company, he had his wants amply supplied, he regained his health, and went on with them.

Our informant said never was he better paid for any act of his life

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than he was in administering to this man's wants. This noble work of the Good Samaritan amply paid him for everything which was done. And when he saw the strong cord of brotherly love exhibited by these strangers, he said he began to love the institution of Masonry. If Masonry would do for a suffering mortal what the citizen neglected, and even many professed Christians failed to perform, he considered it at least worthy of his consideration. That if he should chance to be in like circumstances he would like to belong to the Order, for he discovered that it possessed a power worthy of humanity; it exhibited stronger ties than could be found anywhere else; it had a power that reached the heart, and bound its members more closely than any other cord.

Here we may venture to reveal one of the Masonic secrets: Those three individuals were apparently, to the outside world, strangers, but they were not. This is the secret: Each one had been prepared in the heart to perform just such acts of brotherly kindness. Each one had pledged upon his sacred honor to help a brother wherever he should be found, and after exchanging tokens of recognition they were no more strangers, but friends and brothers, bound by a cord not easily broked.

IN MEMORIAM.

Died in New York on the evening of the 12th of March, M. W. Bro. R. D. Holmes, aged 54 years, Past Grand Master of the state of New York. Also, March 9th, Wm. B. Merriman, D. D. G. M. of Third Masonic District of New York, aged 38 years.

Death has once more invaded our sacred circle and in one short week removed two of our brethren upon whom we have been wont to lean as pillars of the Order, we revere. Holmes and Merriman have gone to their rest — they are dead — and while our hearts are touched with sorrow, as we recall the fact, we cannot but remember how little there is of the great and good which really dies. To the order to which they were so deeply attached and for which they labored so assidously they yet live, and will live for long years to come — they will live in the recorded proofs of their own actions, in the offspring of their intellect, and in the respect and homage of their brethren, and although their voices will never again be heard on earth their memory will ever be cherished by us fresh as the evergreen buried with them which is but an index and type of a life which will survive the wreck of matter beyond the tomb.

"God calls our friends but we lose not wholly that he hath given.
They live on earth in thought and deed as truly as in heaven."

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And while they may not with their own hands water and protect the plant they have so long and anxiously watched, it will flourish, for it has struck its roots far and deep, and no storm, however severely agitated by human agency can even overturn it.

"Faith, hope and charity" are the three graces which characterize the order of Freemasonry—the three unyielding links which hold it together, and while we cherish these principles we shall be enabled to withstand all the mutations of time and they will lead to the gentle streams that flow out from the throne of the Most High, which brings peace to the soul. Though "one by one" our strong men fall by the inexorable decree yet we will labor on and build for those who shall come after us. The stones we lay may be ill-shapen in the eyes of our opposers, the workmanship rude, yet the building will be permanent and our sacred altar, like that of the Patriarch, will hold an offering grateful to Deity, more acceptable to him than hecatombs of oxen or the most costly perfumes. Let us be faithful to the trust imparted to us, and be guided by the spirit of love and truth and ever pray to him who holdeth our lives in his hand that heavens richest blessing may rest upon our Order, and when our earthly work is done may we be accepted of him and permitted

"To worship round his blazing throne
In raptures more complete
Than seraphims have ever known,
Than angels can repeat."

LUX—VERITAS.

Light and truth have ever been considered by true Masons as inseparable principles to illustrate and symbolize the great lessons taught in Masonry. Light beautifully symbolizes knowledge. Masonically it brings the profane from a state of darkness. He comes from behind a cloud of ignorance to the knowledge of truth.

Our ancient Hebrew brothers had the *Urim* and *Thummin*, signifying light and truth. In Masonry light brings the mind overshadowed with darkness, into that of light or knowledge. It is emblematical of that light which Jehovah gave to the world when he said, "Let there be light, and there was light." Or expressed in other words, let there be knowledge, and there was knowledge.

These figures and emblems are of great significance in illustrating the teachings of Masonry. They are valued by Masons because of the moral power accompanying them. They assist in improving, developing and advancing thought, elevating the spirit, and enlarging the mind.

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EDITORS MYSTIC STAR — Please answer through the STAR a matter of jurisprudence:

Query. At a regular communication, there being none of the three principle officers present, has any member present a right, or is it incumbent on any of them to open and close lodge and record the same, and if there is a right on whom does it fall? B. DILL.

OAKFIELD, Wis., March 17, 1870.

Ans. In the absence of the three principal officers of the lodge the lodge cannot be opened.

MR. JAS. BILLINGS — *Sir and Brother:* I wish to ask you a question. Mr. McKechnie petitions Ashler Lodge of Detroit for the first degree in Masonry, was found clear and received the degree of E. A., after receiving the degree, moved his residence to East Saginaw. Ashlar Lodge permitted Saginaw Lodge No. 77 to confer the remaining degrees, Saginaw Lodge rejected the petition, Ashler Lodge claims to have lost all jurisdiction over him. Which lodge has jurisdiction over him?

I think Ashlar Lodge has lost jurisdiction of the candidate. The general rule is that where an E. A. or F. C. has been blackballed when applying for advancement, the candidate may ayply for advancement at every regular communication of the lodge thereafter.

WE cheerfully give place to an obituary of Major Rees, at the request of his widow:

Died, in Francisville, Ind., Dec. 11, 1868, Major John Rees, aged 49 years. He was born in Hampshire Co., Virginia, emigrated to Indiana in 1835, moved to Francisville in 1838, was long identified with the Masonic order, and for years a member of the Presbyterian church. The Major was a good man and a faithful Mason and "adorned his profession with a well ordered life and godly conversation. The stone that marks his resting place bears this inscription, "Blessed are he peacemakers for they shall be called the children of God."

FAVORS RECEIVED.—Since our last issue, we have received the Proceedings of the Grand Ledges of Michigan, Massachusetts, Alabama, Virginia, Georgia, Colorado and Idaho, likewise the transactions of the Grand Chapter of Iowa, Missouri, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin. For all of which we are sincerely grateful. We expect to extract from them a wealth of sound reading for our readers in coming times.

FLORISTS.— Send to James Vick, Rochester New York, for valuable and reliable seeds of all kinds.

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The Mystic Star.

May——1870.

ORATION OF R. W. BRO. ROBINS, GRAND ORATOR OF ILL.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE GRAND LODGE AT SPRINGFIELD, 1869.

Most Worshipful Grand Master, Wardens and Brethren:

One year ago to-night, when the last moments of the session were waning, and the hand on yonder dial had almost reached the low hour of twelve, some of us heard the beautiful address of the Grand Orator. All who were then present will understand why I approach my duty with diffidence, and hesitate to break in upon the murmuring echoes of that rippling river of silvery speech, the spell of whose eloquence yet rests upon us like a benediction of peace.

It is no light thing to follow such a man, and, in doing so, only your commands can acquit me of presumption. I ask your indulgence, then, while we consider the force that has sent us up hither from every part of this great state. What is this institution whose interests to-day engross our attention? Whence comes it, and why does it exist?

What is the peculiar nature of this paradox of all time, which, though wholly a voluntary association, can preserve its unity when families are divided, when churches are rent asunder, and even states go whirling out of their accustomed orbits? This institution which, though almost autocratic in its government, yet finds a common level whereon all, from the least to the greatest, stand as equals. This institution which, though it embraces enough to satisfy the highest mental culture, yet adapts itself with equal facility to those who might almost be termed illiterate. This institution which, though it comes down to us venerable with the weight of uncounted years, stands to-day with its frontlet unmarked by the furrows of Time, the dews of Eternal Youth glittering on its brow.

There must be some intrinsic reason for this wonderful vitality which has preserved it intact, and substantially unchanged, through so many centuries enabling it to withstand alike the disintegrating influences of time; the prejudices of the ignorant the anathemas and persecutions

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of the Romish Church, and the wiles of king-craft and state-craft vainly seeking to use it for selfish ends.

There must be some wonderful adaptability in an institution that can command alike the allegiance of the highest culture, and the mind whose outlook goes no further than the daily routine of a life of toil. In this, Masonry is like music. They are twin daughters of that harmony which we are wont to claim as the strength and support of our society. Doubtless, he who understands the whole science of music may find in it a keener esthetic enjoyment than the uneducated; but he who knows not a note, may have his soul lifted to the skies on the wings of its melody, and filled to the measure of its capacity with its harmony.

In attempting to inquire what Masonry is, let us first see what it is not.

In the first place, Masonry is not a church, nor, primarily, a religious organization. It is only so far interwoven with religion as to lay us under obligatons to pay a rational homage to the Deity. It knows nothing of sectarian lines, requiring only of its initiates a recognition of the one ever-living God — the Creator and Governor of the Universe.

As it knows no sect, so it knows no party, enjoining only on its members the duties of loyalty to their country, obedience to the civil magistrates, and a cheerful submission to the government under which they live. It is not a moral reform association. Not that it neglects the duty of reforming its own members, but it does not exist for the purpose of taking up the outcasts of society and attempting their reform. On the contrary, it requires that the candidates for its privileges shall be men of honor, integrity, and of good report.

But do not these things — the relations of the individual to God, the state, and to his fellows — include everything for which institutions need exist among men? — and if Masonry is not a church, a political organization, nor primarily engaged in the work of reform, why should it exist?

All institutions spring up to meet some real or fancied human need, and exist to conserve some truth, to give it expression and make it a vital force. If the truth, of which they are the outgrowth, be a central — a fundamental one — then have they within themselves the elements of perpetuity; and if it be fragmentary, then have they equally within themselves the germs of dissolution, and are smitten, even in their first inception, with the effacing fingers of decay.

The highway that has led down to the Present out of the misty Past, is strewn with the crumbling *debris* of institutions founded by men who caught at a fragment of truth and vainly supposed they possessed the key that would unlock the system of the Universe.

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Out of the great central truth that God *is*, has grown, as an expression of man's reverential adoration, the institution of the church; and so long as there exists finite beings to adore an Infinite God, so long will the church — using the word in the large sense — endure.

But men have often confounded their theological opinions with the essential verities of religion; and have projected institutions for the conservation of their particular dogmas. Founded in no *essential* truths, their wrecks lie stranded all along the shores of Time.

From the necessity of public peace and individual security, has grown the institution of civil government; and so long as man is an imperfect being, governments must exist. But peculiar governmental forms and political institutions have grown up, whose founders either lost sight of, or made secondary to, their own selfish interests, the great essential purpose of all just government — the security of the individual and the common good — and these have either quietly disappeared through their inherent tendency to decay, or they crumble and go down, as in our day, in the blood and flame of a Gettysburg or Sadowa.

So of the home, an institution comprehending all that we hold most dear. Being the natural outgrowth of that affection which binds together kindred or congenial souls, it must continue while love endures. But, catching at the fragmentary truth which we recognize in the mutual inter-dependence of all mankind, and overlooking the greater truth that the impulse of love is stronger than any merely economical consideration, men have attempted to erect socialism into a permanent institution. The attempt failed, not because it was founded wholly in error, for the system contained some elements of success, and these are being utilized and preserved in the co-operative associations of the present day. It failed because its truth was but fragmentary, and because its plan ignored the isolated home, founded on the sanctity of the family relation and that love which will tolerate no profanation of its Holy-of-Holies.

If, then, no institution can achieve a permanent existence unless it be an outgrowth of some central truth, and minister to some real want of humanity, the very permanence of Masonry, the fact that it has so long maintained its hold on human hearts, is sufficient evidence that it somehow ministers to the wants and aspirations of men.

Rejecting as fanciful the speculations of those who profess to trace Masonry back to the days of Enoch, we may yet say with safety, that it is among the most ancient of human institutions; not perhaps in its present form, but in forms so nearly allied as to leave little doubt of their identity. Whence this wonderful vitality? The answer, already partly indicated, is that Masonry is founded in essential truths, whence naturally flow the great moral lessons it inculcates, and

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that it recognizes and responds to that yearning desire for human sympathy which is implanted in every human heart.

The great central truth — the alpha of Masonry — is that God lives and governs the world, at once the Supreme Architect and Universal Father; that all mankind are his children, the objects of his love, and entitled to our consideration as members of the same great family. What wonder then, that in the long weary centuries through which man has struggled on towards the goal of a common equality; an institution of which this is the central idea should command the devotion of those who saw, even dimly, the logical sequence of this grand conception of the brotherhood of mankind. No human institution inculcates this truth with such force as Masonry. It views man separated from his accidents. It looks through the trappings of wealth; the insignia of rank; the humble garb of honest poverty, and sees alike beneath them all — the MAN. Within its charmed circle all are equal. Whether coming from the hovel of the peasant, or the palace of the prince; at its portals they leave all worldly distinctions, and meet on the level of its checkered floor, brothers and equals by virtue of their manhood. The humblest and the proudest man, travel the same paths to attain Masonic knowledge; are bound to the fraternity and to each other by the same sacred ties; their equal covenants are made in the presence of the same Almighty Father. To you, my brethren, these statements are but truisms. But if the uninitiated would ponder them with a sincere desire to discover the springs of that power by which Masonry holds the life-long allegiance of so many men, they would go far in assisting him to just conclusions.

From this perfect equality of all Masons, he will see how we naturally deduce those duties which we owe to our fellow men; all summed up in the injunction: "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you."

As naturally as the stream from the fountain, from this great central truth of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, flows the chief of Masonic virtues, charity or brotherly love, the topmost round of that emblematic ladder which reaches from earth to heaven. This virtue Masonry inculcates at every step. It is this which should lead us to seek a brother's welfare and hold his reputation equally with our own; to be ready to go out of our way to succor him if he be in need; to stretch forth our hands to support him if he be falling; to keep sacred in our own breasts the confidence which he gives us, only because we are his brothers by this mystic tie, and to whisper tenderly in his ear alone, that counsel which his errors and the purpose of his reformation may require. It is the assurance of the recognition of this virtue and the duties which grow out of it, among Masons, that

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hallows in their hearts the memory of the brother who dies among them a stranger, and whom they see perchance for the first time as they gather about his newly-made grave. It is this, too, that casts a halo of sanctity about his widow and orphans, and makes their future care the legacy of his survivors.

As the greater includes the less, so this broad charity includes the lesser charity of alms-giving. Thus Masonry teaches the claims of every human being on our sympathies; and if it recognizes as its first duty to minister to the wants of those who are of the household of the faithful, it does no more than is done by every association and institution under the sun. But the objection sometimes urged that Masonic charity is exclusive, is true only in the technical and narrow sense that its *revenues* are usually applied to Masonic uses within the fraternity. But millions outside its pale may bless the order whose subtle sympathies have first roused the slumbering benevolence of the heart, made it sensitive to the cry of distress, and quick to respond, come from what quarter it may. Even those whose hearts have been quickened by the glow of its altar-fires, can never compute the beneficent influence of Masonry in this direction; still less can they who have never drawn from its fountain of inspiration.

If Masonry is an organized recognition of human brotherhood, so, too, it is an organized expression of man's trust in his fellow man. So indispensable is a strict regard for that divine attribute, truth, that without it Masonry would be but a form without vitality enough to preserve it from putrefaction. So carefully is it calculated, and so universally accepted, that when two strangers meet and find each other to be Masons, each instinctively relies on the other's word because each has learned to trust to the influence of Masonry on the life of his fellows. Moreover, each brings to the other the recommendation that some lodge has, by admitting him to membership, unanimously endorsed him as a man of honor and veracity. The fundamental idea of human brotherhood, and its necessary corollaries — equality, brotherly love, and truth — constituting as they do the very essence of Masonic ethics, we can partially discern what it is that gives the institution its vitality, and comprehend its hold on the affectionate devotion of so many of the good and great whose names adorn the pages of its history. But beyond all this — permeating Masonry as the sunlight permeates the air we breathe — is an element of wonderful power, its mysticism. The incorporation of this element into its body is a practical recognition of a metaphysical fact of which all, perhaps, are conscious, but which few feel in its full force, *that a secret held between two or more persons is a bond of sympathy between them.* It brings them nearer together by giving them a point of

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common interest; and this aim is apparent in the whole plan of Masonry. It seeks attractions and not repulsions. It seeks and secures unity and harmony, by carefully eliminating all causes of diversity and discord. Not that it asks men to yield their convictions, but only that they shall not attempt to divert the order from its legitimate purposes and make it an engine of propagandism.

To you who have felt the power of this mysticism, there can be no better illustration of the potency of an idea than this: that while it is the custom to speak of Masonry as a secret society, yet so narrow is the thread of secresy that runs through it, and so wide the margin of its definitely declared aims, that it is almost a misnomer.

Whosoever turns to its law and its literature may gain a correct and very full knowledge of its nature and design. Its principles are as plain as the noon-day sun. Its charities are not paraded before the world, for it is too tender of the feelings of the recipients of its bounty, to add another to the stings of that necessity which impels them to ask it. Nor does it give to be seen of men, but clings to the injunction of its own great light, the Bible: "When thou giveth alms, give them in secret; let not thy left hand know what thy right doeth." It seeks not the meretricious popularity which follows in the wake of trumpeted charities, lest it should attract to its fold a class of mercenary persons whose affiliation would prove a source of weakness. But that which can really be called the secresy of Masonry, lies only in its ritual and ceremonial, the true *apporeta* which constitute that universal language spoken among people of every tongue and kindred, and by which a brother may recognize another anywhere under the wide arch of heaven. As the temple of Jerusalem, whither all the people went up to worship, though they were all possessed of the law and the testimony, yet the High Priest alone was permitted to enter the *sanctum sanctorum*, where dwelt the Shekinah—the symbol of the living Presence. So Masonry has its holy place, and its mysteries too sacred save for its own annointed.

The subtle, indefinable influence, the quick, apprehensive sympathy, engendered by the possession of a common secret held sacred and inviolable, can never be fully comprehended by those who have not themselves felt its mystic power.

It quickens the impulses of charity; sharpens the sense of integrity; softens the asperities of political warfare; tones down the dogmatic acrimony of theological discussion; mitigates the horrors of war, and prompts to deeds of truest chivalry—of generous self-sacrifice.

Many a tomb-stone standing where pestilence has blazed its desolating way through crowded cities, is but a monumental record of the self-sacrificing spirit thus developed.

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A striking illustration of its influence came under my own observation a few years since.

In a rural district, where the very name of the disease is terror, a Mason fell sick with small-pox. He was deserted by all save one young man, bound to him only by the Masonic tie, who watched over him while living, and alone cast the evergreen into his early grave. A few days later this young man came to the city suffering with the initial fever of the disease, and asked me to take him to the pest-house, to remain until the danger of infecting his friends was past. In answer to my questions he told me how he had contracted the disease, remarking that the man was a Mason and he "couldn't see him lie there and suffer without care." He made no ado about it, and seemed unconscious that he had performed an act of self-sacrificing devotion requiring the highest type of courage.

This young man's surroundings, the atmosphere of his daily life, had not been of an elevating character. More than likely he neglected the "mint, anise, and cummin" of the law, and might have been termed a reprobate by those who adhere rather to the letter which killeth, than to the spirit which giveth life; but this compelling power of Masonry had taken root in his heart and blossomed into deeds redolent of the sweet orders of charity, and blessed in the sight of heaven. The influence of this spirit — I might almost say this *instinct* of brotherhood — in mitigating the horrors of war, is attested by many well-known instances, and many more are known only to those who were parties to them. It snatched Putnam from the torturing hands of his captors in the old French war. It more than once unnerved the arm of Butler, when, with Brandt and his savage followers, he swept, with fire and sword, the lovely valley of the Wyoming.

In the last great struggle for national existence it ministered to the necessities of our brave defenders, who languished in southern prisons, snatching them from their living death, or failing in that, smoothing the pathway that led down into the dark valley of the shadow, for a brother who offered —

> "The last libation that liberty draws,
> From the hearts that bleed and break in her cause."

It was this spirit which sent the heroic Kane on his crusade against the elements, far up in the regions of eternal ice, in a vain attempt to rescue his brother, Sir John Franklin; a forlorn hope, whose sad record shines on the page of history with a brilliancy which pales the very Aurora whose dancing rays beckoned him to this crownig chivalry of the century.

It is this spirit which makes it possible to overcome the antipathies

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engendered by national, partisan, and sectarian jealousies, and bring men of every country, sect and opinion into one cemmon fold. Without it, not even Masonry, which alone of all human institutions, has been able to compass so grand a result, could bring men of the most diverse religious and political opinions into harmonious fellowship on the simple basis of a common manhood. Whatever lies wholly, or even largely, within the domain of the feelings, is difficult to analize and understand; and so it happens that we are only able to apprehend, dimly, perhaps, the potency of this element of mysticism in developing that instinctive sympathy of brotherhood, that love which is the keystone of the Masonic arch; but if we grasp the idea with sufficient clearness to comprehend, even partially, its vivifying power, we can see how it would vitalize an institution growing out of the ideas I have enumerated; deepen in the hearts of its votaries that reverence for God, order and law which its traditions inculcate; quicken and make real, impelling forces, springing up into active life, that would otherwise exist only as passive sentiments in the heart — the doctrine of the equality of all God's children; that all-embracing charity which is its logical sequence, and that recognition of the sacredness of truth, without which there can be no confidence among men. These great principles are the warrant which Masonry offers for its existence, while its mysticism is the flux by whose aid its diverse elements are fused into one harmonious whole.

We can more plainly see what it is that knits its members together as with hooks of steel, and holds them in willing allegiance to their common mother. We can see what sustained them through the dark days of the anti-Masonic crusade; that anomalous outburst of unreasoning bigotry which disgraced this free country during the present century, a persecution which lacked not the spirit, but only the power that lighted the fires of Orleans, Smithfield and Madrid.

Another point not to be overlooked in our estimate of what tends to the perpetuity of Masonry, is this: That these cardinal principles, together with its governmental and ritualistic forms, are unchangeable. They constitute the LANDMARKS, to which naught can be added, and from which nothing can be taken away. Unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, they have determined the form and development of the institution; given it stability through centuries of existence, and made it a gigantic moral lever, whose elevation and beneficient influence has been felt wherever civilization has given it fulcrum.

Though the government of the craft is vested in the Grand Master, and the Grand Lodge which is the representative body of the Fraternity, yet above all and beyond the power of the Grand Master, Grand Lodge, or the whole body of the craft to change, stand the landmarks

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— the Supreme Law. Against these the tide of passion and prejudice may beat in vain. True, its flood has sometimes obscured them with its blinding spray, but its ebb has again revealed them, standing out clearer for the storm that has washed from their hieroglyphics, the moss-grown coverings of error, and swept from their firm-set bases the burying sands of time.

Freed from the perturbations which must inevitably result from any fluctuation in its organic law, the institution goes on from age to age, substantially the same as when, already crowned with the benedictions of the widows and orphans of buried centuries, it emerged from the dark womb of the dim traditional Past, into the clearer light of the age of written history.

To-day it is felt as one of the most potent of the social forces; bringing millions within the scope of its humanizing influence, teaching them reverence for God, trust in their fellow-men, and that most difficult of all problems — the subjection of the passions and the government of self. No one who knows, or who will take care to inform himself what Masonry is and what it teaches, can for a moment doubt its beneficent influence on its own members, or on the community in which it flourishes. Like a tree by the wayside, it yields its blessings, not alone to those who have planted and cared for it, but society, like the wayfaring man, plucks from its wide-spreading branches the fruits of peace and law, order and good government.

To our care, my brothers, this institution — founded in the broadest liberality, yet conservative in the best sense of that abused word — is committed in this generation, and it is our duty to see that it suffers no detriment at our hands. The puny efforts of narrow-minded men outside the Fraternity can avail nothing against it; and so long as Masons themselves are loyal to its landmarks, true to its teachings, and faithful to the light they have received, it will continue to exist, an aid and solace to man in ages yet to come. So long it will continue to teach the worth of manhood; to reprove selfishness; encourage charity; promote peace, and vindicate its fitness to elevate and bless mankind.

St. John's Gate, the only remaining gate of the ancient city of London, erected A. D. 1100, and saved from decay and restored in 1504, is constructed in a castellated form, with a large room overlooking the roadway which the arch of the gate crosses. This gate was "ye work of ye Masons of ye olden tyme," and is so much esteemed as such that the room before alluded to has been set apart as a meeting place for lodges, chapters and encampments, especially for Knights Templar.

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For the Mystic Star.

THE EXPERIENCE OF AN ENTERED APPRENTICE.

BY REV. M. MAGILL.

When boyish days had passed away,
And manhood's state was gained,
I felt resolved without delay,
To have a cherished hope attained.

I knew a friend to whom with fear
I made my earnest longings known;
He saw my case, and made it clear,
That this I could not reach alone.

Some friend must yield a helping hand
To guide me on my search for light,
Some trusty ones must kindly stand
As vouchers that my aim was right.

No godless man, that light I sought,
Can ever reach, by lawful means;
No slave — no bondsman can be taught
Those secrets which the free attains.

No giddy youth — no hoary fool,
No profiligate of any kind
Can ever, as a standard rule,
Expect, or hope this light to find.

For those alone of lawful years,
Well proved as freemen good and true,
This light is sure to quell their fears,
And by experience this I knew.

When my request had been approved,
And brothers gave their full consent,
With trembling step I slowly moved,
And needful charges underwent.

'Twas then I learned, indeed, how poor,
How penniless my present state,
No pride, no wealth, as at the door
My sad estate I did relate.

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I was not led by selfish aims,
No worldly motive was in sight,
Freemasonry with nobler claims
Inspired my strong desire for light.

That light at length I did receive,
But not before well proved and tried,
And firmly bound, so I believed,
Have proofs that cannot be denied.

These proofs to Craftsmen are well known,
Are recognized by day or night,
Midst busy crowds, or while alone,
That know that we are sons of light.

And now my prentice life began,
My master I was bound to serve;
For seven long years the contract ran,
Nor did I from the contract swerve.

Where my apprenticeship did end,
More light upon my way shone bright
And pleasant scenes and joy attend
My travels while in search of light.
— Henry, Ill., February, 1870.

SECRETS.

Masonry is not alone in her secrets; for half of the workings of nature are hidden. There are secrets in and about its every department. Veins, arteries, ligaments and flesh and bone have their secrets. The blood which animates the human frame flows on in silence. And how quiet are the communings of the heart. There are feelings, and thoughts, and sympathies, which never emerge from their solitary retreats. And who has ever heard those mighty spirits which walk so majestically in history, or those associated events and principles which have come down from the past? Time, with a noiseless hand, is continually drawing out the invisible wires which connect century with century, those mystic lines which enable us to commune with the remotest ages. Yes, there is mystery everywhere — mystery in the present, mystery in the past, and mystery in the future.

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For the Mystic Star.

HONOR.

BY REV. WILLIAM RICE.

A love of the favorable opinion of others is often seen to apply differently to the real advantage of man. Sometimes for, and sometimes against it. When his moral taste is good so that he will receive only that applause which refers to the good qualities of life, the sympathy of others will support and nourish him, but if otherwise, the encouragement will be to a bad end; it will weaken him as a man, and if continued in true manhood will cease to exist or appear in his character, so that after all the seat of honor is in self. There true honor is enshrined, and there, first of all, must we learn to respect it. To care first that we are right, should be our rule in all our transactions—right not because others see, but because we ourselves are looking on. We cannot help respecting the feelings and judgment of others, neither should we, but our own judgment and feelings are first entitled to our own respect, they are bestowed upon us by Almighty God, and he holds us responsible for the sacred trust. In fact, it is in ourselves that we begin to do good to others; in making our lives pure, by making our private honor strong and controling, we acquire the habit of being and doing right in all of the affairs of life, and added to this beneficence to community will be the outgoing of the good influence of such a character.

It ought not to escape the attention, especially of him who has assumed the high and influential character of a Christian minister, that he must now more than ever strive to be inwardly true and right. Much more depends upon him now than before, as he is now directly looked upon to make Christianity that great means of human good that its principals would have it be, besides he is now more directly a member of others to whose well-being he is a pledged contributor. And to be truthful to his obligations as a minister of the gospel he must seek to be a good man, which makes him a good citizen and a good neighbor. This accomplishment can be attained only by avoiding to do what is seen to be little and mean to the private eye of self, and upon which the All-seeing Eye always rests, and at the same time faithfully doing, and at the right time, and in the right way whatever is right to be done.

Now the leading spirits in the movement against secret societies are men who have assumed the holy and honorable position of Christian ministers, and many of them have also taken upon them the solemn

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and honorable obligations of the various secret societies; yet, regardless of their plighted honor, they give utterance to the most extravagant and foolish sayings, and resolve to do that which would astonish the world. They are a going to blot out organizations which have existed for thousands of years, and successfully repelled the attacks of the strongest organized powers, both political and ecclesiastical, on the face of the globe. The thunders of the Vatican have been hurled against them, and kings and emperors have sent forth their edicts prohibiting their holding meetings within their realms, or making members of their subjects, but they have lived and grown in numbers and influence, performing their works of charity and benevolence, till now the leading secret societies must number, in this country, considerably more than a million of members. And in our own peninsular state the Masonic fraternity, according to Grand Master Metcalf's last annual review, has grown in the space of ten years, from 1860 to 1870, from five thousand eight hundred and sixteen to more than twenty thousand Master Masons in good standing. They are to be found in every city, village and neighborhood in our land, and they number among their membership the best and most efficient ministers of the gospel, statesmen, physicians, generals, and private citizens. They are confined to no sect or party, but are made up of the good and true of all sects and parties. It is these strangely organized societies that these few spartans propose to demolish. Well, they will have a herculean task before them, and they will find use for all their resources in conducting the great battle which they propose to fight. They will find thousands of foes in more than nine Christian denominations.

By a cursory examination of some of their speeches and writings before me, I find that the warfare thus far is confined to the Masonic institution. It is true that Masonry with its kindred institutions is denounced by them as being anti-Christian, but the drift of nearly all their harangue speeches and writings is against Freemasonry, and much of what is said and written is in the same spirit which prevailed in 1828 when the address of the Leroy Convention, which is republished in the *Wesleyan* of March 23d, was first published with its libelous charges and sent to the world for political ends and purposes. The speeches and writings of Charles G. Finney, Rev. I. A. Hart, Elder Bernard, Stratan and others, is of the same spirit, and a specimen of their charity-loving spirit. From the confessions of these reverend gentlemen I learn that the most of them are renegades from the Masonic order after assuming its solemn and honorable obligations which binds a man's honor, if he has any, in violation of them. They charge it with everything corrupt and sinful; say that Masons murder their members for telling the truth, &c.

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Now I am not going to defend this institution against such reckless charges, because everybody possessing a medium share of common sense will not credit such rant. If the Masonic order is such a corrupt one, made up of a brotherhood of blood-thirsty villains, who are bound by the most horrid oaths to murder each other for telling the truth, why is Finney, Blanchard & Co. alive, and why do we find so many good and true men, men whom all delight to honor, not only members, but staunch friends of the craft? Pray tell me why?

These divines seems to know that William Morgan was killed, and killed by Masons. Well, suppose he was, yet I have no evidence of the truthfulness of the charge, and I must confess I have read and sought carefully for it, but for the sake of the argument I concede the charge. What then? Is this the only murder which was ever committed by men professing better things? How long ago is it since the country was agitated by the intelligence that a reverend gentleman belonging to the same school of divines as does I. A. Hart, who whipped his own child to death because the terrified little innocent did not say its evening prayer in a style to suit the reverend father, and this too in New York, the empire state, in the midst of advanced civilization, And have not professed Christians burned thousands, yea millions, at the stake, and did they not in our own New England hang Quakers for entertaining notions which they deemed heretical? And if these reverend gentlemen will pardon me I will tell them plainly that their anti-Masonic harangues, in my opinion, savors much more of this persecuting sprit than it does of the spirit of him who taught his followers to "love their enemies," and to "overcome evil with good."

If the order of Freemasons, is as bad as these fanatics affirm, it is hardly to be supposed that their enemies need to forever harp on one old tune, new depredations would be constantly committed. But the Masons seem to have committed one blunder, and that one in the case of William Morgan, according to the statement of these divines. For this all Masons must be denounced as murderers, while John Calvin burned Servetus at the stake for heresy, and his followers have done many vile and bloody acts, yet these Calvanistic brethren, Rev. Blanchard included, are not constantly denounced as murderers. Now if all Masons should be denounced murderers because Morgan is said to be kidnaped and murdered, why should not these divines, Messrs. Blanchard & Co., be denounced as murderers for burning Michael Servetus, and hanging Quakers in New England? One argument is as good as the other, and until these hypocritical pretenders shall stop such prating they should be answered according to their folly. "Oh, consistency, thou art a jewel!"

It is charged in their addresses and rampant speeches, and

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especially in the one before me of 1828, that these societies are Anti-Christian. Now I deny the charge, and ask what is it, to be a true Christian? If we are to judge people according to their faith and works we shall find no grounds whatever to entertain such sweeping charges, for we find in each and all of these societies many of the most efficient, earnest, devoted members and ministers of the various Christian denominations. If these secret or semi-secret orders were essentially Anti-Christian then no real Christian could belong to them, much less to lend his influence to build them up. But the facts are that these organizations are full of devoted Christians, and I think that our worthy brother M. W. Alfred, A. M., M. D,, is proving himself to be a master workman in showing who is the Anti-Christian party, and I earnestly wish that all these ranting opposers would carefully read his articles and lay them to heart and practice.

But I wish to press the question, what is it to be a true Christian? Is it to make a loud profession, and repeat long prayers at stated intervals? Or is it to do the work taught us in the Gospel — the work done by Christ when on earth? I am frank to confess that these secret orders do more than they profess. "To visit the sick, relieve the distressed, bury the dead, and educate the orphan," is work and not mere profession. I submit that it is Christian work, and if the rule given us by the founder of our holy religion is a safe one, "by their fruits ye shall know them," I can assure these divines, who are so free to denounce others, while they assume so much sanctity to themselves, that Masons and Oddfellows will be ready to go to the judgment at any time side by side with any class of arrogant professors who "say and do not." The compassing sea and land to make proselytes without lifting a burden from poor humanity, is not the religion of Christ, or of Masons, or of Oddfellows. But the Rev. Mr. Travis informs us, in an address at a convention, in Aurora, Ill., Oct. 31, 1867, that because Masons and Templars do the things that Christians do, that does not make them Christians. What are we to understand by this? Does the reverend gentleman mean to say that when Masons or Templars practice the commandments, do works of charity, cherish love for God and humanity, bestow their goods upon the suffering poor, and dry the tears from the eyes of widows and orphans, that this Christian work ceases to be Christian because it is done by Masons or Templars? Away with such nonsense! It was once taught by ministers, but few now-a-days, in this enlightened age, will affirm that the works alluded to are "filthy rags" because not performed by this or that slave to sect or party. People of the present day begin to think Christians those who do the works of Christianity and think less and less of a mere boastful profession.

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To be a Christian is to be a follower of Christ and not a mere professor of Christ; to follow him to the bedside of suffering, not merely to wish them well and to repeat prayers, but to do that which will relieve them; not to follow him to the hut of poverty, and repeat the mocking prayer, "be ye warmed and filled," but to clothe, warm and fill them out of our stores. To follow Christ to the homes of sinners, not only to lift the warning voice against sin, but to lead the erring into the ways of pleasantness and the paths of peace to the higher, nobler and truer life. "Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves." James i: 22, 27. Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: To visit the fatherless and widow in their affliction and to keep himself unspotted from the world, also John xiii: 17, "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them." Now, sir, are Masons and Templars exceptions?

These divines remind me of certain disciples spoken of in Luke ix: 54-55, who would have called fire down from heaven on those who followed not with them, but the Master forbade them: "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of." Oh, how long must the world be imposed upon by the mere sham of profession! Had the professors of religion done more of this Christian work, it is doubtful if so many good and true men would have favored these secret organizations. But they are the outgrowth of humanity, seeking to supply that which true Christianity was intended to supply.

But before I close this article, let me ask the reverend opposers to secret orders, was George Washington, the praying General, who fought not for conquest but for liberty and right, Anti-Christian because he was a Mason? Was Joseph Warren, one of the early martyrs to our national liberty, and Marquis de Lafayette, who came to our aid when we most needed friends? Was Benjamin Franklin, the philosopher of Revolutionary times, Israel Putuam, and scores of others whom I might name of our day and age, are these all Anti-Christian because they were Masons? Because Washington done the things that Christians do when he prayed, will the Rev. Mr. Travis or any of these divines affirm that being a Mason made him Anti-Christian? Away with such bigoted nonsense.

Let me suggest, Messrs. Editors, that before these divines and opposers so uncharitably denounce Masonry and its kindred societies that they produce a brighter record than can be produced by the orders so denounced. Let the members of their churches join the Masons in their labors of love and good will to men in behalf of earth's suffering poor, until they give the world evidence that they can and will do the work of philanthropy better than it is now

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being done by Masons, or its kindred societies. Will they not cease their bitter denunciations? I say let them do this labor of love better than Masons are doing it, and then they may hold conventions, deliver addresses, and write as many scare-crow articles as they choose for the putting down of secret societies. Until then, consistency will say, let them hold their peace.

As to the orders so denounced and rallied against by them, they will feel the assaults about as much as one of our iron-clads the fire of a boys pop-gun. These organizations will live and prosper and showed countless blessings on the race when these fanatics shall be forgotten. So mote it be! But where, oh, where is their honor? Buried beneath the corruption of a depraved, deceived heart so deep that I fear it is past a resurrection. Yet I would commend them to the mercy of the all-wise and supreme Architect that they may be pardoned, redeemed and saved in the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. So mote it be.

RICHLAND, Mich., May 1, 1870.

THE "TROWEL" VS. FINDEL'S HISTORY OF FREEMASONRY.

BY JACOB NORTON.

The March number of the *Trowel* reviewed Bro. Findel's history. After stating that "it is not pleasant to find fault with an earnest and zealous brother's writings," he pitches into what he calls the "singular inconsistencies" of the historian, and endeavors to prove that Bro. Findel was either imposed upon or that he writes without knowledge, &c.

That a Masonic historian is very apt to be imposed upon is very true; that he may "write without knowledge in one or more instances," is also possible; indeed, if Masons have any thing to be ashamed of, it is of their histories, historians and the so called highest authorities. To the German brethren we are first indebted for lifting the fraternity out of that "slough of despond." They believe that history should not be based on unfounded traditions but on facts. For instance, tradition says that in 926 King Athelstan gave the Masons in York a charter, Bro. Findel went to York and found that the tradition was mooshine, besides which he exploded many other silly traditions which had hitherto formed the whole stock in trade of our "greatest authorities," the pivot upon which revolved the St. John's Day lecturers, and the backbone of Templarism, Crypticism, Scotticism and resumed its inherent right to rule the first three degrees. It was near

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other so called "high degrees." These high degrees having become a necessity to our "highest authorities," the moment their absurdities are exposed from that moment the "highest authorities" cease to be highest. Hence we may expect a history like that of Rebold or Findel will receive from those quarters either a cold shoulder or downright abuse. Papal Grand Lodge prohibitions, or something betwixt and between. How the critic under consideration succeeds in making out his case let the reader judge.

The first charge against Bro. Findel is, that whereas, his English edition being dedicated to the G. L. of Massachusetts, and whereas Dr. Parkman, a former Grand Master, having written to Bro. Findel that the Massachusetts G. L. was formed in 1733, Bro. Findel on page 591 places the date of its formation in 1778. Now, in the first place, a *Dr.* Parkman was never Grand Master of Massachusetts. "Ah!" says the *Trowel*, "the 'Dr.' was a typographical error." Very well, but in the first place might not the 1778 also have been a typographical error? And second, did Bro. Findel say '78? In my copy it says 1777, and in *that* Bro. Findel was perfectly right. There was no Masonic body in Massachusetts prior to 1777 that called itself the "G. L. of Massachusetts." It is evident, therefore, that the *Trowel* was "imposed upon" and "wrote without knowledge." Is that very singular for the *Trowel?*

The second charge is, that Bro. Findel sympathizes with German lodges in New York who hold charters from the G. L. of Humburg. The truth is, the American idea of *exclusive jurisdiction*, no matter how the jurisdiction perverts or undermines the fundamental Masonic idea of *universality*, appears inconsistant to the German mind. That corruptions and perversions are not uncommon in American Grand Lodges no one can deny; that committees appointed by the G. M. do the whole legislation, and the assent of the members "has become a mere form," is patent to many even in Illinois. The nature of the "oppression" which caused those German lodges to secede from the G. L. of New York, I know not, but if I recollect right, the secession took place when there were two Grand Lodges in New York. In such a time the weakest body generally advocates the right of two or more Grand Lodges in a state, and besides, this secession took place immediately after the declaration by Bro. C. W. Moore and other high authorities, that a Supreme Council of the 33d has an inherent right to rule all Masonic bodies, this right of ruling the symbolic degrees, Messrs. Moore, and others, indeed condescended for the present to waive, yes *waive* until it shall suit them to resume it. It was near the time when the Supreme Council of Louisiana *ceased to waive* and the time when Henry C. Atwood, the Most Puisant Sovereign of the

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Most Holy Scotch Rite in America, in the Supreme Council held in New York, made a treaty of union and alliance with Bro. F ulhouze, the Most Sovereign Grand Commander of the Most Holy Sco ch Rite of New Orleans, who resumed the inherent right to issue charters for the first three degrees, in defiance of the G. L. of Lousiana. It is therefore possible that the German brethren in New York has reason to feel disgusted with New York Freemasonry, and were reluctant to hold a charter from the "New York Ring." I can not therefore judge where the wrong belongs until the seceding brethren shall inform us in English of the cause, origin and continuance of their discontent.

The *Trowel* then continues: "To support his approbation of resistance to Grand Lodge authority, he brings in the African Lodges which are formed in defiance of G. L. authorities, and quotes the editor of the St. Louis *Freemason* as an exponent of his views," etc.

Now on page 610 there is indeed a notice of the Negro Lodges, which Bro. Findel believes ought to be and will eventually be recognized, but I deny that there is any truth in the statement that Bro. Findel "quotes the editor of the St. Louis *Freemason* as an exponent of those views." The truth is Bro. Findel, like thousands of other European Masons, feels ashamed about the lies circulated by American Grand Lodge committees and "highest authorities" regarding the origin of the Negro Lodges. He knows that the origin of the African Lodge was as genuine as that of any other lodge that eminated from the G. L. of England. He does not believe in the American notion that it requires three lodges to form a Grand Lodge, and when so formed every lodge in their claimed jurisdiction whom they refused to accept have thereby lost any of the rights of Masons which the others enjoy.

Perhaps the *Trowel* may be shocked to learn that this idea of "three lodges" is only a very modern notion of our jurisprudence mongers. The Grand Lodge of Rhode Island was formed by two lodges only, so was the Grand Lodge of New Hampshire, and the Massachutetts Grand Lodge in 1777 was formed by one lodge only. Now as well as the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts could be formed by one lodge, why could not the African Lodge, who were repeatedly refused affilliation by the said Massachusetts Grand Lodge, also form a Grand Lodge? And because Bro. Findel disapproves and exposes either the ignorance or the wilful lying of our highest authorities regarding the orgin of the Negro Lodges, and because he despises the highest degrees, therefore, the *Trowel* denounces him as trying to tear down those "beneficent institutions," as "an agitator," a "revolutionist," an "intermeddler," and what not.

Now let us hear Bro. Findel: On page 611 he says, "It is especially

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pleasing to remark that they (the Americans) are now beginning to oppose most vigorously that most nonsensical nuisance the high degrees, to shake off all prejudices, and to inaugurate a new era of progress, of dignity, and of beneficent influence;" and refers to Bro. Wm. S. Gardner's address in the Proceedings of Massachusetts 1869, page 54; to Bro. Fitch's address in the Kentucky Proceedings, 1868, page 13; to Bro. Gouley, of St. Louis, who though still indulging in Templarism, had wisely discarded Scotticism, and "more especially," says Bro. Findel, "the editors of the Boston *Masonic Monthly*, and of the Cincinnati *American Freemason*." Ah, here is the sore part! Bros. Evans and Brennan, the editors of the above named papers, were held up by the *Trowel* as Anti-Masons, infidels, etc. How, then, dared Bro. Findel to allude to them with an "especially so?" Why, it is shocking, positively *shocking!*

The *Trowel* is exceedingly indignant against Bro. Findel for quoting in support of his assertion the opinion of Bro. Parvin, of Iowa, as having said that "all degrees but the symbolic ones should be conferred in a tavern," etc. The *Trowel* says "every intelligent Mason in the United States knows that in any such remark by Bro. Parvin he simply referred to what is known in this country as side degrees." Let us now see whether any intelligent Mason in the United States can understand the Iowa Proceedings the way the *Trowel* does: "And the Grand Lodge of Iowa," says Bro. Findel, page 599, "through Bro. Theo. Parvin, Chairman of the Committee of Foreign Correspondence, went a step farther in declaring, 'We would that the Grand Lodge would discountenance, yea, forbid, the conferring of any but the degrees of ancient Masonry within the halls of the lodges under its jurisdiction. If brethren will have them, let them degrade themselves by going to bar-rooms of the tavern and receive them.'" Can any intelligent man understand by the above that Bro. Parvin alluded only to "side degrees?" Now read further: "In the same year the Committee of Foreign Correspondence (Vol. 1, p. 129.) stated: 'Modern and Scotch Rites, in the estimation of your committee, are no more a part of Masonry, and can have no more affinity with it than Oddfellowship, Sons of Temperance, and their connections, wherever they exist, must be productive of mischief to the cause of ancient York Masons.'"

It is true that Messrs. Parvin, Gardner, Gouley, &c., still cling to Scotticism or Templarism, but what of it? It is the historian's business to watch and faithfully relate a change for better or worse in public sentiment. Ten years ago not only the rank and file of our Knights, of every hue and shade, fanatically believed in the moonshine legends of their respective Orders, but even the leaders of those high degrees were as ignorant of their origin as the rank and file

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were. But now not only the leaders come forth and make public confession to the newness of those degrees, and bear testimony to their mischievous tendency, but I can not find, in the city of Boston, a 32nd that does not confess that it is a "take in." Now, to whom are we indebted for this change for the better? Certainly not to the *Trowel*. Its business was, and is, to plaster up every crevice, exclude every ray of light from our chamber, but thanks to the liberal press for widening the breach, and for knocking out the plaster faster than the *Trowel* was able to replace it. The *Trowel* hopes "the history of Freemasonry in the Eastern hemisphere may prove more reliable than what he has said of us in America." We would recommend the editor of the *Trowel* to read Bro. Hughan's articles on the said history of Freemasonry, reprinted in the MYSTIC STAR, therein he will learn the opinion entertained of the historian by one of the best English writers on Masonry.

The editor of the *Trowel* lately exhibited fits of penitence; he begged pardon of the *Evergreen* and MYSTIC STAR; I hope he will exhibit still further manliness by coming forward and begging Bro. Findel's pardon for misquoting, perverting, and misconstruing the brother's ideas. It would indeed be wonderful if Bro. Findel's history should want no correction, and I have no doubt but that Bro. Findel would make such corrections with thankfulness, but the style of correction adopted by the editor of the *Trowel* is in the highest degree unworthy of a gentleman and a Mason.

One thing must be said in favor of the *Trowel*, which goes far to verify Bro. Findel's idea that Masonry in America is making progress. Not many years ago the said editor procured the condemnation by the Grand Lodge of Illinois, of a kindred work — Rebold's History. Now, however, the obnoxious book under consideration will not only be suffered to circulate in the State, but the editor actually recommends its perusal. In that we heartily agree, and with him say, "By all means let it be read, and we especially desire that our readers who can afford to do so, should judge for themselves as to the justice of our remarks."

A Royal Arch Mason, says the General Grand Constitution, Made under the English system, can be admitted as a visitor in a Chapter, when opened in the Royal Arch degree, but not in the degrees of Mark Master and M. E. Master. Every subordinate Chapter is, however, authorized to confer those degrees, without charge, on regular English Royal Arch Masons.— *The Landmark.*

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THE MARK MASTER'S DEGREE.

We present the following extract from the *London Freemason*. It shows that this degree is on wheels in different countries to suit the caprice and notions of men. It would be very difficult to place it where it really belongs. Yet to have F. C. work after the Temple is nearly completed places the Mark out of place:

"Toward the close of the eighteenth century a great many so called Masonic Degrees were invented for divers reasons, not only in England but in several other countries. Some of these were not only harmless in their tendencies, but as a rule inculcated precepts more or less in accordance with those of the Craft. They accordingly became adjuncts to the ceremonies of the "Three Degrees," and obtained considerable support. It would be tedious to enumerate those subsidiary degrees, especially as their number has been roughly computed at about nine hundred, but it is necessary to state, that the grades of Mark Man, and Mark Master originated in Britain, and although the former is now merged in the latter, we may add that the degrees have preserved their exclusively British character, inasmuch as they are worked at the present day only by the Freemasons of these islands, and their blood-relations in the United States of America, and the posessions of the British Crown. Mark Masonry confessedly supplies a hiatus in the traditions of the Craft, and its appropriate place, so far as those traditions are concerned, is as unquestionably betwen the second and third degrees.

"Strange to say, however, that in no country where the Mark degree is practiced, do we find it occupying its proper positson as a part of our legends. It is invariably given *after* the Master Mason's degree, instead of *before*, and thus loses much of the interest which would otherwise be attached to the interesting myth which it narrates.

"In America, it is under the government of the Grand Chapters of Royal Arch Masons, and ranks as the first of the capitular degrees. In Ireland, it is also given as a pre-requisite to the Royal Arch; and in Scotland, the Grand Chapter likewise claims it as a part of the chapteral system. But in the latter country the Grand Lodge also recognizes the "Mark" to the extent of allowing its subordinate lodges to make Mark Master Masons if they think proper. How this singular arrangement works in practice is best known to our Scottish brethren but we must add that no open conflict between the two jurisdictions has so far occurred. We now come to England, where the greatest anomaly will be found. In this country, Mark Masonry languished like a sickly plant from 1780 to 1850, its existence being almost

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unknown in the metropolis, and its operations elsewhere, being for the most part confined to brethren of inferior social position. Soon after the last named year a revival was projected, and so enthusiastic were the friends of the cause that they succeeded in attracting to the "Mark Masters" standard, many of the best and most respected Masons of the day. We need only mention such names as those of Lords Leigh, Caruarvon, and Holemsdale, and W. W. Bramston Beach, M. P., all of whom are now Provincial Grand Masters of the Craft, to ensure a hearty confirmation of the terms in which we are bound to speak of the promoters of Mark Masonry in England. What was the result of their exertions? The question of the recognition of the Mark degree was brought before the Grand Lodge of England, and, after affirming its legality, that supreme body declined to acknowledge the degree as an intergral portion Freemasonry. The Grand Lodge justly held in the first instance as we now hold, that the degree is a graceful appendage to the grade of Fellow Craft; but the Grand Lodge committed a grave error when it refused to absorb the Mark as a constituent element of symbolic Masonry."

FREEMASONRY.

The origin of Free and Accepted Masonry dates far back in the unknown history of the past. It sprang up among the ancient mysteries of oriental nations, striking every note in unison with the grand harmony of the universe. It dates back of all sects and parties in the religious world, if we except heathenism, and claims no relation to any. While it befriends all alike it favors none, and while the members of all religious denominations meet as brothers in Masonry, yet none are entitled to any special favor on account of their religious or political preferences. In the Masonic lodge the heathen, the wild savage and the Christian may all meet as brothers. No national nor denominational lines are permitted to separate them in Masonry.

Masonry had its origin before any form of Christianity had an existence, consequently nothing pertaining to Christianity has any part in true Masonry. If Masonry might be supposed to favor any form of religion it must be a religion that existed at the time of its origin. Sectarians, then, who do not wish to disturb the peace of Masonry, and hasten its destruction, should be extremely careful how they introduce their favorite sectarian dogmas into the ritual of Masonry. My mind has been led to this subject by attending funeral services where Masons have performed the sad rite of burying a

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departed brother. I have before me the "Freemason's Monitor," from which I quote the following sentences found in the "Funeral Services:"

"Be then persuaded, my brethren, by this example, of the uncertainty of human life—of the unsubstantial nature of all its pursuits, and no longer postpone the all-important concern of *preparing for eternity.* * * * Thus shall our hopes be not frustrated, nor we hurried *unprepared* into the presence of that all wise and powerful Judge, to whom the secrets of all hearts are known. * * * May the tressle board of our whole lives pass such inspection that it may be given unto each of us to 'eat of the hidden manna,' and to 'receive the white stone, with a new name,' that will *ensure perpetual and unspeakable happiness at his right hand.* * * * Then let us improve this solemn warning, that at last, when the sheeted dead are stirring, when the *great white throne is set, we shall receive from the omniscient Judge* the thrilling invitation, 'Come ye blessed, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.'"

Much more of a kindred nature might be quoted, but this must suffice. It is clearly seen that such remarks at the grave do great violence to the feelings of a large class of worthy Masons. Such remarks are purely sectarian and very offensive to those of an opposite belief. A committee of the different religionists in a lodge should first sit in judgment upon a monitor before receiving it as a guide for Masonic work.

A. M. W.

DUTIES OF MASONS.

The thought has frequently presented itself to my mind that the duties of a Mason are numerous and responsible. Many pass through life's great battle caring only for self and selfish ends. But he who walks upon the "square" and lives for a grand, noble purpose—lives that he may benefit his fellow men, rather than elevate self in the scale of being—little cares for his own individual comfort and ease. Such an one is ever ready to aid a brother in distress, to speak a word of comfort to him who is desponding, to gladden the heart of him who feels the need of a sympathizing friend, and thus cast sunshine and joy over life's pathway. Hence the true and earnest Mason, who possesses the qualities necessary to render him such, discovers duties constantly pressing themselves upon his hands; duties at home, among his neighbors, among his brethren, and above all to his lodge.

Some weeks ago, while in a neighboring town, I chanced to spend a few hours in Masonic intercourse with the Craft. The time for

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election had arrived. Name after name was proposed for a certain office, but to no purpose: "My business will not permit," was the oft repeated excuse. Now, brother editor, it appears to me that the lodge has some claims, at least, upon its members which they are in duty bound to respect. We have duties belonging to the lodge that demand our attention, and which the brethren have the right to demand of us.

We give our solemn pledge that we will labor to promote the welfare of the order, and trivial matters, selfish interests, should not, in my opinion, excuse us from filling our obligations. In the lodge room, not less than in other places, will the faithful Mason ever be found, actively and faithfully discharging the duties assigned him by his brethren. Fraternally yours, M. M. PADELFORD.

THE UNKNOWN.

BY R. W. BRO. D. THOMAS.

It is the close of an Australian summer's day upon the Bendigo diggings. The almost insufferable heat of the sun, and the dim bustle and excitement of the day, has given place to a delicious, cool, balmy atmosphere, and a comparative quiet now reigns, where a few hours before man jostled his fellow man, and tugged and struggled in the contest for gold. There is just breeze enough to stir the leaves of the fragrant gum and peppermint trees upon the sides of the ranges.

In a small tent a young man lies dying — dying of that scourge of the Australian immigrant, colonial fever. Through the whole of that long summer's day he had been alone. How long the hours — they only know who have been similarly situated, who have waited hour after hour for the coming of some one who it seemed would never come — and now he waits only for the gavel of death to sound and relieve him from this dread monotony. Scarcely a week before he had pitched his tent upon its present site, proud in the possession of health and strength, with bright visions of the wealth those arms of his would unloose from the earth, in which it had so long lain concealed. Now his thoughts are not of earth; his visions are of another world, another sphere; dim, it is true, but that dimness which the light of understanding dispels, as does the morning sun the mists upon the hillside.

The previous night he had been stricken down, alone and friendless, too weak to call for the assistance which even the cold charities of a gold-digging community could not refuse to one in his situation. In

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their greedy delving for gold during the day, the occupants of the adjoining tents had not missed him. Now the day's labors are finished, and darkness is fast closing upon the scene. The curtain of the tent is drawn aside and some one enters. He advances to the bedside where lies the dying man, utterly prostrated, pale and hectic by turns, too weak to express himself grateful for the assistance which has come too late.

Suddenly a smile like a gleam of sunshine crosses the features of the dying man. His eyes are fixed on a small nugget of gold, worn as a pin by the intruder, upon which, by the dim light, he has noticed a Masonic emblem, roughly and uncouthly cut, but to him intelligible.

The last spark of life seems to flash up fitfully for a moment, but by its glimmering ray he is enabled to recognize and greet a brother. The exertion is too great. Calmly and peacefully — though faint — he rests, his head supported by the arms of his new-found brother. His countenance is clothed with a placid smile; his mind is wandering. His mutterings are low and indistinct, but an occasional childish, innocent word shows that his thoughts are of his boyhood's days.

His eyes open; his gaze is fixed on vacancy; he murmurs the single word "Jessie;" the muscles of his features relax; quietly, contentedly, like a tired child, his eyes slowly close, and his spirit has returned to God who gave it.

Who he was, from whence he came, nobody knew. He had kept aloof from his fellow-diggers, working alone in some of the shallower gullies.

Upon examining his effects, nothing was found except his miner's outfit, and a pocket-book containing a few shillings (insufficient to bury him,) and a paper containing a brown silken tress of hair, with the words "Jessie's hair," written in ink.

Poor Jessie! Whether she awaits the return of her absent lover, or whether her spirit had preceded his to "the spirit shore," is unknown. In the cemetery at Eagle Hawk Gully, stands (or rather stood) a wooden slab, with "Unknown," and the emblem, square and compasses, cut upon it; underneath, the remains of "the Unknown" were interred without any formal Masonic ceremony. But "the sprig of evergreen" was deposited by each of the brethren present; and although no word was spoken, it required but a glance at the countenance of each to see that he felt truly, "a brother is gone."— *Figaro.*

Speak gently of our brother's fall;
Who knows but gentle love
May win him, at our patient call,
The Mason's way to prove?

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HOME DEPARTMENT.

For the Mystic Star.

KATY KILMORE, OR THE MARKET GIRL.

BY REV. L. A. ALFORD, D. D.

CHAPTER III.

"You have carried on this business a little too long," sternly remarked Col. Murray.

Mrs. Blair instantly swooned.

With as much alacrity as possible Mr. Murray used the cold water restorative, and had the satisfaction of using a whole pailful when a single glass full would have been sufficient.

Mrs. Blair was not a little disappointed in finding herself brought to life and consciousness again, still her guilt haunted her, but the overcharged passions had greatly abated, since her initiation into the mysteries of hydropathy; and as the trickling drops fell from her face and congealed upon the floor, her risibilities, and powers of combativeness made wonderful progress; but how to introduce the subject while Col. Murray, with no little pleasantness stood by her side, she hardly knew.

It is an old adage, that "A guilty conscience needs no accuser;" and in a certain sense this was verified; for Mrs. Blair knew that she deserved state prison, for the cruel manner in which she had treated the poor orphan child, left mysteriously in her care, and she did not know but Mr. Murray was the sheriff; when he called her by name, she verily thought her last hours of freedom and fashion had come; but now being a little cooled off, and revived, her deceptive character reappeared.

"What business haue you here, stranger?" remarked Mrs. Blair.

"I want this little girl."

"Take her and leave my house immediately."

"Oh don't be in a hurry this cold morning, I intend staying as long as I see fit."

"You are no gentleman, sir."

"But I see I have the honor of the acquaintance of a very amiable lady."

"You are a villain to be here without my permission, sir."

"Of course. Will you get this child's clothes, ma'am?"

"She has on all the clothes she has, sir."

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"I want that little trunk, Mrs. Blair, that all my pretty things are in," boldly remarked Katy.

"Hush, you trollop!" replied Mrs. Blair.

"O don't be too hasty, the little girl must have anything, and all the things that belong to her before I leave. Here, little sis, go and find it and fetch it along."

Mrs. Blair sprang to the door and made it fast, threatening death to anybody who dared to open it.

Mr. Murray not caring to press the matter further, took little Katy by the hand, and bowing to Mrs. Blair, left her dwelling; but the lady did not so much as say good morning to her guest, though he had performed some medical service, besides making some very nice suggestions during his short acquaintance; but a certain loud slamming of the door told the benefactor that the mistress of the house did not appreciate his services, and that his absence was a joyous consideration.

Little Katy was unwilling to relinquish her grasp on the hand of her benefactor, and Col. Murray, after throwing his cloak around the little girl to protect her from the searching blast, hurried along the street as proud of his prize as a lawyer who has gained golden honors by pleading for his client.

Mrs. Blair threw herself back into an easy chair and wept, being overcome with anger, remorse and fear.

We must now leave the good Col. Murray to introduce the poor little ragged girl to his family as he chooses; and Mrs. Blair to make just such speculations on the stranger as she thinks proper; while we introduce to our readers another family who have much to do with the history of Katy Kilmore.

CHAPTER IV.

On one of those rich and alluvial farms, that may be found along the meandering current of one of our many western rivers, there once dwelt a family in affluence and wealth.

The circle consisted of the father and mother and only daughter, upon whom they had bestowed every possible degree of attention. She had arrived at her eighteenth year, and like most young ladies of that age, was not entirely unnoticed by young and fashionable gentlemen, who sometimes visit the home of the wealthy — with an object — no matter. The long and short of the matter is this: the young lady had a proposal.

The suitor was not of the wealthy class, but had that wealth that is more precious than gold — an honest soul, sober, temperate and just.

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His pretentions were only of scholarship, for he had stored his mind with knowledge, and in this he was wealthy.

He was of fair form, easy and familiar in conversation, industrious and active—just such a man as the industrious farmer felt willing to adopt as a son; and to this the parties subsequently agreed, and the marriage services were harmoniously solemnized.

Immediately after their marriage the old gentleman divided with him his living, placing his new son, or son-in-law, in comfortable circumstances, near to the homestead.

"Joseph," remarked the old gentleman, a few months after their marriage, "I have made my will, and in it I have willed to you and yours all my estate. It cannot be long that I shall want it, and it may be possible that you will wish to make some improvements upon the farm or in the erection of new buildings, and I trust that in doing so you will realize that in no very far-off day it will all be yours; and that you will feel free in exercising your own taste in making such improvements."

"My very kind father," responded Joseph, "it is more than I can ask, and more than I could have expected, that you should be thus regardful of one so unworthy of it as I am, for I am sure that it is only the daughter that you so tenderly reared and whose hand you gave me that would at all entitle me to such favors, but I trust you will never regret the affection you have bestowed upon me, and may you long live to enjoy all that reciprocal love can develop."

"Yes, Joseph life is dear, and we are apt to hold on to the things of the world with a relentless grasp; but I am determined to look for a better home, a holier sphere, where toil and pain shall no more whiten my locks or furrow my cheek. I trust, dear child that you enjoy "like precious hope," and that you will use the gifts of God, as we should ever use them—but blessings"—

Here the aged father bent forward and drew a deep sigh, and wiping a tear from his moistened cheek, added, "I could tell you my history, Joseph, in a few words, and I do not know but it might be of great service to you."

"Proceed, dear father, proceed; I trust that I appreciate the advice and admonition of one so beloved and experienced as yourself and as much so as it is possible for even an only son to reciprocate."

"Well, Joseph, I was about to remark that

'"Tis not all of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.'

I have passed through a great furnace of affliction. I once could boast three sons and two daughters. O, how I loved them! When I came

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home from toil, they met me at the gate, when I wanted a little service performed, or an errand to a neighbor's house, none so ready as my little Ruby or John, and my locks were nicely arranged by my kind, loving and lovely Julia, but O, death! But I will not murmur, they were prepared to die and I gave them back to him who gave them to me. I then saw the folly of placing my trust in anything of an earthly character, and the necessity of living to meet them in the bright world above; heaven spared one and I have given her to you, it was all I had to give that I really prized and I rejoice that she has chosen a man worthy of herself. I trust, therefore, that you will cherish a kind, benevolent and humane spirit; believe me, dear child, no poor sufferer ever went from my door uncared for, unfed; this may appear like egotism or self-righteousness, but my dear son, do not so long as God spares your life let your conscience upbraid you for turning a deaf ear to the suffering poor."

Three years after, the old gentleman might have been seen by the fireside of his daughter, with a little blue-eyed prattler upon his knee, who threw her little white arms around his neck and lovingly whispered the endearing "grandpa" in his ear. It was a lovely child, and he feared that he or the father and mother might too much idolize the precious gift — but she was lovely and how can one be blamed for loving innocence.

Time's wheels rolled rapidly on, and the fourth birthday of the little grandchild came. It was a day of rejoicing and glee amongst all the little folks, for all the neighbor's children had been invited to the festival, and a choice French merino dress had been secretly prepared, so that the birthday present might be a surprise. Her grandpa had prepared for her a brilliant breastpin with her entire name engraven on the inside, and her grandma a perfect miniature likeness of herself and parents. Her papa presented her with a nice rosewood box in which to safely keep all the nice little birthday presents.

Another year —alas! the grass had grown upon the grave of both the grandparents, and their cheerful voices were no more heard as the little folks gathered at another birthday party.

By this dispensation of Providence the whole estate became the property of the father and mother of this sweet little bud of promise. Joseph M—— was now considered one of the wealthy, beloved by all, and endeared to all who knew him.

He had a brother living in a distant city whom he had not visited for a number of years, and he determined to spend the summer, and if his lady felt so disposed a longer time, in visiting his brother, and in enjoyment, recreation and rest. Accordingly a vendue was advertised, and all the personal property sold to the highest bidder, and all the

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out-standing debts collected, and Joseph found himself in possession of the nice little sum of ten thousand dollars when ready to make his intended visit.

A score of little presents had been given to the little child who was going far away, and all had been nicely packed in her rosewood box "to show uncle," when they arrived at the end of their journey.

The coach stood waiting at the door while hurriedly the friends were exchanging their good-byes, and expressing their anxiety for the safe return of the family.

"I feel very reluctant about starting," remarked Mr. M—— to his wife.

"Why so, Joseph?"

"O, nothing much! I hear the cholera is making fearful ravages in some of the districts through which we must pass, and I am timid about it."

"It is a fearful disease, to be sure, but the cars will hurry us along so rapidly that I think there will be little danger. I believe that doctors generally hold that the cholera is not contagious."

"I know, but if I should be sick I should wish to be at home."

"But you have never visited your brother since our marriage! I never saw him!"

"O, well, we'll go, of course, but I am sorry I have this presentiment, this foreboding."

There was much to excite, to interest and amuse him and his family as they hurried so rapidly onward, and all thoughts of disease were forgotten in the music of the little daughter, who was delighted with everything she saw.

"I feel quite ill," remarked the mother to her husband, just before their arrival at a station. Immediately an attack of this dreadful disease that was sweeping through the whole country so fearfully, began to develop itself.

"We will be compelled to stop at the next station, Mr. Conductor," remarked Mr. M——.

Loud and shrill the engine whistle blew and hastily those were hurried off who designed leaving the cars at that station, and among this number might have been found the travelers alluded to; the husband bearing in his arms his dying wife.

"Is there a public house, sir?" enquired the afflicted traveler.

"None that is open, sir. The cholera is raging so in town that all the public houses are closed."

"And must my wife die here at a railroad station, is there no help for the widow's son?"

Several persons came to his relief, and soon found a house where the sufferer could be cared for.

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"My dear sir," said a brother, "there is a widow lady, a few rods off that will furnish you a room and a bed on which to place your dying wife."

To this kindly offered residence she was borne while the friends brought the little one and the luggage.

"I am very much obliged to you, ma'am, for opening your door to the afflicted. May the God that rewards the kind reward you abundantly," remarked the stranger, as he laid his dying companion upon the couch.

Every possible remedy was resorted to, but in vain; just before the the sun lighted up the eastern horizon, he and the little child bid the wife and mother a last farewell, in hope of meeting again beyond the sorrows of time.

Early in the morning a grave was prepared, and two stout sons of the Emerald Isle, bore the body from the house to the dray, and assisted in placing it in the new made grave.

The afflicted widower returnd to the house with a sad and sorowful heart. The only object, except his little daughter, beloved, was gone and he clung to her with a tenacity, only pardonable under the excitement of his bereaved and surcharged heart. A nights rest might be of great service to him, and the good woman urged him to be as composed as possible and take a nights sleep.

Sometime in the night he awoke and found himself the subject of an attack of this fearful epidemic. The disease made more rapid progress in his case, than in the one preceeding, and in a few hours the collapsed state indicated a speedy dissolution.

"You will please notify my tenant in the town of C ——," (giving the woman of the house the directions) "and request him to take this little orphan home and keep her as she should be kept," whispered the dying man, "my tenant will make you compensation for your kindness when he comes after the little girl."

These were his last words — he fell asleep.

"Asleep in Jesus blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep."

The drayman was hailed as he passed, and informed that another corpse was in readiness for the slumbering grave.

"And faith, its the stranger whats dead?" enquired the brave man of the Emerald Isle.

"Yes, sir, they are both dead, now."

"And is the little jewel left?"

"Yes, sir, little orphan, left alone in this world."

"And its a great pity of her," remarked the Irishman as he hastened to secure the necessaries for interment.

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A few hours and a rough box, containing the last remains of the father might have been seen gently let down by the side of another new grave, and all again silent, for death now reigned in fearful triumph, and few were the formalities that strangers received.

A few nights after, one might have witnessed a strange, yet not unprecedented occurance, in the chamber of the good woman, who had so kindly opened her door to the afflicted travelers. Sleep had departed, and an unusual wakefulness oppressed her, as thoughts rushed rapidly through her mind.

"I am to write to C——, in reference to this little child now nestled by my side," soliloquized the lady, "but what if I don't, who'll ever know it; none but these Irish, and they'll never write — can't write — don't know his name, nor where he was from. I wonder how much money he had; I might see — little sis is asleep, no one will ever know it — I'll look in his pocketbook and trunk anyway, so I will." And she crept carefully from the bed, listening least some one might hear; but the little orphan was in deep slumber, and knew nothing of the upbraiding of her covetous heart. The pocketbook was opened and contents noted, but judge of her astonishment when the little rosewood box revealed the wealth of those who so mysteriously appeared and disappeared.

(To be Continued.)

BETTER THAN GOLD.

BY HON. J. M. WILSON.

Better than grandeur, better than gold.
Than rank and title a thousand fold —
Is a healthy body, a mind at ease
And a hopeful nature that can always please;
A heart that can feel for a neighbor's woe,
And share his joys with a genial flow
Of sympathy large enough to enfold
All men as brothers — is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear,
Though toiling for bread in an humble sphere,
Doubly blest with content and health,
Untried by the lust and care of wealth.
Lowly living in lofty thought
Adorned and enobled in a poor man's cot.

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Mind and moral of nature's plan
Are the genuine test of a gentleman.

Better than gold is the sweet repose
Of the sons of toil when labors close.
Better than gold is a poor man's sleep;
And the balm that drops on his slumbers deep
Brings healthful draughts to his humble bed,
While luxury pillows its aching head,
And suffers because too long it deems
The toiler's road to the land of dreams.

Better than gold is a thinking mind
That in the pages of books can find
A treasure surpassing Australia's ore,
And live with the great and good of yore
The sage's learning, the poet's lay,
The glories of empires passed away;
The world's great drama will thus unfold
And yeild a pleasure better than gold.

Better than gold is a peaceful home
Where all the fireside pleasures come.
O! the shrine of love and the Heaven of life
Hallowed by mother, sister, wife;
How humble soever the home may be,
Or tried with sorrow by Heaven's decree,
The blessings that never were bought nor sold
Are certainly better than silver and gold.

Who would be made wise by compulsion, and what ignorance is poltroon enough to surrender at discretion? Moral lessons may be too pertinaciously obtruded; we may be reminded till we forget to listen, or we may retain the words and not the sentiment, learning our task by rote rather than by head and heart. This is the fault of modern education, which teaches the sound rather than the sense of things. Children taken from the nursery and pinned down to Latin and Greek, are instructed to name an object in three or four different languages, not to analyze its nature — a process which may often make them learned, but rarely wise; for as knowledge is not confined to names, a great linguist may be a great fool. It is an equal mistake to give children mental food which they cannot digest, and dangle aphorisms before their eyes, which they learn so early to repeat that they never feel their influence.

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EDITORIAL.

For the Mystic Star.

ANTI-MASONRY AND ANTI-CHRIST IDENTICAL.

BY M. W. ALFRED, A. M., M. D.

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CHAPTER III.

This anti-party makes use of the same arguments against Freemasonry at the present time which it did against Christianity eighteen hundred years ago. This proof of identity is at once complete and irrefragable and is sufficient to produce conviction of the fact in the minds of any persons who love truth better than falsehood, and intelligence better than superstition. This party is not new, for after the lapse of eighteen hundred years we find it using the same arguments, and for the same reasons, against our order that it formerly used against Christianity. These statements are also backed up with about the same amount of malicious defamation which was meted out to the innocent followers of Jesus of Nazareth in the incipiency of his church.

Not only are the arguments the same, but the accusations are the same as those then used to bring down death and destruction upon the early Christians. The fatal prefix *anti* or *enemy* is distinctive indeed. Christians are not enemies nor yet are Freemasons enemies, so they need not this characteristic prefix by which to make themselves known. Both are friends of good, friends of man.

We proceed to consider: First, they charged the Christians with holding secrets. Their secrets are said to be "awful." The precautions with which the disciples of Christ performed the offices of religion were at first dictated by fear and necessity, but they were continued from choice. By imitating the awful secrecy which reigned in the Elusinian Mysteries, the Christians had flattered themselves that

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they should render their sacred institutions more respectable in the eyes of a Pagan world.* But the event, as it often happens to the operations of subtile policy, deceived their wishes and their expectations. It was concluded that they only concealed what they would have blushed to disclose. Their mistaken prudence afforded an opportunity for malice to invent, and for suspicious credulity to believe the horrid tales which described the Christians as the most wicked of human kind, who practiced in their dark recesses every abomination that a depraved fancy could suggest, and who solicited the favor of their unknown God by the sacrifice of every moral virtue.† There were many who pretended to confess,‡ or to relate the ceremonies of this abhorred society. It was asserted that a new-born infant, entirely covered over with flour, was presented, like some mystic symbol of initiation, to the knife of the proselyte, who unknowingly inflicted many a secret and mortal wound on the innocent victim of his error. That as soon as the cruel deed was perpretrated, the sectaries drank up the blood, greedily tore assunder the quivering members, and pledged themselves to eternal secrecy by a mutual consciousness of guilt. It was as confidently affirmed that this inhuman sacrifice was succeeded by a suitable entertainment in which intemperance served as a provocation to brutal lust, till at the appointed moment the lights were suddenly extinguished, shame was banished, and nature forgotten, and as accident might direct the darkness of the night was polluted by the incestuous commerce of sisters and brothers of sons and mothers.

If tales like these were propagated by anti-Christians against the self-denying followers of the innocent Redeemer, can Freemasonry expect to escape when assailed by the same slanderous party ?‖ Seceding Masons have not yet made so revolting revelations as those just quoted. Perhaps they may equal them in some of the "new editions." The Christians never denied the fact that they held and practiced secret mysteries, but confessed it with the utmost frankness. The Pagan anti-Christians made this charge of secrecy in the Christian

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*Mosheim Eccle. Hist. vol. I, pp 101, as quoted by Gibbon.

†How perfectly does the modern agree with the ancient anti-Christ.

‡Anti-Christ loves seceding Christians as cordially as seceding Masons. They are the seed-wheat for a crop of villains, in both cases. Judas Iscariot was the elder brother of this traiterous family.

‖The scandals hurled upon the Christians by the anti-Christians and apostates, were many of them more revolting than those here cited. The reader is referred to Justin Martyn's Apol. I, 35, II, 14. to Athenagaras in Legation chap. 27, Tertullian's Apol. 6, 7, 8, 9, and Municius Felix (the great Christian enemy) chap. 9, 10.

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Mysteries a rallying cry against them precisely as they do at this time against Freemasonry.

To this charge Tartullian replies, that "It was the nature of mysteries to be concealed, as *ceres* were at Samothracia."* The primitive Christians had a number of mysteries but that of the Eucharist was celebrated with the greatest solemnity. When the celebration of the Eucharist was to begin the Catechumens, penitents and all except the communicants were to depart, as Tartullian says thereof, "Pious initiations drive away the profane." †

These being mysteries which were to be kept secret and concealed from all except the faithful, inasmuch as to others the very method and manner of their actions herein were unknown, which was observed by the Pagans who objected to the Christians, the secrecy of their mysteries, which charge Tartullian does not deny but confesses it.‡

The Christians held at this time that an incomprehensible change was produced on the bread and wine in which they participated by which they became the body and blood of Christ. "That when the bread and wine receive the word of God, then it becomes the Eucharist of the body and blood of Christ."‖

This mystery, whether fancied or real, whether a fact or a conceit, was certainly innocent and served to impress the minds of the communicants with the deepest solemnity. But by the revelations of seceders or apostates, this very soleman scene was represented as an act of the brutal murder of an infant, the drinking of its blood and feasting on its quivering flesh! Perhaps some improvement might be made in the revelations of our pious reverend seceding Masons, should they read Municius Felix or Tryphos' attacks upon the early Christians. These might afford sundry embellishments for a new edition of "Masonic Murder." Anti-Christ is the same by whatever name or appellation he may be known. He loves the style "Angel of Light" in the nineteenth century.

The vile slanders of the anti-Christians were based upon the fact of the Christian secret meetings and concealed mysteries. This charge is the foundation of the anti-Masonic enmity and condemnation. In order further to identify this party known by two distinctive, but not dis-

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**Ex forma mysteriis silentii fides adhibeatur, samothracia et Eleusinia recticentur. Apolog. cap. 7 pp 674.*

†*Piæ initiationes arcesnt profanas, Apolog. cap. 7, pp 674.*

‡Primitive church by Peter King Lord High Chancellor of England, pp 243.

‖Origen com. in Matth. Vol. I, pp 251, also, "*Quando misctus calise et fractus panis precipit verbum Dei fit Eucharistea sanquisis et corporis Christi.*"—*Irsneus Lib.* 5 c. 4.

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similar names we propose to prove that the charges, all and singular, now made against Freemasonry were originally preferred against the Christians by this enemy.

Second, they charged the Christians with meeting in the night. This accusation was undoubtedly true, but the conclusions drawn from the premises were unfounded, slanderous and nefarious. Freemasons are also charged with meeting in the night, and thence it follows that "their works are works of darkness." The Christians never denied holding nocturnal assemblies, nor that the uninitiated were debarred from meeting with them. They did deny the Pagan slanders invented by the anti-Christians in consequence of the time at which they met. "At the appointed time the lights were suddenly extinguished," was the malicious fabrication. "In Turtullian's age and country they received it (the Eucharist) at supper time, from which late assembling it is probable that the heathen took occasion to accuse them of putting out of lights and promiscuously mingling one with another. This accusation may be read at large in Justin Martyns' dialogue with Tryphon and in the Apologies of Turtullian and Athenaragas."* Turtullian affirms that the Christians received this Eucharist sacrament in their assemblies before day.†

Pliny in his ever memorable letter to Emperor Trajan, written A. D. 102, says that "they (the Christians) were accustomed on a stated day to meet before daylight, and to repeat among themselves a hymn to Christ as a God, and to bind themselves by an oath with an obligation to not commit any wickedness. * * * after which it was their custom to separate and to meet again at a promiscuous harmless meal from which last practice they, however, desisted after the publication of my edict, in which, agreeably to your orders, I forbade any societies of that kind."‡ This "promiscuous harmless meal," mentioned by Pliny, was the *agapæ* or love-feast of the primitive church. "After the celebration of the communion, the oblations which had been made in the temple, consisting of meat and bread, which the rich had brought from their houses, were consumed at a common feast. There is some dispute whether in the Apostolic times, this feast did not take place before the communion."‖ These feasts of *agapæ*—love were first pro-

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*Primitive Church by Lord King, pp 241.

†"*Eucharistiæ Sacramentum etiam antelucanis cœtibus.*"—*De Coron Milit.* pp 328.

‡Milner's Church History, Vol. I, pp 88.

‖Rees Cyclopedia. Brande's Dictionary.

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hibited by order of Trajan, A. D. 102, and by the Council of Laodicea 361.*

Cyprian says "that as Christ administered the sacrament in the evening to denote the evening and end of the world, so they celebrated it in the morning to denote the resurrection of their Lord and Master." All of which determines the time of assembling in the primitive church for the celebration of its mysteries to have been in the night, late in the night or before daylight, as we have quoted from Pliny, "That the Christians were wont to meet together before it was light and to bind themselves by an oath." But mark the venomous suspicions of the "enemies." While the Christians thus sought seclusion from the gaze of the uninitiated and from the hand of persecution they subjected themselves to the most ignominious imputations of anti-Christ. They made their nocturnal gatherings appear in the most revolting attitude and their "works of darkness," black in the extreme. How perfectly the accusations of anti-Christ coincide with those of anti-Masonry. What a conformity in the military tactics and modes of assault, and how skillfully both use the same weapons.

So much then for our meeting in the evening and the consequent "works of darkness."

There is an apathy among the Craft much to be deplored. Our trouble is, we make too many members of Lodges, and too few Masons. Complaint of this evil comes up from all jurisdictions. We have heard it in the past; it assails our ears in the present. It assumes all shapes. In one direction we hear the warning, that Masonry is getting to be too popular; in another that Lodges are being too much and too fast multiplied, and that too many of them think more of the fees for the degrees than of the good of Masonry; in another that the salutary use of the ballot is neglected. All these are but different modes of stating the same complaint — we make too many members of Lodges, and too few Masons. The most common, as it is the first and most obvious remedy proposed for this evil, is a more unsparing use of the black ball. I have no objection to this. To a great extent it is the palladium of the institution, and I would advise, encourage, and enforce, if I could, at all times its judicious use. But I am not sure it is the only remedy. The skillful physician, when he undertakes the treatment of disease, endeavors first to ascertain its cause. Remove that, and its effect, the disease disappears with it.

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*This feast was also prohibited by the Council of Carthage, A. D. 379, probably in consequence of the use the anti-Christians made of it for scandal. The reverend Masonic seceders fall short of the Apostle Judas and his fellow traitors who scandalized Christianity and murdered Christians.

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TELLING THE TRUTH.

We well remember an old saying in our boyhood days, "Tell the truth and shame the devil." How far the telling of truth will shame his Satanic majesty we have never as yet had defined to us clearly. But that the telling of truth will keep shame from our own feelings, is undoubtedly true. It matters not how much we cover up and attempt to hide our shame by falsehood, it is utterly impossible for us to escape the righteous judgments of truth.

In the practicability of truth Masonry steps forward and presents her as the foundation of every manly virtue, every true character in veracity. The lessons of Masonry lie in the fact of having everything said truthfully. When we can rely upon what a brother or a friend tells us, can unwaveringly have faith in his word, it is a good and a reliable basis upon which to build and form the superstructure of society. All good disposed organizations, having the highest moral object in view, must build upon such a foundation or it will come to naught. And it is not sufficient for us to talk about truth as being a Masonic virtue and merely recognize it as belonging to Masonry, but to reduce it to practice. Let it become as essential to our moral being as pure air breathed into our lungs is to our physical health, and then Masonry will have a vital power in our land for good. It is the true and lawful ground upon which we can build the Masonic edifice.

Truth will stand by us and do us justice in every trial and vicissitude of human life.

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers."

There are many in this world who flatter themselves that they ar great benefactors when they only contribute of their worldly goods to promote Masonry, and talk loud in its praise, at the same time all of their acts are infidel to the Order. In no way can a member contribute so largely to Masonry as to have his deeds harmonize with his precepts. Not only tell the truth with the tongue, and let the sound vibrate upon the pure air of heaven, but do the truth in harmony with all of the laws of our moral and spiritual being.

It was a truthful saying, uttered by the inspired mind, "Leaven the truth, and it shall make you free." Learn, observe, and practice the truth. There is a great difference in talking about the truth, and living in its vital power. It will do us but little good to know that there is such a principle existing if we neglect to practice or live in its element. Therefore by telling the truth is meant by acts and deeds of right and justice.

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USEFUL AND BENEFICIAL ADMONITION.

M. E. Companion A. V. R. Carpenter, Grand High Priest of Wisconsin, administers the following in his annual address to the Grand Chapter of his jurisdiction. And his remarks will fitly apply to other sections. The "charlatanism" to which he alludes extends over much of our country, and many of these "mountebanks" are of those who have had high honors conferred upon them. Men who make great pretentions of the knowledge of Masonry, and blow their own trumpets of fame, compose some of that class:

"This pest, which has infested some localities in this jurisdiction, drawing after it some well meaning Companions, whose curiosity outweigh their discretion, and others whose ambition led them to wish to distinguish themselves as the leaders of a new system; and others still whose speculative instincts saw another chance to make some money out of the brethren, in accordance with their ideas of the meaning of the term "fraternal relations," which is to make all they can out of such relations. This charlatanism is, I repeat, nearly extinct in our borders. If any of it still remains, and the adherents thereto cause any trouble, each chapter has the weapon wherewith to end it, or sever the connection of such Companion with this order — and it is their duty to do so. I wish I could, with confidence, congratulate the craft on the fact of this being the last attempt of the mountebanks, in or out of the order, to palm off their wares upon our members, and especially the last time any of our well meaning Companions would be led astray thereby. I am quite sure of one thing, and that is, that whoever shall be found wise enough to improve on the principles and teachings of Masonry, will be possessed of a soul above mercenary or selfish considerations, and will be found aiming at preserving the distinctive features of our time-honored institution, and elevating the standard thereof in harmony with the grand design of the founders, rather than by revolutionizing the same, in order to found a new system on a different theory, for the sake of his own glorification, notoriety or advantage. When we all become conversant with the sublime principles of ancient Freemasonry we shall not perceive any imperfections in it, and shall be ready to vindicate it from the assaults of those who, under pretence of having a better light than that which guided our fathers, are forever desirous of tinkering the details, with no better apparent object than that of advancing their own base desires. We need a reformation, personally, God knows, and I say amen to all honest reformers who aim at elevating either Masonry or man toward a higher and better existence, in accordance with God's manifest purpose of assimilating his children unto his own nature; but confound all

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those who never can see any truth in any system that does not square with their own narrow conceptions; and without showing us any road to a loftier and better destiny, are eternally croaking about the imperfections of our present system, and are never content unless they can foment discord among their fellows, and, like "honest Iago," are "nothing unless critical," astute logicians, who can 'convince you by force of argument that a man is not a horse,' and whose metaphysical scissors can

——sever and divide
A hair 'twixt south and southwest side,"

and, when all is done, amount to nothing. From all such people, 'Good Lord deliver us.'"

SECRET ASSOCIATIONS.

Far back upon the dial of time, from a point immemorial we can find traces of the mysterious orders of men. In all ages, and among all people there seems to have existed a desire and a tendency to secret organization. The promoters of good, have in all periods of past history, considered it proper and right, to unite in secret for the purpose of more effectually accomplishing their objects. They have never looked upon such organizations, as detrimental to the best interests of society. It is true, that sometimes the vile and outlaws of the land, for unlawful and unworthy ends, and aims have resorted to secresy to the more effectually accomplish their wicked designs. Still, this does not, neither can it destroy the practicability and utility of secret societies.

Good people, for good objects are justified in sustaining them; notwithstanding the unprincipled may resort to the same for evil purposes. To promote the progressive developement of the human race; to secure life, to improve the morals of the world; to accumulate property in an honest way; to enjoy associated privielges in relation to domestic, and social life, and advance in science, art and philosophy, the grand utility of the working power of secrecy is fully demonstrated, and the absolute need of secret societies becomes apparent.

Important records, and the knowledge of events have been kept, and handed down to our times which would have been lost and destroyed had they not been carefully preserved by these very secret organizations. In this, the Masonic fraternity have rendered the world an invaluable service. Why it is that, otherwise sensible men, should manifest and cultivate such a deadly hate to Masonry is astonishing, and wonderful, in view of these facts. When history, upon every page, proves that the

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secret institutions of the world, which were designed for good, have wrought the greatest benefits for humanity in secret.

This is the method employed in the laws of life. In manifestation of beauty, and in the demonstration of the grand problems of nature, we find secrecy folded in the embrace of mystery.

Let us steal away into the silent vault of creative power, and there behold with reverent awe the ever active living principal of immortality. Let us then look through the key-hole of the unbroken lock, into the undisturbed safe of the great I Am, and we shall there find a hidden spirit, secretly at work, but the power thereof, we know not; but firmly believe that it is of God, weaving in beautiful harmony the blade, the flower, then, in silence and progress, bringing to perfection the ripe fruit. In that vault we behold, in every stage of progress that all are clothed in splendor indiscribable; but secretly.

Do we not discover in these effects, the workings of the divine mind, bringing to perfection the most magnificent forms of beauty in sublime order, all in secret? We find the little humble violet with its lovely shades of color by our pathway.

On the other hand we see the sturdy old oak reaching out her maturnal arms as it were, to protect and shade these delicate flowers from the biting frost, and scorching rays of the sun, All in mute harmony progressing secretly to perfection, and we hear of no wars or rumors of wars threatened by any kind of flowers or trees. No condemnations or denunciation whispered in slander among them. Neither should they, neither should we, for these with us are supported, protected and upheld by an infinite secret power which belongs to God. By the workings of his divine mind, all spring into existance, progress and mature by a law, that his wisdom controlls.

And as we gaze upon the broad page of the universe, and look "through nature, up to nature's God," and see him so busily and industriously at work in every department of his great workshop in secret; shall we do violence to humanity in working in our secret organizations, for the purpose of mentally, intelectually, morally and spiritually improving our race?

We contend that we are all in duty bound to do everything in our power, to bring the intelligent creation to put a confiding and an unwavering trust in God. To climb the lofty eminence where we can behold a united and harmonious brotherhood. Our duty, in part, consists in throwing among the rubbish, the waste and superfluous parts of humanity. Cultivate assiduously the immortal flowers of friendship and love. So that the divine fragrance of heavenly virtue may perfume our pathway as we journey to the shore of the river of life and take passage to the eternal Lodge above.

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ORIENTAL LODGE, CHICAGO.

We enjoyed the privilege of attending a late communication of this great lodge. Great we may call it. Great in social position, great in wealth, great in munificence, great in splendor, and last and best of all great in the excellence of its works. During a Masonic life of more than twenty-eight years, we have seen nothing to equal it. A greater excellence does not seem conceivable. The work was in the Master's degree and it was in every way sublime; the solemnity and impressiveness were all that could be desired by the most ardent friend. We thought at the time of the pigmy of Wheaton, *et id genus omne*, and imagined faintly, the amazement, the chagrin, the mortification and the shame that would successively find place in their hearts could they but be among the beholders of such a scene. They would be impressed as they never were before. They would be astonished that so much good could come out of this Nazareth and they would be ashamed and chagrined, that they had made such wanton war upon an institution that could be the foster parent of such holy impressions. We thought, too, at the time, how nobly could Masonry respond to all such assaults in the language of the Master at Calvary, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." It is only the ignorance of such men — ignorance of the very subject that excites their wrath, that impels them to the senseless, wind-mill sallies of which we occasionally read. We can afford to permit their fury to burn and blaze until it becomes exhausted.

The leading spirit of the Oriental is, of course, the W. M., Bro. Edwin Powell, but we do not mean here that his work constituted the best specimens that were exhibited on the occasion. There was no pre-eminence. It was all good work and square work and just such as was wanted in the building. There was no blemish in any part. The apprentices, the craftsmen and the masters evinced such an excellence in every particular that every visitor and beholder were filled with admiration. We presume that Oriental, like every other lodge, has its rough ashlars occasionally, but we did not see anything of the kind. Everything appeared under the advantage of a very fine polish.

Upon the principle of rendering honor to whom honor is due, we herewith append the names of the officers: Edwin Powell, W. M.; F. P. Cram, S. W.; E. B. Bennett, J. W.; Rev. J. B. Thomas, Chaplain; A. G. Burley, Treas.; E. N. Tucker, Sec.; A. L. Smith, S. D.; R. M. Fair, J. D.; F. G. Beecher, S. S.; G. H. Hefford, J. S.; W. H. Cutler, Organist; A. E. Clark, C. of M.

We need not add that in such hands the interests of our great cause are perfectly safe. But we can say that the craft has as much reason

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to be proud of such a lodge as the lodge has to venerate the hoary locks of the institution.

That those not acquainted with the fact may understand something of the devotion of the members of Oriental to the interests of the order we may state that the simple adornments of their hall and its appurtenances cost them upwards of Twenty-two Thousand Dollars. We need not say that such men do nothing on the half-price principle; but rather that whatever they undertake is certain to be well done. In no sense are they half-way men. And yet in all these encomiums of this excellent lodge we do not act the part of a sycophant or flatterer. We merely act out a manifest duty. If it be right and proper to tell a man or brother, when he does wrong, much more is it our duty to commend him when right. We think that men generally are too sparing of their praises. Censures and complaints are always plenty and freely administered by all we meet. Every man is ready to distrust. *Per contra*, we think it is a religious duty to tell a man when he does right, that he may be encouraged to go on.

And, besides this, it is right to single out good work and good men as examples for others to imitate. The Oriental is we think nearer the East than any other within the jurisdiction of the state and is certainly entitled to all the plaudits which such successful efforts at perfection have as certainly earned. Those of our brethren coming to Chicago in search of light can find no greater effulgence than in Oriental Hall. May its shadow never grow less.

S. Ashton.

THE UNIFORMITY OF MASONS.

There are many who talk and write much about what should be the uniform workings of the craft. There is a great deal said which tends to impress the mind that Masonry, like many other things is changeable. But when the mind takes in the whole scope of Masonry, it will be more and more convinced that it is durable, unchangeable and uniform.

Some have so limited an idea of Masonry that if every *t* is not crossed, and every *i* dotted, that its foundation is gone. The ritual to such is the *alpha* and *omega* of the institution. If they, parrot-like, can repeat it as they were taught, they considered themselves great and essential lights of the order. With our great number of Grand Lodges, and Grand Orients all over the world, claiming the right to decide and choose their own peculiar phraseology in the ritual ceremonies of the Order, there will be a variation of expression. Each

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jurisdiction will claim it as a right, to select and put together as a rit ual, such forms of expression of thought as is deemed proper to give a true explanation of Masonry, observing at the same time all the ancient Landmarks and regulations. The ritual is only a compiled system of ceremonies, which may be somewhat varied, if no material principle is omitted or neglected. These ceremonies are liable to become changed, In one period of the world's history and progress, they may exist in one form, illustrating the principles of Masonry, in all moral and spiritual grandeur; and in another period, with new ideas, new modes of thought, with what may be claimed as improvement in language, to express ideas, the ceremonial may be changed materially, still all the fundamental principles are taught and retained.

We claim that Masons should never look through the ceremonies of Masonry to judge of its worth and prosperity, by the accuracy of expression, any more than a Christian should look through his prayer book, and repeat that accurately, to make up his mind what Christianity is, and how noble and good *he is* as a true Christian. But we should look through the principles of Masonry, its dogmas and symbolry to judge correctly of its worth. These are unchangeable, and as immutable as the attributes of Wisdom, Goodness and Power of the Ruler of the universe. Masonry is made up of something more permanent than a catechism in the form of lectures. For these may change, but principles never. The understanding of a principle may change, but the principle itself remains the same at all times, and in all places.

Ritual venders and peddlers, and those who try to palm themselves off as the real lovers of Masonry, talk loud, late and early, of the great necessity of the uniformity of the Order. Each one of them, at the same time, taking the utmost pains to clandestinely stamp themselves upon the work, falsely, sell and palm off as genuine their counterfeit upon the uneducated and unsuspecting as true Masonry. And the most unmasonic thing in their estimation, is, that their production are not considered as the real genuine articles. While they assume to be the noble benefactors of our race, and of Masons in particular, and claim that their object is to produce a uniformity of work. They contribute more to the confusion and discords of the fraternity than all others put together. At the same time fill their own pockets with the illgotten gain from the hard earnings of others. In this conceit, how stupid and obstinnte those are who repudiate their base frauds and pretentions. As long as any cling to the skirts of such, expecting to become bright in Masonry, they will surely die without ever realizing what it is. It is utterly impossible to have their falsehoods substituted for the truth.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

Not long since we left our city, and traveled an easterly direction, and soon crossed the line into Indiana. We called at Crown Point and renewed old acquaintences and formed new ones. The craft is doing well, and making some progress in erecting the Masonic temple. We bade the brotherhood "good-bye" and made brief calls at Hebron and Kouts station, at the latter place they have just commenced work. The brothers seem to be very hopeful, in being able to find good material for the Mystic edifice.

At WINAMAC we have a noble set of brothers, they say that the work goes bravely on. We are under many obligations to Br. Nickols, for his kindness. Br. Carper keeps a good Hotel for the weary pilgrim.

LOGANSPORT, is a noble city, and for a long time Masonry has had a strong foothold. Many items of Masonic history could be gathered at this location.

A number of prominent workmen have taken their last dimit from earth, from this place. Tipton and Bartlett are remembered with pleasure. The Fraternity is well represented with men of five talents at the present time.

Hon. Mr. Pratt, who looks after the interests of the State in the United States Senate is a man of fine ability. Rev. Dr. Alford, and Rev. N. S. Sage are able men, set for the defence of the pure principles of our beloved Order. They are our valued contributors to the columns of the STAR.

AT GALVESTON, KOKOMO, ANDERSON, MUNCIE, WINDFALL, RICHMOND, NEW HAVEN, HUNTINGTON, ANTIOCH, ROENOKE, ARGUS, ROCHESTER, PLYMOUTH and BLUFFTON they are doing nobly for the upbuilding of Masonry. In each the mystic banner is unfurled and the brotherhood are hard at work to do honor to the noble cause.

FORT WAYNE.—The members of the Masonic Order have ever manifested a commendable zeal for the prosperity of Masonry. It was in this city that our MYSTIC STAR first reflected its rays of light. Here it was in the time of the Nation's struggle, that it commenced visiting the true and faithful, many of whom stand by us still, some have changed locations and others have gone to the Lodge on high. This is the home of our co-laborer, Sol. D. Bayless. He has ever had the full confidence of the brotherhood in Indiana, has received all the honors of every office in the Grand bodies and much of the prosperity of Masonry is due to his wisdom and untiring zeal for the craft. He holds

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in utter detestation the ritual mongers of modern times, and those who prate so much about having a "uniformity of work." While these charlatan pedlers are contributing more to the confusion of work than all others. The evil is growing and will produce trouble if it is not checked. The history of Masonry in Ft. Wayne would be quite interesting. Many incidents could be related that would cause a smile. For instance, during the first year that the first Lodge worked upon the Masonic Temple they had but one single application and he was unanmously rejected. How different this work, compared with many who start to lay the foundation of Masonry in a place? The members became impatient for an opportunity to receive material to put into the Temple. But here no improper demonstrations were made and one long year passed away and no addition in numbers. Yet this does not prove that the grand and noble work did not go on. The work of wisdom perhaps was being exemplified. The work of beautifying would be practised by the members. They could grow stronger and become more efficient in every virtue, and be better prepared themselves to fit materials for the walls of this new and mysterious edifice. We have many who have such limited views of Masonry, that if a Lodge is not conferring degrees there is "no work on hand." What a mistaken idea? There is always work as long as we possess less wisdom than the all-wise. As long as we fall short of him in producing beauty there is work. As long as we can increase our strength in virtue and fortify ourselves against the allurements of vice, their is work on hand. Let our members take a higher view for real Masonic work and there will be sufficient work every Lodge night.

THE PITTSBURG, CINCINNATI AND ST. LOUIS R. R.

This public thoroughfare has been of late consolidated under the above name. It is what was the Great Eastern from this city. It is one of the main routes East from the great West. It is well managed, and passes through a number of fine cities, Logansport, Kokomo, Anderson, New Castle and Richmond in Indiana, direct on to Columbus and Cincinnati, taking what is known as the Pan Handle route to New York. It is with pleasure that we can recommend it to the traveling community. It appears as you pass over this road, that the employees were on a strife with some other route in the acts of courtesy and kind answers to inquiries made by almost every passenger. This route is fast working into popular favor.

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THE MYSTIC STAR.

JUNE —— 1870.

THE LEGEND OF JOSHUA.

THE SOLAR AND LUNAR MIRACLE.

The legend of the solar and lunar phenomena mentioned in the tenth chapter of the book of Joshua, has a place in the Ritual of Masonry, though it is very unsatisfactory, because an equivocal one. It is referred to in different lodges in two or three several ways, but in no one correctly. In the ceremonial of the second degree, the allusion is by some made to the position in which Moses prayed to the Almighty to prolong the light of day until he had overcome his enemies. By others, it is said to be the position in which Joshua prayed, &c., in the Valley of Jehoshaphat; while I have heard Moses and Joshua combined, each being said to have been in a certain position when they prayed, &c. There is a sad want of "uniformity" here; and what is worse, a sad want of accuracy, each reference being alike unwarranted by the sacred text. It is quite clear to my mind, that in some cases, there is confounding of Joshua's victory over the Amalekites, in the Valley of Rephidim, as recorded in Exodus xvii., with his victory over the Amorites in the Valley of Gibeon, forty years afterwards, as recorded in Joshua x. That, in Joshua's battle with the Amalekites, recorded in Exodus xvii., Moses held his hands up, and had them so supported, is beyond doubt, for it is said that "when he held up his hands Israel prevailed," but "that when he let down his hands Amalek prevailed," (verse 2.) But there is no mention of his praying that the light of day might be prolonged until he had vanquished his enemies. When Joshua fought with the five kings of the Amorites, (Joshua x.,) he is said to have prayed that the light of day might be prolonged, but nothing is said of his hands being held up. How came the confusion introduced, making, as I have shown, both narratives inaccurate? I can not answer that question, though it exists I know; and it would

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certainly be well to get rid of it. In one sense, it would be accurate enough to say that Joshua prayed for a prolongation of the light of day, until he had vanquished his enemies; but that would not meet the case, if he did not hold up his hands. It would be accurate enough to say, that Moses held up his hands when he prayed for Joshua's victory over his enemies; omitting all reference to the solar and lunar miracle; and there surely can be no objection to such a revision of the working, to which I have referred. There is this in its favor also, that no cognizance would be taken of the solar and lunar phenomena, so that we should get rid of an allusion that has in it what can not fail to cause some perplexity in the mind of any thinking and conscientious man. If we were to ask a hundred persons, who reverence the Bible, and believe in its historical verity, what they think of the story of the sun and the moon standing still at the command of Joshua, as we read in the tenth chapter of the book of Joshua, the answer of ninety-nine out of them would be, that they could not accept it literally, although they would be greatly puzzled if they attempted to interpret it metaphorically; and if it were attempted to press upon them an acceptance of its truth, alleging it is recorded as a *miracle*, and that as such, it involves no difficulty, the answer would be like that of Colenso: "I cannot believe it, any how; for if the earth's motion were suddenly stopped, a man's *feet* would be arrested, when his *body* was moving at the rate (on the equator,) of one thousand miles a minute, since not only must the earth's diurnal rotation on its axis be stopped, but its annual motion also through space; so that every human being and animal would be dashed to pieces in a moment, and a mighty deluge overwhelm the earth; unless all this were prevented by a profusion of miraculous interferences."

It is very desirable to have such impediments to a reception of the biblical narratives removed, if they be susceptible of removal, for if we permit ourselves to reject one passage merely because we find some difficulty in it which we do not at once see how to remove, the probability is, that we shall acquire the habit of doing so, and thus reduce all the scripture narratives to the level of our own understanding, rejecting what we cannot reconcile with our notions of things, although they may be quite compatible with the real nature of things. If we make "the trumpet thus give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself for battle!" Besides, to a conscientious man, it is very painful to be obliged to express a formal assent, in a solemn ceremonial especially, to that which he disbelieves, and he will, therefore, be glad to be relieved from such a dilemma.

Let us look at the narrative as it stands in the Bible, and which presents such difficulties that long before the time of Colenso it had

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exercised the critical ingenuity of many great scholars. Le Clerk, Dathe, Whiston, and others treat it as an optical delusion. Rosenmuller, following Ilgen, supposes it to have been a mistake of the time of day! Winer, and other German critics, who are followed by Davidson (Intrad. *in loco,*) refer the idea of a miracle to a mistake of meaning. Jahn explains it as a sublime poetical trope; while Maimonides supposes that Joshua only asked of the Almighty to grant that he might defeat his enemies before the going down of the sun, and that He heard his prayer, inasmuch as before the close of the day the five kings, with their armies, were defeated. Other critics, following Josephus and the early Fathers, do not attach any weight to the difficulties alleged against the miracle, believing that "a profusion of miraculous interferences" being necessary, furnishes no argument against it; and I quite agree with them. For, as Keil observes, wherever a certain meaning is obtained from a literal interpretation of the words, or when it can be energetically proved to be the only admissible and necessary one, then it must be accepted, whatever the supposed consequences may be.

But did this miracle appear to be necessary; or does a critical examination of the passage (Josh. x: 11-16) demand, upon fair critical grounds, that we should admit the verity of what is recorded in verse 13? I think not. As to the necessity for a miracle of such a description, as must arrest the whole course of nature, and, but for "a profusion of miraculous interferences," destroy, not only the great globe itself "with all that there in is," but throw out of its orbit its satelite — the moon. I may, without presumption, say it does not appear, since it is certain that God could have brought about the victory over the Amorites in one of many ways without such an expenditure of divine power in the multiplication of miracles, as this interference would call for. But I need not pause upon this, as a critical examination of the passage will, I believe, get rid of the whole difficulty.

The first thing that strikes us in the narrative is, that the description of the solar and lunar phenomena is said to be something taken from another book: "Is not this written in the book of Jasher" (verse 13.) This book of Jasher is mentioned only twice in the Bible — here, and in 2 Samuel i: 18. What was this book? We are here left to conjecture; but the opinion that it was a selection of sacred poems, made at an early period, seems a probable one. The Peschito-Syriac, in, Joshua, has "The book of praises or hymns." That it was a poetical composition may be inferred from the specimens of it that are preserved. Lowth, who adopts this opinion, and supposes that its title was taken from its opening words, as *jasher*, "then sang,"

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observes, that "in a bold use of the common resources of his art, the poet had probably represented the victory as so glorious that the heavenly luminaries had seemed to pause in their course to look down upon it; or the slaughter of one day as being so terrible that it might have been thought it was protracted to the length of two, to give the conquerors time to complete their terrible work."

May we not, then, reasonably and without doing violence to the sacred text, regard the passage as a parenthetical reference by Joshua to the poetical and cotemporary book, in confirmation of his own narrative of the defeat of Amorites. That the whole passage (verse 12–15 inclusive) is parenthetical has certainly been demonstrated by J. D. Michaelis, Havernich, and others, and it is evident from the connection between verses 11 and 16, showing that all the intervening sentences are closely associated, and form a small paragraph by themselves. In addition to this, it may be observed that both the opening and the close of the paragraph prove that it is not the production of the author of the book of Joshua either wholly or in part, but is, word for word, an extract, without alteration, from the book of Jasher. The opening words, "When the Lord delivered up the Amorites," &c, show that a different writer is speaking; and the concluding sentence (verse 15) cannot be by the author of the book of Joshua, inasmuch as he did not return to the camp at Gilgal then, but followed up his victory by collecting his army together in a camp at Makkedah as soon as the enemy was thor ughly dispersed (see verse 21.) After staying there for some time, and putting to death the five kings who had been taken prisoners, he beseiged and captured, one by one, the fortified cities; and then, when the whole of the south had been conquered, returned to Gilgal. The fifteenth verse: "Then Joshua returned, and all the camp with him, to the camp at Gilgal," is unintelligible, unless we suppose it to form part of the quotation from the book of Jasher.

Now, if the passage was an extract from some old document, as we suppose it was, and not written by Joshua himself, there is an end of the matter, for the most extraordinary incident in the war he describes, and the most extraordinary thing that could be conceived of, would never have been ignored by him, who was employed by the Lord in achieving miraculous events, and who appealed to them, as Moses had done, in proof that the Lord was with him. As little can we imagine that he would have introduced it in a parenthesis, and by the way, as it were, and not as the chief and notable event in the history, which it was, but as something which, in the composition of the narrative, was of only subordinate interest. The idea is quite incompatible with the fact of such a miracle in the succession of miracles which accompanied

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the mission of Moses and Joshua during their sojourn in the wilderness.

It is difficult, too, to account for the silence of the other books of the Old Testament on so wonderful an occurence, supposing that it really took place. The passages referred to in the margin of English Bibles, (Job ix: 7, and Hab. iii: 2,) are nothing to the purpose, for they occur in poetical compositions like the Book of Jasher, though probably of a much higher and sublimer character, in which metaphors and hyperboles, of the boldest kind, are heaped one upon another. In these compositions the sun is spoken of as standing still, (in Job it is the sun and the stars, not the moon,) in like manner as the mountains are said to be removed and overturned, the earth to be shaken out of her place, while the pillars thereof tremble; the everlasting mountains to be scattered, and the perpetual hills to bow; the depths utter his voice, and to lift up his hands on high, bold and sublime figures of speech, which no one would think of understanding literally, and insisting that all these extraordinary phenomena occurred. But a very noticeable thing is, that there is a passage in Isaiah (chapter xxviii.,) which certainly refers to this defeat of the Amorites by Joshua, as well as to the destruction of Canaanites by Moses, but in which the prophet makes no mention of the miracle of the sun and moon. He mentions only one wonderful work or act indicative of God's wrath or vengeance upon the people in the Valley of Gibeon, which was conspicuously displayed in the miraculous shower of destructive hail stones, assuring those whom he was commanded to menace, that the scourge ordained to destroy them, should overtake them both by day and by night, (verse 18, 19.) He seems to have known nothing of the arresting of the course of nature, and had no idea of the necessity of daylight for the destruction of any people whom Divine Providence had doomed.

Everything seems to concur then in leading to the conclusion, that such a miracle did not take place; but that Joshua, when he wrote this section of the book, paused at the close of that part wherein he describes the termination of the great battle, to introduce, as any author might do, a poetical description of the great event, familliar to the people to whom his book was first given, and in which many of the grand events of their history were worthily celebrated.— *London Freemason.*

Some Masons, when they have taken the Third Degree, conclude that it is all they need. They have no desire to *comprehend* the hidden mysteries, oh, no; and as an excuse for not taking a Masonic magazine, say they have not even time to read their newspaper! — *Voice.*

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For the Mystic Star.

MASONIC OBJECTIONS TO TYPE AND PRINT.

BY LEON HYNEMAN.

It is strange that men of educational acquirements, as we sometimes find, and who possess more than ordinary intelligence, should satisfy themselves in not only ignoring the sources from which they obtained their knowledge, but declaim in cautioning and advising others to refrain from resorting to the same mediums, the mediums which have been developed in the progress of mankind as necessary means for the unfoldment of the intellect. And that members of the Masonic fraternity, occupying the highest positions, should so stultify themselves is passing strange, indeed, and yet such is the inconsistency manifested by some in elevated positions, who would debar those in search of light and knowledge from availing themselves of those opportunities which the necessities of advancing intelligence have created, and the very sources to which those dictators resorted to acquire the information necessary to intelligently discharge the duties of the offices they were called to fill. The need which they felt, and which impelled them to seek the desired knowledge, is a need felt by every one who desires to perform the duties he may be called to, intelligently and satisfactory.

These remarks were suggested by the perusal of a valedictory address which has only recently appeared in the published transactions of a Masonic Grand Body, in which the author makes some very weak and stale objections to "type" and "print," and to the sentiment that "Masonry is progressive." He says "It is the highest glory of the order that it is steadfast and established. *It resists innovations with a power which has never been overcome.*" Yet during his Masonic life many changes have been made in the verbiage of the ritual, and in the attempts by him, during his administration, to adapt the language to present gramatical rules, he innovated upon the instructions of his predecessors, and created much confusion among the workers in the Temple. Notwithstanding the avowal of the principle that "It is not permitted that a workman should ever be justified or excused for the introduction of words or expressions, sentences or meanings into the esoteric sections of the ceremonial, which is not the authorized version of the landmarks," one would inquire what the landmarks are which "the ages have hardened into an unmalleable decree?" Can the author or any writer on the Masonic system tell?

There is no authorized version of the esoteric teachings which is

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universal or uniform in Masonic teachings, or never has been. The valedictory throughout is a combination of words artistically arranged which could be better suited to the generalities of any subject, but to the Masonic student the whole is a mere combination of words on a subject illy understood by the writer.

It is too late a day for any one, however high in authority, to oppose the introduction or use of type and print in any matter in which man has an interest. The age is ripe with investigators, and the mind will probe in any and all directions in seeking Truth. The press is the medium and the instrumentality to convey the results reached by investigating minds. We contend there is no part of the esoteric work of Masonry that is exempt from the scrutiny of inquiring minds, and the ignorant or self sufficient vain glorious alone do not seek for "more light" or Masonic information through the publications devoted to its diffusion. They enjoy their ignorance and glory in it by declaiming against Masonic publications. We propound three questions to the readers of the MYSTIC STAR, to which we ask a reply from the learned Orator, Instructor, P. G. M., giving authentic, authorized data.

Is the sword a *proper*, a necessary implement sanctioned by any "authorized version of landmarks" of ancient Freemasonry?

Is the Bible, as one of the great lights, a landmark of ancient Freemasonry of universal and uniform usage?

Is the inquiry in whom we place our trust a landmark of ancient Freemasonry?

The replies must be in accord with "the unchangeable basis and foundation of Masonry."

The member of the Masonic fraternity who speaks or writes against Masonic publications only belittles himself in the estimation of all thinking Masons. As well declaim against public schools, against research and invest gation of every kind, against instruction generally. It is a barbaric sentiment, a war against culture, against education, against progressive improvement in elevating the race to higher conditions. It is the sentiment of the despot keeping his subjects in ignorance and the means of oppression. He can be no friend of man, no Freemason who would deprive or deny to others the privilege, *the right*, to seek information from any source whatever. The Masonic press has been promotive of much good and the truly honest Freemason will give it his hearty support and contribute towards sustaining it. The reason why among the large numbers of the fraternity the Masonic press is not generally sustained is that too many are only Masons in name, have came in through fraud, professing to have no mercenary motives, and that their object was self improvement, and to benefit their fellow men. Their conduct subsequently proves their

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statements to be false. If the antecedent life of an applicant does not show that he is a *good and true man* he should be rejected; indeed, charges should be brought against the recommenders. The response that he puts his trust in God is as false as his statement as to his motives in his application. The Masonic institution requires renovation in the ritual and the material of the temple. A closer scrutiny into the character, the true life of the applicants, and the lopping off of everything in the ritual and ceremonial which is inconsistant with and not in harmony with the attributes of the Infinite, Omniscient and Omnipresent Being.

MASONIC CHARLATANISM OF THOMAS DUNCKERLY.

BY JACOB NORTON.

The London *Times* once defined the difference between Roman Catholic and Papist. "The former," it said, "was a conscientious believer in his creed, and strict observer of the forms and ceremonies of his church, but who is nevertheless willing to let other religionists enjoy their own opinions. The latter is the ultramontane propagandist — the meddlesome bigot — ever on the alert to plague those who differ from him, either with honeyed phrases or dogmatic insolence, about the soul-saving superiority of his ism." These bigots may be divided into two classes, and are by no means confined exclusively to the Catholic church. In fact, there are but few churches who are not disgraced with the stupidity of these fanatics.

The first is the consistent, scrupulous bigot. He constantly mutters, "He that is not with me is against me," and makes no secret of his hatred to all who differ from him. He justifies former persecutions, and sighs for the good old times. "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers," "for what hath the righteous with the unrighteous," forms his Gospel *par excellence*, while "love your neighbor as yourself" and "do unto another as you wish him to do unto you" means to him only "qualifiedly so." He is, therefore, opposed to every kind of association with those whom he condemns as unrighteous, heretic, infidel, etc., consequently public schools are with him an abomination; he is not only inflexibly opposed to every kind of intercourse with the heretic, but even his children must not mingle or play with those belonging to the "unrighteous."

From that stripe of fanatics Masonry is necessarily free, but not so from the second class. These we shall call "Tolerationists." That is,

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they despise and even hate the unbeliever in their peculiar dogmas as much as bigot number one does, but they denounce burning, exhiling, etc., on account of religion. That stigma they attribute to the Catholic church. But say they, "*We*, as a Christian or Protestant people, ought to debar all who disbelieve in our religion the privilege of citizenship." Hence, that class have not only, in the name of their religion, opposed in Europe the repeal of barbarous laws, but they are even now agitating in this country the restoration of those barbarous laws.

These tolerationists are in favor of public schools providing *their* ism is taught, they will patronize Masonry providing *their* ism is favored and endorsed. With them "liberty of conscience" means *their* liberty of conscience, and their conscience justifies them to be eternally plaguing all who may have the misfortune to come in contact with them "either with honeyed phrases or dogmatic insolence about the superiority of their own ism." In addition to that they will misrepresent and deceive providing their church can gain some imaginary advantage, for that purpose they are ever willing either to invent new falsehoods or support old ones. That class formed the pest of the Masonic institution from its incipiency. It is that class who have made repeated efforts to sectarize Masonry in spite of the solemn pledges given "on the word and honor of a gentleman and Mason." Ask them the meaning of universal religion and they answer, "Ours is the universal religion, ours is not sectarian," etc.

Now, among the foremost of that class of charlatans connected with English Masonry in the last century, Thomas Dunckerly, Esq., deserves the cognomen of "The Great." Though a member of a lodge under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of England, still, we find he hobnobbed with the then spurious party called "Ancients." From them he stole the Royal Arch degree and opened chapters for what was called the "Moderns."* He also introduced or popularized Templarism, Rose Cincism, Radoshism, and what not. His higher degrees were indeed not arranged after the orthodox American model, for instance, the R. A. was his 4th degree, and Radosh his 7th, while here the R. A. is the 7th and Radosh the 29th degree. He must, therefore, have been unenlightened in the intermediate *sublime moonshine*. But what of it? That he was the greatest high degree monger in England

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* June 7, 1766. Bro. Samuel Spencer, G. L. of England, designated (in a letter to the lodge of Frankfort O. M.) the R. A. as "a society which we do not acknowledge, and which we regard as an invention designed for the purpose of introducing innovations amongst the brotherhood." (See Findel.) And about 1772 or 4 the Modern already possessed Chapters of their own, and there is no doubt that Dunckerly was the moving spirit thereof.

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in his generation, cannot be questioned. It was also Dunckerly's prophetic vision which discovered that the "Parallel Lines," with the Saints John as Masonic parallels, formed part of the Masonic tracing or trestle board, from the year 90 of the Christian era.

Our English giant, though he knew but a sixth part of the "sublime mysteries," known to our American grand luminaries, was, nevertheless far ahead of them in Masonic historic lore. The origin of Knight Templarism must have been communicated by the same spirit who reveals to him that the saints were on the tracing board from the year 90.

As very little is known of the nature of the *eminence* attributed to our hero by the sectarianizing school, a brief account of his life, drawn from reliable sources, together with a specimen of his historical composition, will, we trust, be acceptable to our readers.*

Thomas Dunckerly was born about 1724, and married when twenty years of age. Who his reputed father was we are not informed. His mother, however, though "frail" at one period of her life, must, nevertheless, have been a woman of delicacy, otherwise she would not have concealed her "weakness," and, indeed, would have made no secret of it. Young Thomas was sent early in life to serve on a ship of war, and continued in the service until the termination of the siege of Quebec, 1759. He had the highest recommendations from a number of commanders under whom he served, but without parliamentary influence there was no chance of rising in the navy. In 1760 his mother, while receiving the sacrament on her death bed, made a declaration to her son that "the greatest personage in the realm was his father," or, in other words, that he owed his mortal existence to George II. This revelation, we have reason to believe, was received by Bro. Dunckerly, not only with no disfavor, but even with a feeling of satisfaction. Nor should we either blame him, or feel surprised thereat. For, in the first place, it was not his fault that he was what he was, and, secondly, we must bear in mind that morals had its transitions as well as science. Many things that were once considered as scientifically true are now regarded as false, so also in morals; what at one period was regarded as right is now looked upon as wrong.

We know, for instance, that William the Conqueror was not ashamed to be styled "The Bastard," and, in fact, a personage with such a

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* For the main part of our information we are indebted to the *Freemason's Magazine*, 1793, 4 and 5, belonging to the G. L. of Massachusetts. That Dunckerly was cognizant, and approved of the biography, is evident from the fact that he must have supplied the letters accompanying the sketch, and that he contributed old letters to the said magazine after the publication of his biography.

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designation figures in almost every reign in the histories of England, Scotland, and France before the Reformation, and that the illigitimate descendents of Charles II., and of other English kings, are proud this day to display on their escutcheon the "Sinister Bend." And we may even come nearer home. It is well known that there are many mulattoes in the Southern states who prefer sporting the name of some ex-governor, senator or general to that of his mother's legal husband. Such being the case, we cannot really feel surprised that a man in Dunckerly's position should have received such news with satisfaction. A poor subordinate of a man-of-war, with no visible means of promotion, was all at once transformed into a near connection of the dispenser of all honors in church and state. He knew what former kings had done for their illicit offsprings, and something of the kind might also be done in his behalf. But whatever expectations of the kind poor Dunckerly may have indulged in, those fleeting shadows of greatness vanished with the immediate death of the King. George II. died without knowing that the first, second or third officer of "Terrible," or "Bull Dog," had any claim on him, or even that such a being as Thomas Dunckerly, Esq., existed. Fortunately, however, for our hero, he was a perfect "chip of the old block." Our authority assures us that those who knew the King could not be mistaken in the parentage of Mr. Dunckerly. Nor was he entirely without friends. It appears that Lord Bute, the all powerful favorite of the young King, was induced to take an interest in his behalf. We, consequently, find that Dunckerly was superanuated in 1764, when he applied himself to the study of the law and was afterwards admitted to the bar, and in 1767 he obtained a pension from his nephew George III. Our authority assures us that "by the munificence of his sovereign, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of York, he had the honor and happiness to live in very comfortable circumstances," at one time he resided in the Sumerset House Strand, and he afterwards changed his quarters to Hampton Court.

The name of Thomas Dunckerly would, however, have been doomed to oblivion, but Freemasonry, which contributed to raise so many small minds into *eminence*, proved a success to our hero also. When, or where, he was initiated we are not informed. It is, however, probably that his Masonic manipulations did not begin until after the discovery of his parentage. This relationship to Royalty, combined with a knack of conceit and superabundance of faith, conduced to impose him on the brotherhood as a great luminary.

Not content with the cosmopolitan Masonry of three degrees, our enthusiastic brother dived deeper into the arcana of Masonry, rushing into all the mysteries that could be obtained in an irregular byway.

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Then he opened shop on his own account and sought a market for those mysteries among the "Moderns." We have every reason to believe that through his influence his royal grand nephews were induced to patronize those higher degrees, and in return they heaped upon him a load of Masonic titles and honors seldom borne by a solitary individual. He was Provincial Grand Master of about a third of the English counties, Grand Master of the Royal Arch (so our authority designates him) of the same counties, Supreme Knight of the Rosa Crucis ditto, Templar and Radosh ditto. These positi ns made him all powerful.* The Grand Lodge conferred on him the rank of Past S. G. W., though he never served in that capacity. With royal nephews and so many titles, added to which the mysteriousness attached by the uninformed to "higher degrees" — degrees, too, which His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, or some other Royal was patron of — these combined gave him sufficient importance to attempt the corruption of the Masonic ritual. Some of the higher degrees are of Christian origin, and some of sectarian tendencies.

Whether he believed in the truth of the legends connected with the higher degrees which he promulgated we cannot positively affirm. It may be the precious history of Templarism by Dunckerly was his own invention, or it may have eminated from some other charlatan, but be that as it may, we must readily concede that a man educated on an English man-of-war could not have belonged to the highest class of cultured minds, his knowledge of history and theology derived from the ships's library, (if it had a library,) and the ship's chaplain could not have been of the highest liberal kind. "Church and State," as established by act of Parliament, was to him the highest ideal of perfection, add to which, he became a pensioner, and a pensioner of George III. had to be a "high tory," and a high tory of that day was precisely the character we designated as bigot number two. He was a tolerationist. "Divine right of Kings," though not avowed, was his political dogma; the State Church, was *the* church; "the inalienabe rights of man," the liberty of expostulating against the tyranny of his church and state, were to be punished as criminal offences, viz, treason and blasphemy. Such was his highest type of Christian civilization. He *tolerated* where he had a right to persecute. Beyond toleration, his Christian magnanimity could not advance. Now the higher degrees were Christian degrees, as he viewed Christianity;

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*Some correspondents of the *London Freemason* have been recently at work raking up old laws, Biblical and Masonic, showing that it is against the ancient Landmarks to initiate an *illigitimate*. What would they say if they knew that a S. G. W. of their G. L. belonged to this unfortunate class?

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why then should not the lower ones harmonize with the higher? So thought Bro. Dunckerly, and so he went to work at tinkering the Masonic ritual, adding thereto the "parallel lines," with the Christian saints for Jewish Masons to revere. The opinion of Dunckerly and of that class is, that whereas a Jew being *favored with toleration*, it is impertinent on his part to deny reverence to those Christian saints and his type of Christianity. They say, "We revere the saints, and why should not the Jews?" Such, no doubt, was the logic of Dunckerly, and such is the logic of the bigots of every age.

Whether Dunckerly invented the fable about St. John, the Evangelist, when upwards of ninety years old becoming Grand Master, or whether it was an invention of a later charlatan, we are not informed, but are certain, however, that the "saints" were not universally adopted by the English lodges even prior to the union. The incongruity of sectarianism with Masonry was too evident not to have met with opposition from those who understood what Masonry meant, and at the union, in 1813, all allusion to the Saints John were expunged from the English constitution and ritual of Masonry. Thomas Smith Webb, however, an American genius of the Dunckerly order, reproduced those "parallel lines" with the Saints John into the American ritualistic system of Masonry, since which time orators on every twenty-fourth of June proclaim publicly that the saints were Grand Masters.

We shall now only relate a very brilliant exploit of Bro. Dunckerly: During the American war some fears were once entertained of a landing of the French on some part of the English coast, when Bro. Dunckerly issued an "encyclical letter" to his squad of Sir Knights to hold themselves in readiness to repel the invaders. Of course, when the order became known on the other side of the channel the landing was abandoned.

THE LAYING OF THE CORNER STONE.

BY DIANA MARCH.

With the thrilling of fifes and the throbbing of drums
In triumph the host of the Brotherhood comes!
Their Jewels ablaze in the splendor of day,
Their proud ranks unbroken, in serried array;
In the Emblems of Innocence, stainless and white,
They come from the silence and gloom of the West,

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The glory of knowledge hath beamed on their sight,
And the symbols of Mystery burn on each breast.

With the winding of horns, and the thunder of drums,
The host of the Craftsmen in majesty comes,
On the Mount of Moriah, far seen thro' the blue,
The blaze of the temple hath burst on their view!
From the West to the East they are journeying on,
The rough Road of Peril their footsteps have trod,
Where the gleam of the far Northern Circle is drawn —
Where the South shines — they come in the strength of their God.

The Wild Bugles blow, and the serried ranks grow —
The ranks of the marchers — with pennons aglow —
In the robes of their Innocence, stainless and white,
They come in their glory, the Seekers of Light!
Majestic and slow, Hand clasping with Hand,
They move in the march thro' the city's gay length —
And borne in the midst of The Worshipful Grand!
Lo, the pillars of Wisdom, and Beauty, and Strength!

To the blast of the trumpet, the roll of the drum,
In splendor the hosts of the Brotherhood come!
Red lips wreathe, white hands wave — like blossoms are flung
The smiles of fair women the Brethren among!
As the mystical Ark of the Covenant of old
To the land of their hope was by Israel borne,
Lo, the Book, writ in letters of fire and gold,
With the Vessels of Oil, and of Wine and of Corn!

Faith gleams like a star on each broad, manly brow,
Like an Angel Hope smiles in the deep eyes below —
And Charity glows in each warm-beating breast
'Twixt the North and the South — From the East to the West!
With Staff, Scrip and Mantle the Captives return
From bondage and sorrow, by different ways,
O'er the altars dismantled their pure spirits burn,
The beautiful Walls of the Temple to raise.

On the winds of the Autumn, in splendor unrolled,
With their royal emblazons of scarlet and gold,

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Flashing back the broad sunshine stream out in the van
The Lion of Judah — the Eagle of Dan!
'Mid the wrecks of the Temple of God overthrown,
They delve for the Treasures of bygone Time —
Till bursts on their sight the Eternal Keystone,
And the Long Lost is found 'mid traditions sublime.

In the sheen of the sun, 'neath the blue of the sky,
Lo, the vast Brotherhood of the Mystical Tie!
Their fame is as wide as the blue Arch above —
As their Charity, Faith, Hope, and Brotherly Love!
Where the dead cities lie 'neath the desolate sand,
Where the hoary old ruins of empire are spread,
By the river that flows thro' that curse smitten land —
The river of Jordan — their Fathers were led!

To the clang of the cymbal, the wail of the horn,
Aloft the bright flag of the Red Cross is borne —
And the Red Cross outshines in the broad ranks below,
As the good Knights sweep on in their vestments of woe.
In the mists of the ages their birth-star is hid,
In the ancient and glorious centuries dead,
But their legends are writ on the gray pyramid,
And their Light from Judeah's lost glory is shed!

To the resonant thunder of trumpet and drum
The Templars in solemn magnificence come!
The Serpent and Cross on the black field aglow,
The Beauseant gleaming in sable and snow!
The Temple they reared 'mid the glories of old,
When the Ark of the Covenant shone thro' the Vail,
And the sin-offering smoked on their altars of gold,
While the prayers of the multitude rose from the dale —

With bursts of wild music, and banners dispread,
Under the gray Arch of Steel they tread —
In Concord Fraternal, hand clasping with hand,
They come like a vi ion, the flower of the land!
The Temple's dismantled, the alters o'erthrown,
The Holy of Holies defiled in the dust,
Where the Glory of God 'twixt the Cherubim shone,
The shrine is corrupt with the moth and the rust!

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To the mellow accordance of cymbal and horn,
Aloft are the Symbols of Brotherhood borne —
As they sweep thro' the multitude solemn and slow,
Their spears in the beams of the sunlight aglow!
The Craftsmen are toiling the Fane to rebuild,
Whose glory and splendor shall never depart,
Whose Corner-Stone rests on the promise fulfilled,
For the Temple of God is in each purified heart,

And now to the Corner-Stone lo, they repair,
It is true to the Plumb line and true to the Square!
The anthem arises with cadence divine,
'Mid the pouring of oil and the blushing of wine,
All hail to the Mystical Order that sprung
Fr•m the needs and impulses born with the race,
Who reared our earth-altars when nature was young,
And shaped the rude Arts into Beauty and Grace.

Sublime Architects of a Temple Unseen!
Whose spires ever golden, whose wreaths ever green,
From whose altars the sweet-smelling incense of praise,
Shall arise to our God through Eternity's days.
By the Mystical ladder we climb to the stars,
Thro' our Hopes and our Faith, and sweet charities won,
When we burst thro' the bonds of our low prison bars,
And arise in the Light of Eternity's sun!

When the Mallet and Chisel are needed no more —
When our labor is ended, our toiling is o'er,
In the Grand Lodge Above we shall sit at the feast,
With the Master in glory, who rules in the East!
When the Evergreen garland shall bloom on the grave
Where Fidelity sleeps the sweet sleep of the Just,
O'er the mortal in peace may its loveliness wave,
'Till the glorious immortal shall wake from the dust.

After labor and toil there is triumph and rest!
And we're journeying on to the East from the West,
With the Light on our brows, till we enter that Bourn
From whose silence no Traveler shall ever return!

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KORN KOBB BECOMES A MASON.

I flatter myself, I understand something about secret societies. I've had a passion for that sort of thing, ever since I was old enough to tell lies. I have scouted around pretty extensively among the different organizations. I've been an Orangeman, and a Fenian, and a Good Templar, and a Counterfeiter, and also a Knight of Malta. I have belonged to the Sons of Temperance, and the Odd Fellows, and the Young Men's Christian Association, and the Band of Hope, and a band of burglars. I've been into everything, and thought I knew everything almost, but I didn't. Three months ago, I became infatuated with Masonry, and since I joined that organization, I've discovered that there are several things connected therewith, that outsiders *don't* know just a pretty good deal about. Now, Mr. Editor, I propose making these secrets public, not out of compassion for my fellow men, who may be tending towards Masonry, and act as a warning, and so on, because I havn't got a spark of human kindness in my breast, and would rather see every mother's son put to the torture, than not, but because I have a spite against the fellows who initiated me, who made the irons too hot, and the goat too frisky, and treated me with a roughness, generally, that the occasion did not warrant.

Before fulminating my narrative I will state, for the benefit of those who don't know, that Masonry is about six hundred thousand years old. It was old when the fraternity got into trouble at the tower of Babel, and it was old when Adam put on his apron first as Grand Master in the Eden Lodge. As a more convincing proof of its antiquity, I would just mention that a party of miners the other day in one of their excavations, came upon the petrified remains of a Masonic Lodge with the members in their places and all complete, and eminent geologists who have examined the fossils are of the opinion that these bodies have been imbedded in the rock for more than fifteen thousand years.

On the evening I was to be initiated I made my will and took a most affecting leave of my family. Thus prepared, I started for the lodge, accompanied by Brother John Smith, S. R. S. P. T., who was to "see me through." We had no difficulty in getting past the first entrance; but when we knocked at the second, a fat little fellow looked out through a round hole in the door, and put this startling insticatory to Brother Smith: Chetuxchronhighcockalorum, to which Brother Smith replied cheerfully nix-my-dolly-whack-doo. The little fellow then said: Flodzestcompbritidytumtum, and my conductor giving a satisfactory answer we were permitted to enter. Before I had time to

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look about me a long-legged scoundrel knocked me over with a club; he then stood me on my feet and another marauder made a rush at me and brought me down again. After I had undergone this exhilarating exercise for five minutes, they stretched me out on a bench and examined my teeth, and pinched muscles, and stuck pins into me all over, and shoved cayenne pepper up my nose, and poured moulten lead into my trowsers pockets, and pulled hairs out of the back of my neck, with red hot pincers, with a view, I suppose, to make me feel unembarrassed and at home.

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When I came to my senses I was alone in the ante-room of the lodge. It was a lively and cheerful apartment. A couple of crocodiles were amusing themselves in a corner, and a few full grown rattle-snakes were practising the flying trapeze on the stove-pipe. The furniture consisted chiefly of half a dozen mummies, the skeletons of Captain Kidd, Lucretia Borgia, Guy Fawkes, Jack the Giant Killer, Oliver Cromwell, the Wandering Jew, William the Conqueror, Christopher Columbus, and Dick Turpin; a flying machine, three barrels of gunpowder, and a remarkably healthy and well developed wild cat. Just then half a dozen pirates, clad in aprons and sashes, rushed into the room with a whoop. One of them, the bigest and ugliest, who appeared to be the chief, ordered the attendants in a voice of thunder, to trot out the animal. The attendants disappeared but immediately re-appeared, leading an iron-clad goat, a regular double decker with sixteen horns, a pair of wings, and seven or eight tails stuck all over him. My eyes were bandaged and I was told to mount. I said, gentlemen, if you'll excuse me I would rather not. I'm not accustomed to going up in a balloon; besides I've got an engagement down town. My wife wants to see me particularly. I'll be back in a few minutes; I rather think my house is on fire, but I'll be back in a few minutes, yes, gentlemen, in a few— Before I could finish my sentence, I was seized from behind and planted firmly astride of the infernal goat. Somebody then said let go, and away we went. I've been through a good many perilous scenes; I've taken part in an election fight; I've been down in a railway collision, and up in a steamboat explosion. I've fallen down three flights of stairs, and walked out of a fourth story window, but this goat excursion was a little ahead of them all. When I come to reflect on the matter in cold blood, I wonder that I ever came out alive. The furious beast kicked and screamed, and rolled over, and turned back somersaults, and front somersaults, and drove me against the ceiling and underneath the chairs, till the bandage fell from my eyes, and I had to let go. The goat vanished up the chimney in a blue flame, and I found myself in the centre of

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the lodge room; with about fifty Masons in aprons, and nothing else, dancing a war dance round me. The rest of the members were standing on their heads in the different corners, all but one cadaverous looking buccaneer, who seemed to be the head of the department. Soon they left off dancing and marched round the room chanting an inspiriting dirge. I was then hauled up in front of the Chief's desk, who thus addressed me: "Brother Kobb, you are now one of us. You are a member of an institution that has lasted over three million years. You are impervious to mundane influences. You are water proof and fire proof, you are over proof. You can walk through the river, or sit down on a red hot stove with impunity. Mortal man can not harm you, and the devil himself must curl up his tail and walk off at your approach. 'Be virtuous, Mr. Kobb, and you will be happy."

I then assumed a sash and apron, and stood hot whiskies all around, and I was a Mason.

KORN KOBB, JR.

For the Mystic Star.

FIVE REASONS WHY I THINK MASONRY A GOOD THING.

BY DR. C. WOODHOUSE.

1. Bad Masons and those Masons who very imperfectly live up to "the tenets" of the order, will always tell you that were they to live as the laws and rules of the order require they would be better men than they are. They never pretend that they are bad men because they live up to the letter and spirit of Masonry, but because they do not.

2. Many creeds and educational influences tend to contract our charities and increase our asperities. The bitterness of sectarian hate has passed into a proverb, and nation is arrayed against nation because of traditional hatreds handed down from generation to generation. This tendency, always evil, finds no countervailing influence so powerful as the spirit of Freemasonry. In this respect, it is the spirit and letter of the Gospel, and better than much so-called religion.

3. The most despotic governments on earth are opposed to Freemasonry. The Spanish goverment in Cuba not only persecutes the poor Cubans with an iron hand, but opposes the Masons and throws them into dungeons, and for no justifiable cause, pleading only the excuse of the tyrant, "I have the power and the will."

4. The Pope of Rome, while he welcomes the aid of the Jesuits and

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smiles upon them, (a secret organization that pries into the business of every family, and has its spies in all parts of the world,) nevertheless opposes in the bitterest spirit Freemasonry, whose ends and aims are only fraternal and humane, and which never meddles with the questions that divide and embitter the sectarian world.

5. Bigots, like Finney and Blanchard, are in happy concord with his Holiness the Pope in their crusade against Freemasonry, showing that "birds of a feather flock together."

Of course other, if not better reasons than these can be given in favor of Masonry, but it seems to me that an institution which bigots and tyrants all unite to hate and break down, must have real merits, and this fact alone ought to commend Masonry to all who pray for "peace on earth and good will to men." If tyrants hate Masonry it is because Masonry treads in their way. If bigots hate Masonry, it is because Masonry is the child of Light and Love, in whose merciful presence the oppressor's power and the sectarian's hate flee like frightened ghosts away.

RUTLAND, VT.

JURISPRUDENCE OF THE GRAND CHAPTER OF WIS.

The so called "Barney Work," as given to us by Comp. Lawton, is adopted as the standard work for this jurisdiction.—1858.

All persons claiming to be Royal Arch Masons who have been made in so called Army Chapters, are hereby declared clandestine.—1867.

The Secretary of each Chapter shall give a written or printed notice of at least six days, personally or by mail, to all the Companions of his Chapter, of the name of every candidate for degrees who is to be ballotted for at each convocation.—1869.

No Chapter in this jurisdiction shall hereafter admit persons claiming to be Royal Arch Masons, who have been made in so called Army Chapters, either as visitors or members, unless they have been regularly healed.—1867.

The right to visit is an absolute right, subject, however, to all the prerogatives and powers conferred upon the presiding officers by the Ancient Constitutions and usages of the Order, and provided the visitor is an affiliated Companion in good standing.—1859.

A verbal protest against the admission of an applicant should be respected until withdrawn, and should meanwhile be allowed preventive effect to the same extent as a rejection by ballot.—1868.

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When a member of a Chapter is suspended for non-payment of dues, he is thereby suspended from all rights and benefits of a Royal Arch Mason, for the time being.— 1859.

If a member of a Chapter is suspended for non-payment of dues he is restored to membership without a vote of the Chapter.— 1862.

Hereafter no Chapter or Companion in this jurisdiction shall admit to a Chapter, or hold Masonic intercourse with any Companion who has been suspended by a Blue Lodge, for any cause, while resting under such penalty.— 1863.

THE TROWEL VS. FINDEL'S HISTORY OF MASONRY.

EDITOR OF THE MYSTIC STAR — Permit me to supply an omission in my article under the above caption, published in the May number of the STAR, which, if not supplied, would lead the reader to suppose that in one case, at least, the *Trowel* was truthful in its denunciation against Bro. Findel.

"While through his brief notice of Masonry in America," *says the veracious critic*, "he (Findel) takes great pains to notice every attempt at the formation of a general Grand Lodge and *evidently favors the idea.* Now he takes no small pains to identify with his revolutionary theories all who denounce and are ready to tear down Grand Lodges, *while at the same time he favors a proposition for a general Grand Lodge* which is so monstrous that it has met with no general favor."

The italicizing in the above quotation is our own, and now we beg the reader to judge whether the following quotation from Bro. Findel's history could have justified the *Trowel* in its assertion that Bro. Findel favored such a "monstrous" Grand Lodge. Bro. Findel on page 595 thus sums up the abortive attempt of forming a general Grand Lodge:

"Unsuitable it was most assuredly, as only one superior superintending power was thought of, and in case of this being instituted, most likely instead of its proving an expression of the general feeling and outward bond of unity, drawing the whole body together into one universal fellowship of love and liberty, they would have found themselves united to a tie both troublesome and compulsory."

Comment on the above is not necessary.

Fraternally yours, JACOB NORTON.

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OFFICE OF THE GRAND MASTER, TOLEDO, OHIO.

JAMES BILLINGS — *Dear Sir and Brother:* Allow me, sir, to return you my hearty thanks for sending me copies of the MYSTIC STAR, I prize it as one of our best monthlies.

Enclosed I send you copies of photo No. 1 and 2, Masonic swindlers. We give them a warm berth. We have a wide awake board on Masonic relief; every applicant must pass a strict search. They make them show all their papers, letters, memoranda, books, &c. We have No. 3 in jail for thirty days for obtaining money under false pretense. This No, 1 was seen on the cars going through here, we suppose to Chicago; he has cut his whiskers off so as to disguise himself. I will send you photo of No. 3 as soon as I get it.

Fraternally your brother, ALEX. H. NEWCOMB.

The above swindler No. 1, goes by the name of G. W. Stearns, C. A. Capenton, John C. Ely, G. W. Gilbert, Remington, Geo. Levison, W. B. Dennington, is sixty years old, five feet eleven inches in height, and claims to have been a preacher and a lecturer — has been in the penitentiary. No. 2 calls himself Augustus Lotterbeck, is a Prussian by birth and claims to belong to Pierce Lodge No. 144, Calvert, Texas. Sometimes he calls his name Ludwig and McMillan. And we shall be thus imposed upon until each Grand Lodge issues an edict that every real member when he pays his regular dues shall take a receipt with the seal of his lodge stamped thereon. And if a stranger calls for aid as these persons have, and can not present a receipt that is not over one year old, our Masonic O. B. is not violated when we refuse to respond. Let every Grand Lodge issue an edict of this nature and it will cut off these impostors.— ED.

The difference between Operative and Speculative Masonry is simply this, that while the former was engaged in the construction of a material temple, formed, it is true, of the most magnificent materials which the quarries of Palestine, the mountains of Lebanon, and the golden shores of Ophir could contribute, the latter occupies itself in the erection of a spiritual house — a house not made with hands — in which, for stones and cedar and gold and precious stones, are substituted the virtues of the heart — the warm affections gushing forth from the hidden fountains of the spirit; so that the very presence of Jehovah, our Father and our God, shall be enshrined within us as His Shekinah was in the holy of holies of the material temple at Jerusalem.

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HOME DEPARTMENT.

KATY KILMORE, OR THE MARKET GIRL.

BY REV. L. A. ALFORD, D. D.

CHAPTER V.

Cautiously she proceeded to unlock the trunk and then the rosewood box, and her astonishment at the amount of cash that she now actually found in her possession caused her heart to flutter in singular excitement. Here was a package of bank bills to the amount of a thousand dollars, and there was another and another; and while she gazed upon them the least possible noise caused her to tremble with fear. Thus she counted on till she ascertained the contents to cover over ten thousand dollars. What a sum! She had never seen so much money before and she feared lest some one might find it out and murder her and the little girl to obtain it.

Sleep for that short night had taken its leave, and the wearied lady had new and wonderful visions of the future; if she could become safely the possessor of the vast amount of treasure; but how? She soliloquized: "If I take the cars and leave now under the present excitement, when friend hardly recognizes a friend, it will awaken no suspicion for everybody has heard that the cholera is in my house and they will shun it as they would a monster; if I tarry till a future day, who knows what a day may bring forth."

Throughout that long day she was busily engaged in contriving and calculating in reference to the treasure which she more and more fancied she had a right to, and to which her elastic conscience yielded gently by degrees. How strange that while a fearful epidemic is raging most, some can be found who are desirous of making money out of it and even robbing the dead to get gain. So with this lady. She would say to herself: "I did not bring them here, I treated them well, the money and little girl belong to me. God has taken them away and left me with their means and this little girl; if I bring her up well, I can have the means to help me, and then when I have done with it, I can will it to her."

This kind of reasoning sounded very well in her ear, and for the

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first time in her life she could consider herself rich. That afternoon she spent in packing her best, her poorest she cared but little about, and with as much dispatch as possible had herself in readiness to take the evening train, where, she hardly knew.

"Where are you going?" inquired the little orphan.

"Going where your pa and ma have gone," replied the lady.

"Pa and ma are both buried in the ground," continued the little jewel throwing her imploring arms around the neck of her mistress.

"O, I guess not."

"I know I saw them both buried there," pointing to the two newly made graves.

"O no, little sis, I guess you are mistaken, little sis, you are my little girl."

"My ma didn't live here."

"You must not say so, dear, you must call me your ma, now."

"Well you won't be, if I do."

"O yes I guess I shall."

"I can call you ma, but that won't make you my mother, I know."

Here the lady had a difficulty to meet. If she could forever annihilate the remembrance of a mother's love, if she could by any effort overcome those fond endearments, she might possibly succeed in her undertakings, but if she continued to vividly retain those remembrances, she feared it would some time end in her degradation and ruin. Her first effort must be to win her affections and then throw a shadow over her early years and if possible cause her to forget her parents, in the novelty of a new life. But could she forget a mother? Ah, never.

The busy day had closed, and all her desirable effects had been nicely packed in her own and the new-comers trunks, and carefully marked and locked, and were awaiting transportation. The drayman had been called and on seeing the luggage remarked:

"And yer off after performing the good act for the strangers, are ye?"

"Yer a nice child," continued the drayman patting the little stranger on the shoulder.

"It's a pity of ye that your pa and ma are both gone, so it is."

"I suppose ye are taking the little jewel to her friends, ma'am?"

"I suppose so."

"An' don't ye know, to be sure?"

The most of folks would, but her condition and circumstances were very peculiar and she had much rather be taciturn or remain incognitio, than to answer questions, though asked in the most sympathizing manner.

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"All aboard," shouted the conductor; and soon the flying chariot was out of sight.

The lady had succeeded thus far admirably and was now among strangers, who would not care to meddle with her matters, and no one to expose her criminal course save the little child whose years she hoped were too tender to impose much of an obstacle to her future course.

We will now leave them for the present to journey where they please and the lady to accomplish her desire in convincing the little orphan child that she is her mother, and return to Colonel Murray and the market girl, as they are hurrying from Mrs. Blair's amid the bleak cold of a December day up the street to a nice mansion where the Colonel resides.

CHAPTER VI.

"Well, wife," remarked Colonel Murray, as he entered his parlor, "I have been on an errand of love and mercy this morning, and see what a rich treasure I have found," presenting the little market girl.

"It is a very cold morning, little dear, come up near the fire," remarked the Colonel's excellent and amiable lady.

"Yes, it is real cold," she answered boldly.

"I want you to dress up this little girl in the best we've got," continued the Colonel, addressing Mrs. Murray, "and then I want to talk with her awhile."

Mrs. Murray performed the task with the greatest possible dispatch, and soon the little market girl appeared quite like another child; and having sat down with the Colonel's children and partaken of an excellent breakfast, her inmost soul welled up to overflow in remembrance of her debt of gratitude to Colonel Murray.

"What! not crying? I hope you are not sorry in getting away from such a cruel tyrant as Mrs. Blair?" kindly remarked Colonel Murray.

"O no, sir, no; but I am afraid she will get hold of me again. I was thinking, too, how I could ever pay you for your kindness, and oh —" Somehow she could not proceed farther, and a close observer could have seen tears in more eyes than one, for Mr. Murray had told the family all his adventures while they were dressing the little girl and taking their breakfast. After a moment's pause Colonel Murray remarked:

"You paused, little dear, as though you were going to tell us something else and could not; what is it, Katy? Mrs. Blair will never get you under control again, that's a sure thing."

"What were you going to say?" asked little Emma.

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"O, I thought of our home, when pa and ma were both alive."

"Where did you live?" asked Mr. Murray.

"I don't know, I was so little."

"Did your pa die there?"

"No, sir, he died on the way here, or somewhere, I don't know where."

"Did your ma die at home?"

"No, sir, she died first. I was sitting on her knee when she told pa to take me for she was terrible sick, and then we stopped and ma died."

"Were you on a railroad train!"

"Yes, sir."

"Did your ma die at a railroad station?"

"No, sir, they took her to Mrs. Blair's."

"Do you know where it was?"

"No, sir."

"Did your ma die at Mrs. Blair's."

"Yes, sir. But Mrs. Blair would whip me to death if she knew I told you that they had died at her house, but I know they did, and that they were both buried there; ma one day and pa the next."

"What is your name?"

"Katy Kilmore; but ma used to call me Kathaline, and learned me to spell it, when we lived in the nice white house. O, there was such pretty vines and roses and flowers, and ma used to take some of the beautiful rose blossoms and put them in my hair and then call me Queen Kathaline."

"Where were you going when both your parents died?" asked Mr. Murray under a good deal of excitement.

"I don't know, only they said I was going to see my uncle."

"Gracious heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Murray, "this cannot be my brother Joseph's child, can it?"

"What was your mother's name?"

"Pa used to call her Kathaline."

"It's brother's child, wife, as sure as there is a God in heaven," exclaimed Mr. Murray, springing forward and taking her up in his arms. "I am the uncle you were coming to see."

"In my pretty box that pa bought me, to put grandpa's presents in, there is the likeness of all of us," remarked little Katy, not fully comprehending the outburst of affection expressed by her uncle.

"I'll have that box, then, if that old virago does not destroy it!"

"There's lots of gold in it, too!"

Here Mr. Murray's excitement became so intense that he could scarcely restrain himself or command his feelings.

"My brother's child!" he would almost involuntarily exclaim, "I

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can see Joseph's looks in her countenance. His last letter to us, do you know where it is, Mrs. Murray?"

"I think I can find it."

After a few moments Mrs. Murray returned with the last letter received. It contained but a few lines, and was written in great haste and without date or mention of the place from whence it came. It read as follows:

DEAR BROTHER — On my way to see you my wife, Kathaline, has been attacked with the cholera, and I fear for her recovery. We are among strangers. Your brother, JOSEPH MURRAY.

After waiting a week, in awful suspense, the Colonel directed a letter to his brother Joseph Murray, to the place stamped on the envelope, but of its receipt he never learned. He also directed a letter to his brother's home in C——, stating the startling news he had received in the letter and enquiring of his whereabouts, but his tenant knew nothing only that he started to visit his brother, and had heard nothing from him since. On receipt of this letter Colonel Murray had made a trip to the home of his brother; had called at the point from whence he supposed the letter he had received from him had been mailed, but all to no purpose. The keepers of the public houses had been absent during the raging of the fearful epidemic, and nearly all the townsfolks had fled in terror, as they were advised that this would be safest, hence he could learn nothing. It had also been announced in the public print, but no clue to the melancholy affair could be obtained. The Colonel had come to the conclusion that his brother and family had been murdered and that some arch scoundrel had imitated his hand writing and sent the letter before alluded to, and thereby evaded detection. But still there remained till now a mystery equally startling and impenetrable. He learned from the tenant that Joseph was in possession of quite a fortune when he left, and the above surmises obtained quite universal. Still, how could it be done, as they took the cars and did not design stopping till they reached their journey's end.

So Colonel Murray had lived in suspense, between hope and fear, searching, and writing to different individuals and asking them to keep a sharp lookout around the neighborhood, and if any were suddenly made rich to let him know.

This December morning opened a new era of events, as it was the beginning of light in another direction, and he fancied to himself that now, in a few days, at least, he should become posessed of evidence, in a legal point, that would unlock the whole mystery.

Mr. Murray, addressing little Katy: "Do you remember any circumstances connected with your father's burial?"

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"Nothing but that an Irishman brought a dray to Mrs. Blair's, on which was a rough box, and they put my pa in the box and put him in the ground."

"I'll start for there again to-morrow," remarked the Colonel, as he paced the floor in mental agony. "My brother's child had to suffer in this way? That woman shall not go unpunished!" alternately interrogating the little girl on the all-absorbing topic.

The plan was now matured. The Colonel would start in the morning on a new search for testimony, and to ascertain if some other reliable legal testimony might not be unearthed by which Mrs. Blair could have justice done her.

"Mrs. Blair," remarked the Colonel, "does not know me nor my name, consequently she cannot learn anything in reference to Katy till my return, and I think I will obtain sufficient evidence to convict her of a malicious and cruel outrage."

The plan being matured, the next morning Colonel Murray might have been seen taking passage on the railroad train, not caring to communicate his business to any one, no matter who. In a day or so he reached the little town he had visited years before in search of a lost brother, but not directing his inquiries to tavern keepers but to draymen. Finding a son of the Emerald Isle, he accosted him thus:

"Can you tell me, sir, of one of your countrymen that resided here at the time the cholera made such fearful ravages?"

"Faith, your honor, an' aint I the man ye're searching afther?" inquired the drayman.

"May be."

"An' sure if I wasn't here, who was, for, your honor, the occasion was one not soon forgotten."

"I wanted to inquire after some strangers, who, I suppose, died here," continued Colonel Murray.

"A man an' his wife, and a little girl? But I believe the little girl did not die, sweet jewel that she was."

"Yes, they were the persons, I think."

"Certainly, I knew the whole transaction; an' that dray," pointing to the vehicle he still mastered, "is the selfsame carriage that bore them to the grave, but the old hoss is dead, he had the bots about two years ago, an' didn't outlive it, yer honor."

"Where were they buried?" inquired the Colonel, not caring to know the history of the horse.

"Jist come along, stranger, and I can show you their graves. There were a great many that were burried here that summer, but I never shall forget the man ye are inquiring afther, as his wife was sick at the time they arrived and he inquired afther a public house, but the

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keepers had all left and gone, and a good woman, God bless her, took them into her house and watched them and took care of them till they both died and were buried here, stranger. And then the little girl she took in her arms and acted like a mother to it."

"Where is the woman now?" inquired the Colonel.

"An' faith I don't know. She left here, to be sure, only a day or two afther, and she had the little girl by her side, but where she is I don't know."

"You do not know her name?" asked Mr. Murray.

"I don't? By St. Patrick, I do."

"And will you be so good as to tell me?" asked Colonel Murray, not a little amused at the wit of the drayman.

"An' why are ye afther knowing her name?"

"O, I think this woman has kept the child secreted with all the money the deceased left, amounting to several thousand dollars."

"An' was he a kin of yours?"

"A brother, I suppose."

"An' that woman has kept the money and little girl away from ye, has she?"

"Yes, sir, I believe so."

"Bad luck to her memory then, to be sure."

"But you did not tell me he name?"

"O, well, her name was Blair, to be sure, and I feared she would not do well for the child when she left, but she took it along with her, so she did."

"She has abused it most awfully."

"Blessed Virgin, hear that! Abused a little orphan girl?"

"Yes, stranger, and my brother, at his death, had with him a large sum of money, which she has kept secreted, and so perfectly acted the knave, that it was only providential that I discovered and obtained possession of my brother's orphan child."

Mr Murray gave to the drayman a full account of the facts already narrated, and to which James Donahue (the drayman) gave a sympathetic attention, exhibiting emotional expressions, peculiar only to a true Irishman, and declared his willingness to testify before any court to the facts he had already related.

Mr. Murray, having secured testimony sufficient to bring action against Mrs. Blair, felt anxious to return, fearing she might obtain information of his absence and escape the justice of law. Having obtained an affidavit of Mr. Donnahue, and all the information he could expect, his first anxiety was to see home again, and then proceed according to the best legal counsel. Still the keen Northwestern told sorrowful tales to those who lived in open houses and where a scarcity

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of fuel makes cold an unwelcome messenger, but Katy, he knew, was in good, comfortable quarters, and he was amply protected against any emergency arising in that direction.

But the train is delayed, and why? It may have become swamped in a snow bank, or leaped from the track, who knows? Hours are ages at a railroad station when one wants to leave for home, and so Mr. Murray found it, as hour after hour he waited and listened to catch the sound of the whistle of the approaching charriot. "The whistle!" Yes, the train is at hand, and no one steps on board with a better relish than Colonel Murray.

They had not proceeded scarce ten miles when the train stopped. "What's the matter?" escaped the lips of a score of passengers. It was soon announced that the engine was swamped in a bank of snow on the track, and that it would be impossible to proceed for some time and that the passengers must quiet themselves as best they could, that is, content themselves till morning. It was but a mile or so to the station and the conductor informed the passengers that if they wished it he would provide a conveyance to the station where they might obtain refreshments at the company's expense. To this they gladly consented, and soon from the farm houses the jingle of sleighbells could be heard, and a joyous group were enjoying a sleigh ride, but Colonel Murray had much rather have proceeded by rail.

We must now leave Colonel Murray froze in at a railroad station, anxiously waiting, and take a look into the residence of Mrs. Blair, who we left after the Colonel had performed medical service and had taken from her clutches the orphan, to be cared for by a real aunt, and where we left Mrs. Blair to her own reflection, as to ways and means, to the certainties and uncertainties of one who had tried the transgressors dangerous path.

(*To be Continued.*)

NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS.

Our boasted arts are of very recent origin. They are local conveniences, but do not really add to our stature. The greatest men of the world have managed not to want them. Newton was a great man without telegraph, or gas, or steam coach, or rubber shoes, or lucifer matches, or ether to his pain; so was Shakspeare, and Alfred, and Scipio, and Socrates. These are local conveniences, but how easy to go now to parts of the world where not only all these arts are wanting, but where they are despised. The Arabian sheiks, the most dignified

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people on the planet, do not want them; yet have as much self-respect as the English, and are easily able to impress the Frenchman or the American who visits them with the respect due to a brave and sufficient man.

These feats have, to be sure, great differences of merit, and some of them involve power of a high kind. But the public values the invention more than the inventor does. The inventor knows there is much more and better where this came from. The public sees in it a lucrative secret. Men see the reward which the inventor enjoys, and they think, "How shall we win that?" Cause and effect are a little tedious; how to leap to the result by false or short means? We are not scrupulous. What we ask is victory, without regard to the cause; after the Rob Roy rule, after the Napoleon rule, to be the strongest today -- the way of the Talleyrands — prudent people, whose watches go faster than their neighbors, and who detect the first moment of the decline, and throw themselves on the instant on the winning side. I have heard that Nelson used to say, "Never mind the justice or the impudence, only let me succeed." Lord Brougham's single duty of counsel is, "to get the prisoner clear." Fuller says 'tis a maxim of lawyers, "that a crown once worn cleareth all defects of the wearer thereof." *Rien ne reussit mieux que le succes.* And we Americans are tainted with this insanity, as our bankruptcies and our reckless policies may show. We are great by exclusion, grasping, and egotism. Our success takes from all what it gives to one. 'Tis a haggard, malignant, care-worn running for luck.— *Emerson.*

WOMAN'S WRONGS.

We publish the following "o'er true tale" for the enlightment of our sincere good sisters who so often exclaim, "Women have already all the rights they need."

C. S. Middlebrook writes the following to the Winsted (Ct.) *Herald.* Such cases are doubtless rare. But a single of such abominable oppression justifies all the appeals ever made in behalf of woman's rights, and convicts "modern civilization" of barbarism.

"Jessup Sherwood, of Fairfield, Conn.— a bankrupt — married a maiden lady of one of the oldest and most respectable families, having a well-stocked farm prized at $10,000. The law made him her trustee, giving him the right to all the proceeds of her estate during his life. All he could make from it he could invest in his own name, he being obliged to give her a reasonable support. He had two daughters by a

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former marriage that he brought with him, and clothed and educated from her property. Mrs Sherwood had, by the decease of a brother, some personal property fall to her, consisting of notes and stocks. These her husband demanded. She refused to give them up. He had her brought before the Superior Court, Judge Phelps, then sitting in Bridgeport, and the Judge told her she must hand them over to her husband or go to jail. She told him she would go to jail and rot there before she would do it, and the law sent her to Bridgeport Jail among common felons, where she remained six months, and her lawyer, I. M. Sturgis, one of the best in the State, could only get her out by applying to the Legislature for a divorce, which he obtained; P. T. Barnum then a member, speaking nobly in her cause. She was set free, and what property remained returned to her, her husband and his two daughters living on her property, in her house, paying from her money counsel to send her to jail and counsel to oppose her release before the Legislature. His own daughters were married from her house, while she lay in jail with common felons, and took such things from her movables as he chose to give them to commence housekeeping with. The law gave her no redress, and the same law is now in force in Connecticut, and the same injustice can be practiced by any man contempt ble enough to repeat it.

GEMS.

A noble and attractive every day bearing comes of goodness, of sincerity, of refinement; and these are bred in years, not moments. The principal that rules your life is the sure posture-master. Sir Philip Sidney was the pattern to all England of a perfect gentleman; but then he was the hero that on the field of Zutphen, pushed away the cup of cold water from his own fevered and parched lips, and held it out to the dying soldier at his side. If lofty sentiments habitually make their home in his heart, they will beget, not perhaps a fastidious and finical drawing-room etiquette, but the breeding of a genuine and more royal gentility, to which no simple, no young heart will refuse its homage. Children are not educated till they catch the charm which makes a gentleman or lady. A coarse and slovenly teacher, a vulgar and boorish presence, munching apples or chestnuts at recitation like a squirrel, pocketing his hands like a mummy, projecting his heels nearer the firmament than his skull, like a circus clown, and dispensing American saliva like a Member of Congress, inflicts a wrong on the school-room for which no scientific attainments are an offset.—*P. D. Huntington.*

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A NEW ORGANIZATION.

A new secret order for ladies has recently been established in Chicago. It is called the Order of the Sacred Temple, and the Chicago Temple holds a warrant from the Supreme Sacred Temple of the State of Michigan.

The following exposition of the nature, objects and principles of this new society has been furnished us by one of the initiated and will doubtless be of interest to our readers:

The Order of the Sacred Temple is a strictly moral institution, and is designed for the social and intellectual improvement of woman. Its membership is limited to the wives, widows, mothers, sisters, daughters and neices of worthy Master Masons. It has four degrees, which teach and exemplify woman's duties in the social, and especially the domestic circle. It has also a degree of "Honorary Brotherhood," which may be conferred upon any Master Mason in good standing, when unanimously elected to receive the same by the temple to which he applies for the degree. But such degree entitles the recipient to no secrets of the order beyond those of the degree itself, and the right of visiting the temple while working in the same. An honorary brother has no voice in the business of the temple, nor any authority to confer the degree, by communication, or otherwise. Yet the degree of Honorary Brotherhood is not to be regarded as a subordinate or side degree, since it is an acknowledged feature of the institution, fully recognized and endorsed by our supreme constitution. Its object is to provide our husbands, fathers and brothers with a means of securing those sisterly attentions to which our own obligations entitle them, while we, through the same channel, claim that masonic courtesy and protection, to which we, as the *Worthy* relatives of Worthy Master Masons, are entitled. Thus this degree serves as a connecting link between the Masonic Institution and the Sacred Temple.

The great object of our order is, to unite the mental and moral strength of our own sex, and make those virtues which tend so eminently to grace and adorn the family circle, felt more sensibly upon society and upon all mankind. The ceremonies of conferring our degrees are exceedingly beautiful and impressive, but as the order is a secret one, I am not at liberty to say more in regard to them. The enterprise is woman's, since the order is the offspring of her genius, and no man can ever lawfully have any knowledge of its secrets, further than those of the degree of Honorary Brotherhood, and no

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man can exert a controlling power, or interfere in any way with our business. Yet we cordially invite, and claim the favor and influence of all good men, in furthering the interests of the Sacred Temple. Nor need any fear that association with this order will render woman less attractive at home. A thousand little rills find their glad way down rugged mountain sides, through flowery meads, and soft embowering shades, and finally, all uniting in one mighty river, sweep on majestically to their great recepticle, and the mighty ocean is the result. So is it the theory of our order, that woman's influence and holy love, arising in the pure spring of domestic joys, should flow outward and onward in a thousand bright rills of affection and purity, blending their sweetness and uniting their strength, until it becomes the broad and mighty river, sweeping before it vice and sin, and finally forming a great ocean of "light, life, truth and beauty" which shall gladden the shore of every land, and smile back its loveliness to God.

We have not excluded our husbands and brothers from a full knowledge of all our degrees because we would hesitate to entrust them with our secrets, or from a fear that they would disapprove of their objects and influence, but from an honest conviction that in our earnest efforts to elevate and improve our sex morally and intellectually, we can labor more successfully alone.

Our reasons for making our society a secret one, I shall not attempt to give here, because it could not be well done in a brief article like this, and because the same arguments that are advanced in supporting other secret orders of a similar nature, may with equal justice be applied to the Sacred Temple. We cannot boast as can Masons, of the antiquity of our order, but we remember that there must have been a time when even Masonry was young, and yet contained the same elements of life and prosperity as now. So the Sacred Temple contains, we believe, the elements of success in its composition. It has already met and overcome great obstacles, and we hope and expect to see it yet standing beside Masonry, as a sister institution, not less worthy, prosperous, and respected, dispensing its rich blessings upon all who come within its benign and genial influence.

Persons wishing to obtain further information in regard to this new order, or to secure the formation of Temples in their own vicinity, are requested to address Mrs. M. A. Hazlett, Hillsdale, Michigan.

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EDITORIAL.

For the Mystic Star.

ANTI-MASONRY AND ANTI-CHRIST IDENTICAL.

BY M. W. ALFRED, A. M., M. D.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1870, by M. W. Alfred, A. M. M. D., in the Clerks Office of the Western District of Michigan.

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Third, the primitive Christians were charged with taking oaths of secrecy. This charge was made for effect and not because that it involved any immorality in itself. Here the identity of party is so striking as to need very little comment. The dreadful nature of the obligations was obtained from seceders or apostates who colored them as they now do to suit the desperate nature of their designs.

Those who renounced Christianity "confessed or related the ceremonies," as most revolting to every sensibility of human nature. The "slaying of an infant, the drinking of its blood, and eating its flesh," quivering in their remorseless teeth was as base a slander as any the enemies of Freemasonry have yet manufactured against us. Enemies were not wanting whose malicious credulity induced the most cordial belief of these dark disclosures. An enemy always believes every report that can injure the object of his hatred. They also believed the slander of the "incestuous" meeting which followed the Eucharist.

Pliny asserts in his letter to Trajan, A. D. 102, that the seceders gave the following account of the Christian religion which they had once professed: "That they were accustomed on a stated day to meet before daylight and to repeat among themselves a hymn to Christ as a God, and to bind themselves by an oath with an obligation of not committing any wickedness, but on the contrary of abstaining from thefts, robberies, and adulteries."

The Christians "pledged themselves to eternal secrecy."* It is an historical fact that the Christian mysteries were similar to, or an

* Gibbon, Vol. II., pp 11.

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"imitation of the Eleusinian mysteries."* Turtullian, the eminent Christian writer and presbyter of Carthage, of the second century, admits this similarity of mysteries when he says: "That that was the nature of mysteries to be concealed as *ceres* were."† Turtullian was here vindicating Christianity against the assaults of Anti-Christians in consequence of the Christian mysteries or secrecies. It is well known that the Eleusinian mysteries of the Latins, the mysteries of Demetres of the Greeks, and those of Isis of the ancient Egyptians, were disclosed to the initiates only upon an oath of secrecy. Then it follows that if the Christians communicated their mysteries upon the same terms of secrecy we shall find something analogous in the obligations of Christianity.

About the middle of the third century there arose a rivalry between Cornelius, Bishop of Rome, and his antagonistic Bishop, Novatian, who sought to strengthen his party against that of Cornelius. The historical account of this affair casts much light on the oaths by which the Christians were bound. Novatian varied the obligation from its general use to that of subserving his own selfish purposes against Cornelius. "When he administered the sacrament, and divided and gave to each man his part, with his two hands he held those of the receiver, saying unto him, 'Swear unto me by the body and blood of the Lord Jesus Christ that thou wilt never leave my party to return to that of Cornelius;' thus forcing the miserable receiver instead of saying 'Amen' to say 'I will not return to Cornelius.'" ‡ From this it is clear what the usual oath was — not to forsake Christianity. Instead of saying amen to the usual obligation, Novatian forced a different response. Cornelius, the Bishop, refers to this oath as an established custom in the church, and objects only to the use which Novatian made of it, as its object was perverted by this antagonist to the upbuilding of his own party. This view is confirmed by the fact that the early Christian designated this Eucharistic feast a Sacrament, a sacramental feast, a feast accompanied by an oath. The Latin word *Sacrament* signifies an oath. He therefore who partook of this Eucharistic feast took upon himself the "sacramentum" — the oath. The penalty for a violation of this oath by infidelity to Christianity was to be considered as guilty of the murder of Christ — "guilty of the body and blood of the Lord," which was equivalent to "eating and drinking damnation to himself." 1 Cor. xi : 29.

It perhaps may be as proper at this time as at any other to investi-

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* Gibbon, Vol. II., pp 11.

† Apol., chapter 7, pp 674.

‡ Apud Euseb Bib. 6, chapter 43, pp 245.

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gate scripturally the criminality or innocency of taking an oath. Profane swearing is forbidden by the Scriptures and likewise in the Masonic ritual as any one can see at pleasure.

Is the taking of a confirmatory oath or obligation sinful? Webster defines an oath to be "a solemn affirmation or declaration made with an appeal to God for the truth of what is affirmed." Our enemies affirm that all "extrajudicial" oaths are sinful; that is, all oaths "taken out of court." Butterworth in his Concordance says, "An oath is a solemn action whereby we call on God to witness the truth of what we affirm." Abimlech said to Abraham: "Now therefore swear unto me here by God that thou wilt not deal falsely with me nor my son nor my son's son, but according to the kindness that I have done unto thee thou shalt do unto me, and to the land wherein thou hast sojourned. And Abraham said, I will swear; wherefore he called that place *Beer-sheba* because there they swear both of them." Gen. xxi: 22. Was that swearing done in Court?

"The Lord hath sworn and will not repent." Ps. 110. "God willing more abundantly to show unto the heirs of promise the immutability of his counsel, confirmed it by an oath." Heb. vi: 17. Was this judicial?

Butterworth says: "These words were used in swearing, 'As the Lord liveth.'" Judges viii: 19. (Gideon.) This oath was taken by Saul, by David, by the prophets Elijah and Elisha, and many of the ancient saints and prophets over and over again. 1 Kings ii: 24 and xvii: 1, etc. Were the oaths of Elijah and Elisha "extrajudicial?" 2 Kings, chapter ii. Also these words Butterworth says were used in swearing: "God is my witness." Rom. i: 9. (Paul.) "For God is my record." Phil. i: 8. (Paul.) "The God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which is blessed forevermore, knoweth that I lie not." (Paul.) "Behold before God I lie not." Gal. i: 20. (Paul.) "As the truth of Christ is in me no man shall stop me of this boasting in the regions of Achaia." 2 Cor. xi: 10. (Paul.) "Verily, verily, I say unto you," (used many times by Christ himself,) "God do so unto me and more also." 1 Kings ii: 23. (Solomon.) "The Lord forbid." 1 Samuel xxiv: 6. (David.)

All the above Butterworth says are oaths, or words used in swearing. To the above we cite one more of Paul: "Moreover, I call God for a record (witness) upon my soul." 2 Cor. i: 23. This is perhaps as solemn an oath as was ever uttered by man. Now be it remembered that these oaths are every one of them "extrajudicial." Is Anti-Christ bold enough to affirm that all these oaths were profane swearing?

"Thou shalt fear the Lord thy God and serve him and swear by his name." Deut. vi: 13. The Hebrews were forbidden to swear by the

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name of any other God but Jehovah. Joshua xxiii : 7.

2 Chronicles xv : 15 ; Asa put away the abominations of idolatry among his people. "And they entered into a covenant to seek the Lord God of their fathers, with all their heart and with all their soul, that whosoever would not seek the Lord God of Israel should be put to death, whether small or great, whether man or woman. And they swear unto the Lord with a loud voice, and with shouting and with trumpets and with cornets and all Judah rejoiced at the oath, for they had sworn with all their heart." Here they made an oath with an enthusiastic zeal to seek God. Did they swear profanely ?

The prophet Nehemiah swore the Hebrews not to intermarry with other nations. "I made them swear by God saying ye shall not give your daughters unto their sons." Nehemiah xiii : 25. Was the prophet in Court when he compelled them to swear by the Deity ?

"They entered into a curse and an oath to walk in God's law." Neh. x : 29. "Then arose Ezra and made the chief priests, the Levites and all Israel to swear that they should do according to his word, and they swear." Ezr. x : 5. Did the prophet, Ezra, make them swear profanely ?

"And Moses sware on that day." Josh. xiv : 9. "The Lord swear" occurs in the Scriptures more than sixty times. "I have sworn by myself, the word is gone out of my mouth in righteousness, that unto me every knee shall bow, every tongue shall swear." Isa. xlv : 23. We might multiply such quotations from the Scriptures to almost any extent, but these may suffice to show that the taking of an "extra-judicial" obligation is not necessarily sinful.

JEWELS.

There has been considerable controversy among Masonic writers how the jewels of a lodge should be divided. A lodge can have six jewels three movable and three immovable. The immovable are indispensable, for a lodge cannot be in working order without them, any more than it can be without the Bible. Reason suggests itself to our mind that the immovable jewels are those which cannot be absent in a lodge when called on for labor or business.

According to the English lectures and work of Webb, the immovable jewels were called the rough ashlar, the perfect ashlar and the trestle-board. But in 1843 at the Convention in Baltimore, it was declared that the square, level and plumb were the immovable jewels. Consequently the rough ashlar, perfect ashlar and the trestle board

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were the jewels that are movable. That is, a lodge can do business in a temple when completed with these jewels at different places and where it is convenient to have them. The rough ashlar is where the workmen are at work preparing the material for the edifice, its first and primitive place was in the quarry and as it comes in its rough and unfinished state into the hands of the workmen, it is known as the rough ashlar. And it seems to us as the workmen begin to labor upon the rough block, that its roughness disappears and slowly but surely becomes a smooth, a perfect ashlar. Although in its rough form it was a jewel, yet can be moved and the work of the temple go on to completion in beauty and order. So with the perfect ashlar, when perfectly fitted for the walls and is placed therein. The same with the trestle board. When the copestone, which is the topmost stone in the temple is properly placed, according to the design drawn out upon the trestle-board, the board can be moved.

But entirely different with the square, level and plumb. They must ever be at hand with the working Craft, both in preparing their work, and when it is inspected, and likewise when it goes into the walls of the Temple. These jewels represent the principles of Masonry. And when those principles are moved the work of the Temple must cease. How can the walls be carried up without the plumb? In what resemblance is a wall to Masonry when out of square? Erect an edifice upon a foundation not level and it is not Masonry. In each of these jewels there is an immovable and an immutable principle that characterizes and represents Masonry in its fixed and permanent position.

Not so with the movable jewels. The trestle-board must be where the master workman can draw out his designs. But he may have many designs, one at a particular stage of the work, then another, and the board upon which they are drawn is movable to accommodate the craft. So with the rough ashlar and perfect ashlar. These jewels do not possess the immovable principles of Masonry. If the craft should have a design drawn out of square, the principle is not contained in that design, and it is not Masonry. If they should commence to build upon a foundation not level, the principle is not in that foundation and it cannot be called Masonry. Let the walls be carried up out of plumb, and the principle contained in the jewel is not there, and it is not Masonry.

The great moral superstructure of Masonry can not exist, where these principles do not exist. The Level represents the principle of equality; the Square, virtue and trust; the Plumb, uprightness and being exactly true to all.

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MASONIC LANDMARKS.

It is somewhat amusing to hear men talk about the Landmarks of Masonry. The least variation in the ritual is, to many, the removal of a Landmark. Even if a sentence is transposed so as to harmonize with facts, or the rules of the science of language, they go off in perfect agony, and denounce the improvement as an inovasion or the removal of a Landmark. Long cherished rules and laws, are considered and looked upon by many, who should know better, as Landmarks. These laws and rules may have been the best at the time they were enacted or could be made, and were up to the times when they were instituted. But as mind develops thought, and unfolds a more refined wording of ideas, are we not justified by the principles of Masonry in not only seeking for more light, and walk by it, when we behold the beauties contained therein? Are we not at libert y to admire those beauties? It may be that the rude machine that is first put in motion, will make as much noise, or even more than the one which has undergone many improvements. It may have the capacity to perform as much labor, but there may be much more friction, more wear, and more liable to get out of order, than the new machine. Shall we discard it, for fear that we shall remove an important screw that the first noisy machine contained? Perhaps it contains a less number of wheels, shall it be rejected, for fear that it will be unlike the old one?

So with much of the verbiage of the ritual of Masonry. Let it be improved, and rules and laws changed, removing every thing which is calculated to make bigots of us; and every thing that cultivates superstition or prejudice. If we have an idea presented to us that favors a dislike to some class of humanity, let us put it to a test, and see if it is not contrary to the great noble principles of Masonry. Masons should be careful students, and willing to advance to higher and nobler views of Masonry. We may have been told, and we may in our prejudice, entertain the idea, that being a *free-born*, means persons of a certain color; and all who are darker than we are, must be looked upon as not being real subjects of Masonry. The speculative principles of our order, inculcates no such doctrine. The symbolry of Masonry teaches nothing of the kind. It does not look at the outward and externals of the material that shall go into the walls of the temple. It takes a scrutinizing view of the heart, and internal qualifications and preparations that have been going on there. And then, Masonry applies the working tools of the craft to the ashlar, and removes the angular corners, and fits it for some appropriate place in the symbolic edifice.

And if all reference to cast and color should be stricken from our

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Masonic jurisprudence, no violence would be done to any Landmark of Masonry. When we take an unprejudiced survey of Masonry, and look at humanity, we are not permitted to pass by upon the other side and neglect the suffering, like the priest and Levite. Masonry with her noble and advanced principles of moral integrity, looks after the welfare of the poor and worthy outcasts of the world. And when the Order by laws, rules and edicts, erects any blockades as hinderances to her inner sanctuary, aside from morality and a firm faith and trust in the *Great I Am*, it violates a fundamental Landmark of its own superstructure.

Improvements in Masonic work should be carefully and cautiously considered before they are adopted. "It is not all gold that shines." It is not everything established by the edicts of Grand Masters and Grand Lodges that has produced harmony in the Fraternity. But under the fostering care of bigotry, and a cultivated self-righteous prejudice, unmasonic edicts have become popular with those who allow others to do their thinking. And when we succumb to this, the standard of thought will always run in a narrow contracted groove. The divine right of kings and rulers will be to them an edict, and he who repudiates it, tramples upon a landmark, and will be denounced as an innovator, and a disturber of peace among the Craft. It is much easier and it requires less brain-work to follow on in the old beaten paths of others, than it does to look into the reason why certain things are required. We would encourage investigation rather than denounce it. Even if many things that we have heretofore entertained as true and useful, were apparently firmly established by law and edict. There are many ideas cherished by a large majority of our fraternity that are considered as immovable landmarks, but are not anything more or less than the opinions of some old fossilites, and will not bear the test of reason and argument.

AN INQUIRY.— *Bro. Billings* :—For information allow me to ask you one question. Can the Grand Master place upon any committee an individual who is not, and never has been the W. M. of a lodge, who was not a proxy for one of the officers of his own lodge? A Mason.

Answer, No. For, in the first place the Grand Master can not create members for the Grand Lodge. In the second place, a committeeman is an ex-officio member of the body for which he has been appointed, and his actions are an insult upon the ability of all the members of the Grand Lodge. In the third place the appointment is a violation of all masonic laws, and tramples upon the rights of the members of the Grand Lodge.

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PATIENCE.

Patience is a calm element of the mind, and is the legitemate effect of prudent and deliberate reflection upon the great fundamental principles of christianity. And a careful study of the principles of Masonry will enable us to settle down and "let patience have its perfect work." All need to cultivate more patience. Time will regulate and correct all things, it educates us to keep intact all the recourses of action. The desire of our minds is to have every event answer the best end, impatience may defeat the object, hasty conclusions may ruin our prospects.

There are none, who should exercise patience, more than a Mason. A Mason has his own brotherhood to manage, and he must manifest patience towards those, who have never had the full preparation of heart that is required. We must duly consider all the circumstances which have surrounded each individual, with whom we come in contact. An uncharatable expression, an inconsiderate act does not harmonize with the teachings of Masonry; therefore the greater need of patience.

CLOSE OF THE VOLUME.

This number closes the twelfth volume and sixth year of the MYSTIC STAR. It is with no small degree of pleasure that we still retain our identity and "owe no man anything." It is true that it has been only through constant efforts and persevering industry that we are enabled to say this much. We have neither asked, written for, nor received favors of material aid from the fraternity, by extravagant donations from the funds of the Masonic constituency to keep our journal alive. We have pursued the independent course, and have resolved to "fight it out on this line" fearing no danger. Our valuable corps of correspondents have encouraged us, and our friends have cheered us in our laudable enterprise.

ERRATA — In making up the form of our May issue, a bad mistake occurred in Bro. Norton's article. The bottom line on page 209, should have been placed next above the bottom line on page 210.

And the heading of the article on page 287, for Masons, read *Masonry*. We are not surprised that our Bro. of the *Keystone* considered that "a more appropriate heading would be better;" and with his clear sight in discovering true sentiment in the article, we are somewhat surprised

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in his failing to discern the proper *word*. We feel thankful, however, for the brotherly endorsement of our remarks, and the compliments expressed of our views. But, instead of our being a convert, or a follower of our good brother's sentiments, on the subject of the "*uniformity of Masonry*," we have ever expressed the doctrine contained in our article, and that we should be considered, at least, a *co-laborer* in this *higher* sense of what Masonry is.

EXPULSION.— We have had sent to us from a Lodge in Michigan a notice of an expulsion of a brother for non-payment of dues, for publication, accompanied with a request for our exchanges to copy, and the brotherhood are warned to govern themselves accordingly.

Now we are totally and emphatically opposed to publishing such a notice. In the first place a brother can not be expelled simply for the non-payment of dues. He may be summoned to appear before his Lodge and give cause why he does not pay his dues, and if he disobeys the summons he can be tried for contempt and according to the heniousness of the crime be condemned by his Lodge. But not expelled for non-payment of dues, this is unmasonic and a Lodge must not do an unmasonic act to a member for unmasonic conduct.

THE STEAMER IRA CHAFFEE.— This craft is making her regular trips from Chapmans Dock, in this city, to South Haven and Saugatuck Michigan, every other day. We had a very fine time crossing the lake on her a few days since. Bro. E. B. Costain, master, and Bro. J. P. Arnett, clerk. If any of our readers wish to take a short pleasant trip across the lake, and have a good time, good care and gentlemanly treatment they can put themselves under the guardianship of these brothers of our mystic order, and fear no danger as they glide smoothly over the crystal waters of this inland sea.

THE SWEDENBORG RITE.— We have been favored with a copy of a nicely executed volume of two hundred pages called "*Swedenborg Rite*, and the great Masonic Leaders of the Eighteenth Century." What possible benefit there can be of unearthing an additional Rite we cannot divine. The author of this work is an enthusiastic admirer of Swedenborg, and because he arrives at the conclusion that his beau-ideal had a good understanding of masonic symbolry, furnishes no evidence to our mind that we should fly off and embrace the pretended Rite with open arms and heart.

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BROMOPHYTE.

Every good citizen in Chicago, as well as men of every branch of farming, will be interested to know that a plan has been devised, and is now in successful operation, to take the night soil of this city, which has not only been a big nuisance to its people, but has been lost to the country as a great and desirable fertilizer, and manufacture it into an odorless and non-infectant compound, called "*Bromophyte*"—which we understand to mean *plant food.* Among its officers are the following:

W. J. Ellinwood, for many years extensively engaged in the Agricultural and seed business, President; D. W. Ramsdell, the gentleman who controls so successfully the Norway oat enterprise in this country, Dr. E. H. Clapp, President of Illinois State Agricultural Society, H. D. Emery, Esq., Editor Prairie Farmer, M. V. Allen, M. D., and others, of the Directors are men of well-known ability and business integrity, and will surely make the business of this Company a success.

Those who have exercised the most thought upon the subject of fertilizers, in connection with the most extensive experience, well know that with the highest skill and most unremitting diligence, in attempts to make the soil yield a uniform production without returning to it, in one way or another, those same substances she yielded up to vegetation, must, as surely as the earth has never lost a particle of her substance, *fail.* Then why take issue with mother earth, and try to extort from her the richness of her soil, so as to rob her of the power of production, and in the same ratio take from the world of mankind the indispensible means and blessings of life?

And it seems to us that it must have been evident to every thinking mind that this gigantic waste of night soil which has been so studiously and extensively provided for (not to mention cost) in most of the great cities and towns in every section of our country, should, in some practical way, be prevented, and that a great loss was being sustained in allowing it to be washed away and deposited in lake and ocean.

We are certainly thankful that ideas are at work, and that some thing is being done in this direction. We are satisfied that earnest and practical men, with sufficient means, have secured the right and commenced to manufacture this Bromophyte in our city, and that every well-wisher of the health and prosperity of the city can but think well of the enterprise.

This Bromophyte, and the Company's Circulars, can be procured by addressing Bromophyte Fertilizer Co., 42 LaSalle St., Chicago. It is sold at $5 per single barrel (200 lbs.) or $40 a ton, and we would advise every gardener and farmer to give it a thorough trial.

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THE

MYSTIC STAR:

A Monthly Magazine,

DEVOTED TO

MASONRY AND ITS LITERATURE

EDITORS:

JAMES BILLINGS and SOL. D. BAYLESS.

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THE MYSTIC STAR.

JULY —— 1870.

For the Mystic Star.

THE MASONIC CHRISTMAS.

BY WM. ROUNSEVILLE.

"I cannot do it!"

The speaker was a noble looking man of about fifty years of age, of commanding presence, his snow-white hair and beard giving him a venerable appearance, and a more advanced age than that to which he had actually arrived. He was seated in an easy chair in a room in which, at a glance, it could be seen that comfort and not show had been consulted. A few choice pictures decorated the walls, a library of choice and apparently well used books occupied an entire side of the apartment, and an unpretending sofa, besides the circular center table covered with books, magazines and papers, and sustaining a brilliant lamp was the most pretentious piece of furniture. A fire of coal burned in the grate, for the uncomfortable, uncomely and melancholy air-tight stove had not been allowed to outrage the sense of what constituted comfort entertained by the principal occupant.

"I cannot do it!"

The words were spoken kindly but firmly, and there was also an accent of sorrow which the attentive observer might have detected, as if they were called out by a strong sense of duty in opposition to the secret desire of a yearning heart. As though the will was overpowered and controlled by the judgment, as though the conviction of right held in thrall the anxious wish to acquiesce in the proposition and grant the request.

"I cannot do it!"

The words were spoken to a youthful and yet not a youthful looking individual who leaned upon the back of the easy chair in which the elder sat. The lines which early dissipation never fails to engrave upon the human countenance were plainly to be seen; not the deep furrows which age leaves on brow and cheek, but the more shallow and less honorable ones that late hours, wine and licentiousness fail not to bestow upon their devotees. With a form as beautiful as a

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sculptor's dream, a head that might have been the casket of a mind as noble as ever dwelt in human incarnation, shaded with luxuriant masses of jetty hair, he looked little less than archangel fallen, and he looked what he was, really and truthfully.

"Then you will not present it?" said the younger of the two, after a brief pause.

"I have already said; I *cannot*," was the reply. "I would do anything that would reclaim you — you my sister's child, loved as if you were my own, but even for that I will not bring disgrace upon the institution I so fervently love and so profoundly reverence. I have no doubt that your petition might be received, acted upon, and you be admitted into the lodge could I give assurance of your reformation."

"But I will reform."

"You have promised often — you have performed never."

"But, uncle, I swear —"

"Nay, do not swear it! You will break it if you do, and I would not have perjury on your soul."

"Is this kind? When I wish to reform my course you thrust me from you — keep me at arm's length — will not receive my promises —"

"God knows how much I desire to believe your protestations — how much I wish to confide in your promises. But I can not, *will* not forget that your conduct has been such as would disgrace the institution with which you would connect yourself. I can not but remember that in the future it may be equally as bad, or worse."

"No, no, uncle, not worse!"

"It may be worse. That is the almost unvarying consequence of the course upon which you have entered."

"True, but you have my promise —"

"Your promise has been too often broken to command confidence. If you would regain it, it must be by a continued struggle against your appetites and inclinations. You must leave entirely the evil companions with whom you now associate. You must enter upon an entirely new line of life; you must change your habits; you must cultivate a taste for virtue and goodness. You must bring yourself to that state that you loathe vice.

"So hard! So much to do."

"Surely. All this and more must be done. You must live down the prejudices that your misconduct has created against you. You must so demean yourself that people will forget that you were once addicted to drunkenness and licentiousness."

"I would do all this, and yet you refuse to assist me in the least possible degree. You refuse to throw those safeguards around my pathway that might prevent me from straying from the path of virtue."

"You mistake. You are now straying from the path of virtue; we cannot prevent you. It is possible to recall you from wandering."

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"But you utterly refuse to do it!"

"Is that the language of a man? Of the once proud man, strong in his own power to do as he would?"

"Alas, I have learned that I am powerless to resist the approaches of vice."

"And you ask me to be instrumental in introducing you to an order where purity of life and rectitude of conduct are pre-requisites?"

"That I might be pure and upright, led by so good examples."

"And, should you fall, think of the disgrace to the body of which you would then be an unworthy member."

"It would be shameful!"

"And to save you from that shame I will not be instrumental in placing you in a position where you will be liable to endure it. But this I will do, and it depends entirely upon yourself whether I can assist you in your reformation. You desire to become a Mason."

"Such is my earnest desire."

"Masonry is not strictly a reformatory institution. It does not go to the moral lazarettos and bring forth the inmates to heal them of their maladies. It rather takes the sound and perfect man and prevents him from falling a victim to the contagion."

"And I am already in the pest house."

"But you may get out into God's pure air and with recovered health you may associate at length with those who have never been infected."

"What would you have me do?"

"You are now just entering upon another convivial season. The holidays are approaching when usually the temptations to vice and excess are the strongest. Forsake your old habits from this moment. Be temperate and circumspect in your actions through the season of temptation that is coming — be a man through that and the coming year, and if you can show a clever record on the Christmas eve of the next, I will then grant your request, and so far as my influence is concerned it shall not stand in the way of your entrance within the vail which I hope is to be a safeguard for you through long years of life."

The youth suddenly left his position of leaning on the back of the chair, knelt at the feet of the aged man and raising his hand, exclaimed:

"As God lets me live, so will I be all you ask of me for the coming year, and forever."

"God assist you to keep your solemn oath," was the reply.

Edward Lincoln was the son of a man who was much in public life and paid little attention to his family. His wife died when his son was just entering his teens, and for several years the boy was exposed to the dangers and allurements of college life, with few home recollections to steady his principles or to repress his thoughts. Naturally of

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a jovial and social disposition, he naturally contracted habits of dissipation, and when he came to reside with his uncle, Wm. Leslie—a judge of considerable eminence, in a western state—at the age of twenty, it was soon found that the vicious habits were so settled in his nature that they were not easily overcome.

The uncle remonstrated against his practices and the nephew promised amendment until all confidence in promise and oath was lost, and matters, so far as the young man's habits were concerned, swiftly went from bad to worse. Sometimes, in a paroxysm of despondency, he would acknowledge his vices and solemnly agree that he would reform, and for a few days or weeks the promise was kept; but soon he would be overtaken, and the last state was worse than the first.

The father of the young man had been a Mason, and his devotion to that order had made a strong impression on the mind of his son, and this led him to desire himself to become a member. He seemed to believe that the restraint which the lodge would throw around him would materially aid in his reformation. This may have been possible, but the uncle, believing that repentance and reformation should precede, rather than follow initiation, refused to present or recommend his petition to become a member. This was the condition of things when our story commenced. But the uncle had promised if the nephew would abstain from all intoxicating beverages for one year he would then, with great pleasure, present his petition for initiation.

One year had elapsed since the scenes represented in the former part of this article had transpired. In the same room there described sit the same persons. The same genial and benevolent countenance is beaming upon the old man, but with a changed expression. It is now the expression of confidence and trust; then it was fear and distrust. And the face of the younger has undergone a change. The countenance is more fresh, the expression more self-reliant, the general aspect more joyful. It was the elder that spoke:

"Dear Edward, you can scarcely have forgotten the conversation we held one year ago."

"I have not forgotten it for a single day—scarcely for an hour," was the reply.

"I believe you, Edward. And I have prepared a little surprise for you, which I hope will prove pleasant. You are elected to receive initiation in the lodge of which I am a member, and you can be received this evening if you so desire."

"Oh, thank you, uncle! You are ever so kind and thoughtful. I have wished to put you in mind of your promise, but had not the courage to do so. I shall be too happy to become a member at any time that suits the convenience of the lodge."

"So I supposed. We will then go, as it is about the hour. But

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let me say to you that you are not about to enter upon any light and trifling ceremony. It is of deep and solemn significance. Then let your mind, your thoughts and your feelings be serious and solemn. What you are about to do may have an important influence over your whole future life. Proceed in the work in the proper spirit and may God bless you in this and all your laudable undertakings."

It is unnecessary to follow the neophyte through the ceremonies of initiation. The caution of the uncle was not lost upon him, and he arose from the lodge devotions with a better view of the importance of the work in which he was engaged; he left the lodge fully impressed with the sublime tenets of the order.

"Well, brother Edward, what are your impressions of the first degree of Masonry?" asked the uncle after arriving home.

"Beautiful exceedingly, solemn beyond expression and impressive beyond conception. I no longer wonder that you refused to recommend me when first I requested you to do so."

"I rejoice that it so strikes you. With clean hands and pure hearts only should we approach the altar of Masonry. He who does not control and subdue his passions has no right to worship at its shrine."

"His worship would be a bitter mockery."

"Even so, Edward, and for that reason I could not be instrumental in leading you, polluted as you were then, as a devotee at our altar"

"I blush when I remember the presumption exhibited in making the request."

"Let that pass. You know more of Masonry and its teachings than you did then, and I trust before another Christmas shall visit us you will have beheld 'the hieroglyphic light, which none but craftsmen ever saw,' and that as new beauties are revealed, stronger resolutions for right and truth shall be implanted."

"Such is my hope and prayer."

The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a servant bearing a tray of substantial fare, garnished with a few delicacies, and following was the aunt of the new initiate with the smoking tea urn; and close in the rear a beautiful girl, whose resemblance to the patriarch of the group, indicated the relationship of father and daughter. The collation was placed on the table from which the books and papers were removed.

"This is the anniversary of our Edward's promise — a promise that has been faithfully, amid many temptations, religiously kept. You, my husband, have expressed your approbation, and in this humble manner permit me to give expression to mine. Around this table we rejoice that a son is found, and a family made happy."

"Thank you, my dear wife, for this delicate and appropriate testimonial. I doubt not it will be fully appreciated. The best way to prove our thankfulness is to do justice to the viands before us."

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"One more petition, uncle, before we partake of the collation. More than a year ago — before you so utterly refused to present my request to the lodge for initiation — I asked you for your consent that this dear girl," and he seized her hand in an impassioned manner, and led her in front of the patriarch, "should be my wife. You very properly refused. I renew my request. Annie dear, kneel with me and beseech a blessing from our father — our mother."

"Bless you, my children! Bless you," ejaculated the joyful old man, and the emotion with which the mother responded "Amen," proved beyond dispute that there were no divided hearts in that business.

And there, with hearts overflowing with love for each other, with gratitude towards the good All-Father who sent his son into the world and hallowed that day as an anniversary ever to be remembered, they held their Masonic Christmas. Need we describe the scene further? It is unnecessary.

REFRESHMENT.

BY BRO. A. G. HIBBARD.

While a great deal is said about the unchangeable character of the Masonic institution, it cannot be denied that changes are continually occurring, so that were a brother who left this scene of his labors half a century ago to visit this terrestial world, and enter a modern lodge room, he would find but little to remind him of the lodge of long ago. And while this is true, it is also true that Masonry is essentially unchanged. He would gain admission by the same tests, he would enter with the same step, and renew his obligations as of old, kneel at the same altar, illuminated by the same lights, be circumscribed within the same boundaries, rest his eyes upon the same jewels, labor with the same tools and be welcomed by the same grip as of yore. But all is not the same; the times have changed, and the men have changed with them; and we ask, would we find that unity and fraternity which in days gone by have made lodge gatherings the most pleasant and harmonious of any on earth?

We wish to call the attention of our brethren, and especially those connected with lodges in our large towns and cities, to one change that has been effected which we cannot regard as wholly beneficial.

Among our ancient brethren, and until quite a recent date, a portion of the time of every lodge meeting was set apart for refreshment, and notwithstanding the means of refreshment were sometimes converted

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into intemperance and excess, yet in relinquishing this practice a means has been lost whereby the brethren were cemented together in the close ties of friendship. To eat together, socially, is a bond of union. The breaking of bread has from time immemorial been regarded as a seal of love and friendship. And now, when this custom has been suffered to fall into disuse, and *meeting* consists simply of sitting on opposite sides of a spacious hall, and men may belong to the same lodge for years and hardly know or speak to each other; and the half-dozen members born in England, and the eight or ten who belong to the same religious body, and the four or five who manage the caucus in a given ward, are always found divided as here stated, and occupying the same seats at each successive lodge meeting, we submit that it must follow in the inevitable nature of things, that there will some day be cliques and parties in the business of the lodge, jealousies arise, and discord usurp the place of harmony.

Brothers, let us never forget how good and how pleasant it is to dwell together in unity! To secure this unity, at every regular meeting, let some portion of the time be devoted to refreshment. It is not necessary — probably, not best — that this be refreshment of the body simply, by eating and drinking together, but of the mind and soul, by meeting each other socially, with no other restraint than *gentlemen* are under at all times, taking each other by the hand, listening to the cheerful story or lively song, mingling our hearty laughter, and so refresh the body as well, by cordial more inspiring than the most sparkling wine. If we knew each other well, the prime cause of half our jealousies would be removed, for no man is as black as his enemy paints him, nor so free from fault as his too partial friend would represent him.

Friendship is no plant of hasty growth,
Tho' planted in esteem's deep fixed soil;
The gradual culture of kind intercourse
Must bring it to perfection.

While we strive — as all good Masons should — to preserve the purity and integrity of our ritual, we shall also do well to remember, that far below this, as the foundation on which our structure is built, is the pure intention, the fraternal feeling, the good heart and truthful conscience, without which any words, be they never so high-sounding, are mere bablings, and any show of zeal is no better than tarnished tinsel. Let the Junior Warden's column be erected — let him attend to his duty, and each brother shall be heard saying, as he goes from the lodge:

I am now
Happy in quiet feelings; for the tones
Of a most pleasant company of friends
Were in my ears but now, and gentle thoughts

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From spirits whose high character I know;
And I retain their influence, as the air
Retains the softness of departed day.

MASONRY NOT POLITICAL OR SECTARIAN.

My dear Brother. — I would like to see some rule or law established and agreed upon by all Masonic journalists to exclude these topics from their pages, politics and sectarianism. As there is danger in our anxiety to watch and guard against these, of running ourselves in the opposite extremes. I notice in your last, at page 253, in the article upon "Masonic charlatanism of Thomas Dunckerly," that the writer states what I know is not the truth in reference to the "Saints Johns," Br. Jacob Norton says that at the union of the two grand lodges of England in 1813, "All allusion to the Saints John were expunged from the English constitution and ritual of Masonry. I should be glad if he had given your readers some proof for this statement. I belonged to an English lodge for some years, and I know that his statement, so far as *t'at* lodge was concerned, is not true. We celebrated the anniversaries of these Saints, and under the constitution of Ireland, I do know that the Saints Johns were venerated, and their memories perpetuated. And the 24th of June and the 27th of December in each year are held as days to be kept as festivals by the craft.

The fact is apparent that there are those among us who seem to have a terrible fear and dread of anything Christian being connected with or very near Masonry. Now why this fact? Will Christianity injure our Masonic institution? We are in a Christian land, and I claim that it is right, and not unmasonic in this country, that the Christian religion be not looked upon as if it had no right or place side by side with Masonry. The infidel and sceptical tendencies of our times would drive the Christian religion from our homes, our families, our institutions and from our hearts — hence that close watch and ward so sedulously kept up, lest the very first shadow of anything of Christianity show itself in connection with Masonry. I do not like this tendency in a Masonic monthly. And it does appear to me that while Christianity is thus strongly set against, there is the manifest desire to have the Anti-Christian element adopted, as if this was not one-sided bigotry and sectarianism in its own way.

It is no better than firing stones at the moon; this sly, indirect manner of striking at Chritianity, and it never will, never can gain its object. In this country and in others, such an event secured would be the death-blow to Masonry, in those countries at least where the religion of

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the New Testament prevails The proud position of Freemasonry at this day is greatly owing to the fact that Christian men of influence, learning, morality and power have identified themselves with the order and this spirit which would destroy (if it had the power) our holy Christianity, should it prevail, will drive the good and the wise of Christianity from our lodges. Politics we know have no place in our lodges; let us see to it that it never shall have. Keep to the old landmarks is my advice to the craft, and avoid caviling and stickling over every little idea or shadow of one that may not chime with our dread perhaps hate of religious opinions which we do not hold.

We celebrated St. John the Baptist's day in my church last evening. The lodge of this place, "Henry Lodge, No. 119," coming in procession to the church, and I do not think they were out of their place in thus celebrating the event, the anniversary of the Baptist's birth.

In haste, fraternally yours, M. MAGILL.

The foregoing from our most excellent Bro. Magill we insert with much pleasure. We hold that our correspondents have a right to be heard, where their ideas are expressed in a candid and courteous manner. We are not aware that any have discussed politics or sectarianism in the columns of the MYSTIC STAR. Writing or speaking against or about them, and for them, are quite different, and we can enter our protest against Masonry shouldering many of the phases of religion, and yet not discard the fundamental principles, yea the essential, living and divine principles of Christianity. When we take all the essential ideas and teachings of Christianity, they are in harmony with the noble instructions of Masonry. But oftentimes Christian men, in their zeal, without intending to offend, or to put a stumbling block in a brother's way, will express themselves in a manner which sounds very unmasonic to his brother Jew. Now our motto is let every one manifest that Masonic charity which is so beneficial in building the temple. There is no need of wounding the feelings of any true Mason. Masonry is cosmopolitan and so is Christianity, say some and they are excellent members of our fraternity. The declaration made by Bro. Norton about the Grand Lodge of England at the union in 1818 expunged all allusions made to the St. Johns from their constitution and ritual, needs the law and the testimony we believe. And we believe that he is very sure that he can sustain his position. Let us have the required law, time and place and all about it. The columns of the STAR are at the service of all the brotherhood. Only that everything must be written in a proper spirit and in truth and Masonic soberness.— Ed.

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THE NEW YORK MASONIC TEMPLE.

The following anthems were sung at the laying of the corner-stone of the Masonic Temple in New York. Seven hundred lodges were represented in the Grand Lodge and two thousand Masons as delegates.

ANTHEM.

By Bro. Harrison Millard.

Here we meet to lay the Stone,
  Here our Temple shall be found;
Here our hearts, not hands alone,
  By the mystic tie are bound.
Here the Craft will meet again
  On the Level tried and known;
Meet as brothers, part as men
  Bound by ties now sacred grown.

Here for ages may it stand,
  Like a beacon, light to give;
While Life's waves shall wash the strand,
  Here Masonic Truth shall live;
Here our Jewels shall be stored —
  Peace and Love — Masonic gems,
Hung like pearls on Virtue's cord —
  Truth more bright than diadems.
When the Architect of all —
  Heaven's Grand Master, full of love —
From our labor us shall call
  To the lodge prepared above,
We will gather once again
  Round our Great Commander's throne,
And degrees of bliss attain,
  Higher than on earth are known.

ANTHEM.

By M. W. Richard Vaux, P. G. M., of Philadelphia.

In every clime, from age to age,
  Masons performed their mystic rite;

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Craftsman, scholar, poet, sage,
Met and beheld Masonic light.

In every clime, in every nation,
Masons their Temple built in peace;
From corner-stone to dedication,
No discord caused their work to cease.

Apprentice, Craft and Master Mason
Each his allotted task performed,
And in whatever place or station,
Devoted faith his work adorned.

Strong in this faith, in bonds united,
Which hostile men essay to sever,
Our solemn vows to each are plighted
To be a Brotherhood forever.

Masons here lay a sure foundation,
Amid their prayers and joyous lays,
On which to build a habitation,
Now as it was in Ancient days.

Then ask of God His choicest blessing,
That Masons work may perfect be,
And Masonry each heart possessing,
The Craft may dwell in unity.

ANTHEM.

By Bro. A. J. H. Duganne.

Master Supreme! to Thee this day,
Our corner-stone with praise we lay;
And, resting on Thy word fulfill'd,
To Thee, O Lord! our house we build.

Nor build we here with strength alone
Of carven wood or sculptered stone;
But, squarely hewed and broadly plann'd,
Our lives we raise like ashlars grand.

By thee, O Lord! our work design'd,
The widow's son his help shall find;

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And we shall frame for trembling youth
The Winding Stairs that lead to Truth.

In Faith we toil — in Hope we climb
To Charity — our Arch sublime;
And evermore the Keystone see,
O Master! Lord! in Thee — in Thee!

MASONIC DIFFERENCES.

Masons know that the Masonic body is being constantly torn by Masonic quarrels and disputes. All Masons more or less profess to deplore those differences, controversies and unpleasant incidents that occur in the fraternity from time to time. But can the whole institution produce one or more disinterested brothers that will pour oil on the troubled waters, by supplying a balm to heal the wound made, and act the good Samaritan, obey and follow the teachings of good fellowship, and go about among the discordant and preach to them toleration?

The selfishness of mankind enters the portals of the Masonic heart and prompts it to do the biased act, regardless of the essential law to the contrary. All men are apt to think that they are right, infallible, and whoever does not embrace their doctrine and creed or approve of their motives are *non compos mentis*, or in that state which evokes sympathy and compassion, and causes regrets that the whole world does not think and act like themselves. There is another and a better way than deploring these endless strifes.

Some action must be taken, some example shown, that will be beneficial and instructive, as well as advantageous and productive to the well-being and advancement of Freemasonry. Masons must learn to differ on the minor topics without quarreling, without hating one another, and without becoming angry with brother Masons upon mere matters of opinion about some trifling thought or action that does not affect or reach the fundamental object that Masonry was established to promote and aid. If Masons cannot exert enough moral control over their actions and words to keep within the length of the cable-tow in their intercourse with their brethren, then Masonry is puerile, its practices are frivolous and a mockery, and its mysteries nominally a farce.

In all controversies, as true Christians, we should examine our own hearts, deeds and words, to see whether we too have not been making bitterness more gall like, and "stirring the fire with a sword."

Then, as Christians and Masons, we should hold a still surer guard

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over our passions, check every harsh word, hasty judgment and ungenerous suspicion that arises in our own breast against our fellow-craftsmen; for to nourish or permit the sway of this unmasonic principle is to sin against the very doctrines and edicts we have sworn to support, and strike a blow at the institution of our common brotherhood and good government, as well as blaspheme our God.

Masonic disputes do not arise from or belong to the simple original important truths of Freemasonry. Why, then, should these embittered feelings be allowed to arise and breed dissension within the portals of our institution, that is built for the general good of all mankind, whose walks should be walks of pleasantness and paths peace?

If the component truths of Freemasonry are sound, if its doctrine is morally and religiously good, let us now and forever cease this bickering. If we are true Freemasons, we must love our God, our brethren and all mankind. We should extend to Masons always, in adversity as well as prosperity, the helping hand of fellowship, and make them feel that there is true friendship in the bond. No matter what else we differ in, among true Masons there must not, there cannot be any difference as to aiding one another in walking in the path of the righteous. Together we can feed the hungry, clothe the naked; together we can raise up the fallen, aid the unfortunate, reform and release the prisoner, enlighten the degraded, educate the minds and morals of the ignorant and indolent, and thus assist them to stand first in the list of God's creatures that live to follow his deeds and teachings and obtain more proselytes in the work of improving, reforming and Christianizing the society of this world, and preparing its beings to enter the next. God has made us of one blood; we all have knelt at the same common altar, and there before high heaven swore to be true and faithful to ourselves and to the same Masonic faith. Shall we then violate our oath and stand all the day idle, instead of going manfully to work in the great Masonic vineyard? Are not the true craftsmen known by their work? Shall we intuitively be classed as impostors, and stand idly quarreling about the quality or manner of using the tools that we possess? Is it not a disgrace to the Order to see the lodges of our fraternity thrown into confusion and distracted into an open war of bitterness for the sake of trifles light as air? Is it not mortifying to every well-meaning brother to see this turmoil existing in this, what should be a haven of rest from the world of noise, disturbance and dissension? If there are wrongs in the fraternity, let them be corrected with a spirit that should always prevail in Masonic bodies, and let calmness and gentleness rule, and let a reverence abound that will give a sacredness to all dealings of dissatisfaction, thus soothing all bitterness and wrath, and putting to rest all clamor, evil speaking, unjust suspicions, exaggerations and slander, and unite the bond of Masonic brotherhood, love and charity more firmly together throughout man-

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kind, striking down and rendering harmless the weapons that the anti-Masonic world are constantly using against us, rendering abortive their derision and ridicule of our institution, and make Masonry what it was intended to and should be, the society of brotherly love, charity and toleration.

We must delight in and live by these noble doctrines of Christianity; then all disputes of minor import will vanish before our eyes, and we shall love the living jewel of Freemasonry more and think less of its temporary casket.

The more we rise upon the beautiful teachings and realize and feel the great power of Masonry, when directed by its true principles, the more clear and charitable our minds will become, and direct us ever onward toward that temple we strive to reach, the home of bliss and joy built by the Grand Architect of the Universe, eternal in the heavens.

Each and every Mason can every day of his life, add some little to push forward these blessings to the brotherhood, and to all mankind.

Brethren throughout the world, ask your own hearts if this is not true, and then determine in your own minds to live as near as you can (without any mental reservation) up to the crude precepts of enlightened Freemasonry. Determine that your lamp shall no longer be hid under a bushel, but that it shall diffuse light, joy and happiness wherever its rays extend over the world, and more particularly let it never grow dim when it can gladden the heart of a brother Mason or contribute to his welfare and prosperity. For remember that the more degraded, the more fallen he is, and the darker his rough road of life is, the more need there is of your displaying the best attributes of your nature, and shedding rays of comfort, cheerfulness and light upon his pathway, thus giving him strength and relief in affliction; for it is in the hour of trial and tribulation that the helping hand of Masonic fellowship manifests its noble and Christian-like spirit of brotherly love, and exhibits its true intent of charity, and devotion to the world, to our own conscience of right, and to our God.

THE RELIGION OF MASONRY.

The goodness of the heart is shown in deeds
Of peacefulness and kindness. Hand and heart
Are one thing with the good, as thou shouldst be.

* * * * * * * * *

Behold yon throne! there Love, Faith, Hope, are one!

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There judgment, righteousness and mercy make
One and the same thing.

I have thought that the religious claims and tendencies of Masonry might be deserving of the reader's consideration.

I have selected this subject because I find that many benevolent and pious people have, in regard to this point, very erroneous impressions of our institution. There is a feeling (how widely extended I cannot say, but, yet I fear, it is quite too general among Christians) that our fraternity is not only not religious in its private character, but that it is not particularly so in its legitimate influences and effects, as witnessed by the world. Many a Christian (with a warm and loving heart, I doubt not) is immovably distrustful of us on this very ground, above all others; and, in the fervor and flush of his startled piety, he is ready to exclaim, "Come not thou into their secret, O my soul! unto their assembly, mine honor, be not thou united!"

The possession and practice of religion, above all things else, it is not well loudly to boast of; but I hope to be able to show, in the sequel, that if Masons are not somewhat, and, in an essential respect, religious, it is no fault of any part of their institution.

In this article I shall principally confine my remarks to the proposition that the religion of Masonry is a religion the world particularly needs.

Not that, in the absence of this, the world would be destitute of religion. It has much, and yet, wants more. The demand is great and imperious, and it can be answered only from this, or a similar source. Various expedients have been adopted, but the want still exists. One plan after another has failed, until, at last, the spirit of Masonry must be looked to as the hope of the world.

The institution has several specific aims, all of which are akin to the main one, viz: the relief of the unfortunate. By the wise purpose of Providence, man is exposed, in earthly career, to changes and contingencies of life, which often interrupt the tenor of his happiness, or, so disabling him, as to prevent him from following his chosen pursuits, leaving him entirely dependent for subsistence and fostering care, upon the abounding emptiness of unexcited charity. When charity has no outward organization and systematic arrangements — especially where she has no real life — we know that her bread and blessing are but dust and ashes. The prophecy of inspiration is true for all times — "The poor ye have always with you;" but it is also true that there are always those whom, though not poor, no human foresight or provision can prevent from being thrown into the hut of poverty, or the arms of sickness and distress — and to those is want more griping, and the absence of sympathy more keenly felt, than to those who were rocked in penury and whose only inheritance was the neglect and frowns of the world. But the change may leave them without re-

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sources and without hope. At best, if they are so fortunate as to find assistance, it comes from such a source, or is imparted in a manner so entirely destitute of the grace of friendship and sympathy, that it not unfrequently probes the wounds it would vainly attempt to heal.

JURISPRUDENCE.

GRAND MASTER SCOTT'S DECISIONS, OF IOWA.

No purely political act is cause for Masonic discipline. "We are resolved against all politics, as what never yet conduced to the welfare of the lodge nor ever will."

No general law of the subordinate lodge can divest a brother of any lodge privlleges, either for non-payment of dues, or for any other cause. To do so requires a regular trial, finding, and judgment.

The improper reception of a petition, *i. e.*, of one who has been rejected in another lodge, or who is not a resident within the jurisdiction, is void, and is to be so declared whenever the fact becomes known, if before the conferring of the degree.

The loss of one eye does not disqualify a candidate.

An Entered Apprentice or Fellow Craft is as fully entitled, on proper application, to the "certificate of good standing," contemplated in Section XXV. of the By-Laws of the Grand Lodge, as a Master Mason would be to a dimit, under similar circumstrnces. The presentation of that certificate will justify the nearest lodge in acting upon his petition for the remaining degrees.

A rejected profane cannot apply to the same or any other lodge, until six months have elapsed. After that time he may apply to any lodge, if within its jurisdiction; and if not within the jurisdiction of the lodge which rejected him, that lodge has no claims upon him, and its consent need not be asked. If within the "co-ordinate jurisdiction" of two or more lodges, one of which rejected him, the unanimous consent of that lodge must be obtained before either of the others can ballot upon his petition.

The Grand Lodge has decided who shall teach the esoterics of Masonry in this jurisdiction, and the mode of teaching. They may not be taught in any unauthorized manner. Itinerant self-styled lecturers are not permitted.

A brother while under charges may present charges against any brother; but in that case, as in any other, the lodge may decide whether the accused should be placed on trial.

A non-affiliate is *not* entitled to Masonic burial.

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A member of a lodge may object to the initiation of an elected candidate, and his objection must be sustained, though he give no reason. The same rule applies to advancements.

Where a candidate for Masonry was elected in another state, but removed to Iowa before he could be initiated, a proper certificate of that fact, duly authenticated, may be taken in lieu of a year's residence.

The practice is for lodges under dispensation, in this state, to admit Master Masons to membership, upon the same terms and in the same manner as is done by chartered lodges.

The Grand Master has no authority to grant the privilege to a lodge in another jurisdiction, of initiating a citizen of Iowa. The consent of a subordinate lodge having jurisdiction must be obtained.

There is no legal enactment that forbids acting on the petition of an Entered Apprentice for advancement and membership while he is under indictment for selling liquor. It is a matter of taste; each brother will show his by his ballot. An indictment for that offense is no more a bar than would be an indictment for horse-stealing.

A ballot for advancement, as well as for admission, is secret and sacred, and may not be questioned. Hardships do sometimes occur under this law, but they only prove that the use of the black ballot began *too late*. Black ballots are worth more than white ones, and are much less dangerous. No discussion of either class should be permitted; it is useless, dangerous, unmasonic.

A Master Mason is entitled to his certificate of dimission on application, if clear of the books financially and morally. The lodge need not demand his motives in asking it.

IS POPE PIUS IX. A FREEMASON?

The New York *World* of February 10, contains the following statement. We have not seen the *Fra Paolo Sarpi* of Venice, which is given as authority for the article in the *World*, but we expect to receive it in a few days:

"Freemasons will be interested to know that *Mastai Ferretti*, better known as Pope Pius IX., once belonged to their order, having joined it in Philadelphia when he was a Papal Nuncio to this country, and that he continued to be a Mason two years after he became Pope. These assertions are made on the authority of the *Fra Paolo Sarpi* of Venice, a Catholic journal devoted to ecclesiastical reform, and, if true, they are certainly very peculiar, especially when taken in connection with the well-known devotional character of the Pope in his earlier years."

This is a very interesting question. The late syllabus of the Pope, in which the Freemasons and "Carbonari," are classed as evil societies,

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and against which, the terrors of the Papal bull are alike threatened, rather proves, that if the Pope was a Mason, he has backslidden. If he ever was, he has permitted the "light" he then received to become "darkness," and "great is that darkness." Were it not so, he never could have committed so great an error, as to describe the fraternity of Freemasons with the same pen he drew the character of the "Carbonari," or to have united them in one general condemnation.

In order to give such information we could obtain on this subject, we present the following facts:

In 1868, the Grand Master of Pennsylvania (R. W. Richard Vaux,) received from the editor of the *Masonic World* (Le Monde Maconnique,) published in Paris, the August copy of that periodical. In that number was an article, entitled *Initiation de Pie IX.* We translated the following statement which it contains. The editor of the *World* (Paris) introduces it as follows: According to the promise we lay before our readers, the first document, which we reprint from l'Umanitaris, intended to prove the initiation of Pope Pius IX. into the mysteries of Freemasonry.

This document is a letter that the Masons of Messina addressed in 1865 to the Very Rev. M. Aglotti, capitulary Vicar of that diocese. It asserts that *Mastai Ferretti*, while Gregory XVI. was Pope, was sent on a mission to America, North and South. After this mission was finished, M. Ferretti went to Philadelphia, and there remained some time. He was then made a Mason. The letter proceeds to give his speeches on Masonic occasions, in which he extols Masonry, and thus expresses himself: "I am fully convinced that Masonry is one of the best "*plus belles*" associations that is known in the world." Again this letter gives on another occasion the following addresses spoken by M. Ferretti: "I shall ever be a warm defender of this sublime order, whose mission is to moralize the universe and to relieve and protect suffering (*abandonnee,*) humanity." These extracts will suffice for the present purpose.

Accompanying the *Masonic World*, a letter was also received by the Grand Master from its editor, calling his attention to the article, and asking him to forward to the *World* a certified copy of the facts and proceedings of the lodge initiating M. Ferretti. To this letter the Grand Master replied November 23, 1868.

In the reply it is stated, that from time to time he had heard a report that the Pope was made a Mason in the United States, but that he had always regarded it as an idle story. Since, however, so respectable a Masonic authority had published what purported to be the letter of the Freemasons of Messina, and vouched it to be authentic, in which such statements were publicly made, an examination would be instituted by the R. W. Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, Bro. John Thomson."

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This investigation was accordingly made when the records presented these facts:

There was a lodge, *L'Temple des Vertus Theologales*, No. 103, held in the city of Havana, under a warrant from the *Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of Pennsylvania*, dated the 17th of December, 1804 By a copy of the list of members of that lodge, it appears that January 15, 1815, Juan Aug Ferretti, was made a Mason, and that March 21, 1817, he withdrew from said membership.

That there was also a lodge "Las Delicias de le Havana, No. 157," held in Havana under a warrant from the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, on Mhrch 27, 1818, J. A. Ferretti joined that lodge. That on November 17, 1819, *Martin Ferretti* was made a Mason in No. 157.

The names are copied from the report of the Secretaries of these lodges, into a Register kept for that purpose in the Grand Secretary's office, Masonic Hall, in this city. These names are, therefore, not copies of the original signatures, but probably written as pronounced in English.

These facts were sent to the editor of the *Masonic World*, in Paris. We leave the question to be decided by further proof, if Martin Ferretti was the English version of *Mastai Ferretti*, which the Messina Masons state was the name of the present Pope, before he was raised to the Pontificate as Pius IX.— *Keystone.*

THE TRUE MISSION OF MASONRY.

The right of men to organize for mutual protection and advantage is one of the elementary principles of liberty itself. To deny it would be to shut our eyes to the commonest necessities of our nature and refuse to believe the most obvious facts.

The heedless haste on the part of many to condemn Masonic institutions arises in great part from the exaggerated conception which they have of its awfulness, and the habit in which they persist of magnifying the importance and scope of its secrets. To the real Mason who has familiarized himself with its written and unwritten symbolism, these are the mere outer wrappings, the husks which shelter from the rudeness of promiscuous intercourse the general thoughts and principles of the Fraternity. They, and they alone, are enabled to appreciate by what progressive steps the earnest enquirer is, from step to step, forwarded into the light of new truths with each successive approximation, until he is conscious of an inward development of character which is the legitimate outgrowth of enlarged views of the reciprocal duties of humanity. With a full consciousness of his own obligations to others he is led to a more vivid comprehension of the ties that bind to himself the whole brotherhood in an indissoluble

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connection, and render the society a vast family, viewing these respective rights and privileges in the light of sacred kinship.

This an indistinct suggestion of that which it is the province of true Masonry to accomplish. Here, doubtless, as elsewhere, are to be found flaws in the material out of which the great superstructure is raised; here, as elsewhere, some of low-born desire join themselves to the comely aggregate and mar its beauty with deformity; but judged by this standard, the fairest things of earth would hardly merit approbation. Was there ever a garden without a weed; was there ever a sky so sunny that no little cloud skulked close down to the horizon awaiting the critic's detection?

Judged by the fairest of human standards, Masonry is built upon the strongest foundations of generous charity. In how many cases has it proved a blessing in disguise to the widows and children of its membership, and unto how many a brother has it discovered its protecting power in the last extremity of despair, binding up his wounds, speeding him cheerfully on his journey, and in some instances standing between him and death itself.

FRANKLIN ON FREEMASONRY.

Freemasonry, I admit, has its secrets. It has secrets peculiar to itself; but of what do these principally consist? They consist of signs and tokens, which serve as testimonials of character and qualification, which are conferred after due instruction and examination. These are of no small value; they speak a universal language, and are a passport to the support and attention of the world. They cannot be lost, so long as memory retains its power. Let the possessor of them be expatriated, shipwrecked, or imprisioned — let him be stripped of everything he has in the world, still their credentials remain, and are available for use as circumstances may require. The good effects, which they have produced, are established by the incontestible facts of history. They have stayed the uplifted hand of the destroyer; they have subdued the rancor of malevolence, and broken down the barrier of political animosity and sectarian alienation. On the battle-field, in the solitudes of the uncultivated forest, or in the busy haunts of the crowded city, they have made men, of the most hostile feelings, and the most diversified conditions, rush to the aid of each other, with special joy and satisfaction that they have been able to afford relief to a brother Mason.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

LOGANSPORT, IND., June 27, 1870.

Bro. Billings: The brethren of Pierceton, Indiana, had a glorious time at their celebration on the 24th inst. Notwithstanding the day was excessively hot, the little village was crowded with Masons, and those who came to witness, and to unite with them in the social festivities of the occasion. A goodly number of Sir Knights, from the Commandery at Ft. Wayne were present in full uniform, and also, large delegations from the lodges at Warsaw, Plymouth, and Columbia city, the latter lodge bringing with them a fine amateur Quintette Club, which, under the leadership of Bro. Miller, furnished the best music we have heard since our location in the West.

The procession was formed at one o'clock and marched to a neighboring grove, which had been previously fitted up by the members of Pierceton Lodge, who seemed anxious to do everything up in the very best of style in order to render the stay of their guests pleasant, and in which they succeeded most admirably, as these brethren always do. The exercises at the grove consisted of music by the Quintette Club, and the Pierceton Cornet Band, assisted by another from abroad, the name of which has escaped my memory — an address by Rev. N. S. Sage of Logansport, dinner and toasts.

The whole affair reflected great credit on all concerned, and will long be remembered by the citizens of Pierceton, as one of the happiest days in their history. The congregation at the grove was large, numbering as was thought two or three thousand; it would be safe to put it at two thousand five hundred. Good attention was given throughout, and everybody went away satisfied that it was good to be there.

The publication of the address was requested. It will appear in the *Indianian* soon. Masonry is indeed rising in importance and social influence in this part of our state, for which we give thanks to that God before whom every true Mason bows with humble reverence. SPECTATOR.

Never be sorry for any generous thing that you ever did, even if it was betrayed. Never be sorry that you were magnanimous, if the man was mean afterwards. Never be sorry that you gave; it was right for you to give, even if you were imposed upon. You cannot afford to keep on the safe side by being mean. You had better, many times in your life, for the sake of keeping yourself in the practice of benevolence, do things that are questionable, rather than judge so narrowly, that you will always find yourself on the side of cold calculation. Give your heart some headway, in the long run it will be safer for you.

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For the Mystic Star.

THE KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN.

BY JANE M. JACKSON.

About 1099 the Knights Hospitallers, a religious order, was founded in Italy. Their chief temple was built in Jerusalem, near the church of the Holy Sepulchre. The Knights received with kindness all crusaders who were sick or wounded and many of these remained with the brotherhood and assumed their dress which was a plain black robe, with a linen cross upon the left breast. Raymond De Puy, Master at that time, offered to King Baldwin II. to reconstruct the order on the model of the Templars. Thus these Templars formed a powerful army for the defence of the kingdom.

At the defeat of the Christians the Knights of St. John passed into the isle of Cyprus, thence to the isle of Rhodes and finally to the isle of Malta. The order was introduced into England in the reign of Henry I. at Clerkenwell. Besides the Hospital there were houses called Commanderies. There were many sisters in the order but only one house for them. The superior Templars sat in Parliament, named a Lay Baron. When on military duty the Knights wore in addition to their dress a red surtout marked with a white cross on the breast, and a red mantle with a white cross on the shoulder. Their temples had circular naves or round buildings. From the various orders we glean the origin of secret societies, the few governed the many and it became necessary to hold meetings secretly among themselves, men, gifted beyond others, whose broad views and progressive intellects, organized bands together and held them in subjection.

From these societies sprang Freemasons. All agreed to appoint superior officers and promised obedience, secrecy and silence concerning events that transpired within their Temples. King Solomon said, "A still tongue shows a wise head," and it became a necessity that secrets should be held that no intimidation could ever extort from them. As the keeping of secrets was deemed so very difficult they were bound by oaths of so startling a character that none ever dreamed of breaking. Aristotle being asked what things appeared the most difficult to him he answered, "To be silent and secret." Athenians pointed to the door as each brother entered their meetings saying, "Take heed that nothing acted or spoken at this conference pass from hence." After his defeat King Darius concealed himself and no threats or bribes could induce the faithful brothers who knew of his hiding place to betray it. Masons show they have no selfish motive in con-

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cealing their ordinances, because all men who bear good characters may become members without favor, as its benefits are not limited to party or sect. But it has boundaries and landmarks which none of its members can violate or re-make. Secrecy is the great charm of Masonry, the wonder of initiation. Every resource in pyrotechny, mechanics and diaptrics, was brought into action to heighten the charm of mysteries enacted in the temples of the middle ages, entrance the sense, nourish the mind, and besides inspiring the intellect softens the heart by its sympathies, charities and brotherly love, its benevolence is the secret of the confidence men place in its laws and requirements.

A fraternity is indicated by the accuracy with which the members calculates the power and working intelligence of the subaltern natures within their control, any miscalculation of character by the persons directing the complex operations will throw the whole scheme into confusion. In such organizations the calculation of character is of importance, requires an insight in human nature in a marked degree, and misconception of men and events often involve individuals and governments in great calamities. The grandest and mightiest exemplifications of Masonic teachings are to be found in those rare men who have passed up through a process of life and growth into a region of spiritual ideas who continually replenish the world with deeds that point to a newer and nobler life.

FREEMASONRY AMONG THE VANCOUVERS ISLANDERS.

G. M. Sproat, in his account of Vancouvers Island, says, "There is a secret association or fraterniiy among the Aht natives, composed of some persons who are united for a purpose which has not been discovered Meetings are held at different places about once a year in a house covered round inside with matts. All non-members and women are excluded. As many as seventy natives from the Vancouver shore, and also on the American side, have been known to attend one of these meetings. It is not a tribal affair, a chief's affair, nor a medicine man's affair; these members may or may not be members of the association, but unless they are members they are not permitted to enter the house, and seem to be quite ignorant of what is going on. The members wash and paint themselves and wear their best blanket, and now and then come out of the house to wash and put on fresh paint. The proceedings inside the house are conducted in silence, there is no singing or noise during the meeting of this secret association. Is this fraternity Freemasonry? Freemasonry has been displayed in quarters where least expected.

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HOME DEPARTMENT.

KATY KILMORE, OR THE MARKET GIRL.

BY REV. L. A. ALFORD, D. D.

CHAPTER VII.

After Mrs. Blair's violent passion had a little subsided, her fears increased.

"He's got Katy," she muttered to herself, "but who was the ungentlemanly creature that took her away? She will tell all she knows, and that will create excitement. What shall I do?

Mrs. Blair had no legal counsellor to secure her against a calamity that now appeared portentious, and her position was by no means an enviable one.

"What a fool I was," she remarked to herself, "to let him take that child away, and I tacitly look on. She will tell her pitiful story somewhere. But who was this stranger? I must know at all hazards."

Katy had just come from Mr. Rostein's butcher shop, and if she could only employ a confident she might learn the stranger's name, for she believed he must have followed Katy with her basket of steak.

"I must find some one that will ferret this matter out, and get this child again or I am undone," remarked Mrs. Blair, half frantic.

A few moments later, a fashionable city lady, closely wrapped in her winter cloaks, might have been seen, unattended, and apparently under great excitement, hastily passing up Lake street in quest of — who knew who?

She called at a saloon where suspicion had often rested, and where the police had spotted many a hard-faced, oily-tongued confidance villian.

"Is Mr. Orrison in?" remarked Mrs. Blair, as she held the door partly open, fearing to proceed.

"I will call him," answered a sprightly looking young gent.

"Mr. Orrison?" remarked Mrs. Blair.

"That's my name," coldly responded the saloon keeper; for he really expected that the lady had called to request him to sell no more liquor to a husband, son or brother.

"I wish an interview with you alone," said Mrs. Blair.

"Well ma'am, I never back out," remarked our hero; so opening the sitting room door, Mrs. Blair was ushered in, Mr Orrison expecting to

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hear his doom, remaining as nearly in the form of a disjunctive conjunction as a man possibly can, when he reads despair and determination in the countenance of one whom he may have cruelly wounded.

"What's wanting, ma'am?"

"I am in a difficulty, sir, in which there is much property involved, as well as consequences that will prove worse than fatal to me, I fear, if I cannot secure the speedy action of some confidential person, whom I will liberally reward."

This announcement changed his features and tone to the blandest and most pleasant gentleman possible. He no longer spoke in a harsh rough voice, but really whispered, "I am at your service, ma'am."

"If you will call at No. 188 Lake St., or will send some one who will act for me true to the letter, I will reward him with a purse of five hundred dollars."

"You shall receive the call, ma'am, within half an hour, No. 188 Lake St. I will remember the place ma'am."

All this was done without elicting a remark from Mr. Orrison regarding the character of the work to be done. And the saloon keeper supposed this providentially a streak of good luck, and an easy chance for a pile.

Strange how thankful such men feel when a good "strike" makes its appearance; one would almost fancy them devotional, for they easily see if they succeed to wealth they will be looked up to as the world's great ones, no matter how they got the money; they have nothing to lose — no credit, cash, or character.

Mr. Orrison brushed up, told his clerk to do things up right, and soon after drew the bell at Mrs. Blair's.

Mrs. Blair was in readiness to receive company this time; far more so than in the morning, when Col Murray had given her a call, and she now felt the need of assistance from the "lords of creation" much more than then, for her swooming had changed to action, immediate action.

"Be seated Mr. Orrison," very kindly remarked Mrs. Blair.

"You may be surprised at this, but I am driven to it by circumstances that I can not otherwise control."

"Indeed, ma'am."

"Yes, it is true, and I cannot confide my secret to you unless you make a solemn oath not to divulge it."

Here Mr. Orrison assured the lady that she need fear nothing from him, for he could swear to any secrecy if dollars and cents were to be obtained by it. There are a great many persons who have a holy horror against a secrecy where moral character is involved, and passions to be circumscribed, but the moment dollars and cents are at stake their conscience is as elastic as a puffball. So Mr. Orrison swore by all that is sacred to keep the secret and perform his part in any future scheme.

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The bargain consummated, obliged Mr. Orrison to obtain possession of, and convey Katy Kilmore beyond the power of harm to Mrs. Blair; and when this work was fully accomplished the five hundred dollars would be paid. Mrs. Blair was to advance sufficient means to enable him to obtain possession of Katy.

For this object the saloon keeper's heart was sufficiently depraved to need no urging.

The first thing to be learned was the whereabouts of little Katy; the only clue would be to go to the market and inquire for a man bearing a description to the one who so unceremoniously entered her house that morning, and learn his name and residence.

Mr. Orrison was now a business man of some airs, and considerable importance. He called at the market, but could learn nothing, so went with this news to Mrs. Blair.

Mrs. Blair then inquired of Mrs. Lambert as to whom she sent Katy to purchase steak. Mrs. Lambert said that she had sent her to Rostein's market. So Orrison hurried away to get the desired information; but how to approach Mr. Rostein without exciting suspicion he hardl knew; but the five hundred dollars urged him to make the trial, and he relied upon his wits to carry him through.

"I have been informed," remarked Orrison to Mr. Rostein, as he entered the market, "that Mrs Lambert obtains all her steak here, and that you keep the best in the city, so I thought I would take this cold afternoon to make your acquaintance."

"Thank you, I sell steak to a great many parties in the city, and should be pleased to wait on you at any time."

"Mrs. Lambert has purchased of you for some time, has she not?"

"Yes sir, she has done so for a few days past."

"She showed me some steak that her market man purchased here this morning that was very nice."

"You must be mistaken in the place sir, there has been no man from Mrs. Lambert's to-day."

"Who then was the purchaser from Mrs. Lambert's?"

"There was a little girl came at her requset, but I do not know that she sent her," said Mr. Rostein.

"What, not so cold a morning as this, a little girl from away down to Mrs. Lambert's, impossible!"

"It is true sir, and I hope the gentleman that went to see her, or another lady by the name of Blair, has succeeded in seeing that little girl provided for."

"Ah, what,s up?"

"I tell you sir, it is cruel in the extreme to send a little girl of her years to lug home a basket of steak when it is so bitter cold a man can hardly endure it."

"It is abomniable sir. I'll see Mrs. Lambert about it myself, so I will."

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"It is Mrs. Blair's child, or a child that lives with her."

"I'll see Mrs. Blair, then," remarked Orrison, as important as if he had been the king of Kamskatka.

"Well Col. Murray is the right kind of a man," replied Orrison, fancying to know him, though he had never heard his name before.

After a moments pause he remarked, "Mr. Rostein where does the Col. now reside, I get acquainted with a great many persons on the streets but seldom learn their residences."

"I beleive sir he res.des on Clark,St."

This was enough, all he wished to know, and the less others knew of him would better suit his designs; he now knew that Katy was at Col. Murray's on Clark St., and if he could get her away he would be master of a purse of $500, and if he managed the affair shrewdly he might accomplish it all in three or four days.

"First to get possession of the child," remarked Mr. Orrison to himself as he hurried away. "I will not harm her but I'll take her where foundlings will be taken care of, or I go south and ship her to Europe or Cuba or somewhere, no matter so I get $500. And so he cogitated and planned in reference to the little girl should he succeed as a kidnapper. He soon found by inquiry which residence was Col. Murray's and he passed and re-passed it several times so as to become familiar with the position and surroundings. Nothing more could be done that day for the snow made such a noise underfoot, and the streets were almost deserted, so our hero returned to Mrs. Blair with tidings but not that he had yet seen Col. Murray or the child. So the matter must be passed over to another day.

Early the next morning Orrison was on the alert and determined by every possible means to form the acquaintance of Katy Kilmore that day; but how? He had seen a carriage drive from the door at a very early hour, but who occupied he could not discover as he was several streets off when the carriage left. Sometimes he would advance up the street with the fullest determination to call at Col. Murray's and see if he could not learn something available, but when he arrived opposite the residence something restrained him and he passed slowly by. So another day passed and Orrison returned to Mrs. Blair's to plan and contrive.

"I say Mrs. Blair," remarked Orrison, "I must take another course or I shall be suspicioned. I think I had better take a basket or a tin pedlar's trunk and a bundle of tracts and Sunday school books and place myself as a colporteur of the American Tract Society and then I can call at Col. Murray's in good faith."

"That's a charming idea Mr. Orrison, I must have that child at all hazards. You must give her some of the nicest of the nice books in the market, never mind the expense. Mr. Orrison delays are dangerous, get a horse and cutter and get the little girl to ride down with

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you and get the finest gilt polyglot there is, when out you have her ; be sure to get Katy and don't make a mistake in the matter," continued Mrs. Blair.

"And if I get the child, then blame me."

Mr. Orrison could now have been seen in search of a colporteur's rig to enable him to attend to the spiritual needs of suffering humanity as agent of the American Tract Society, and with a liberal assortment of religious literature called at the residence of Col. Murray.

"Does Col. Murray reside here, ma'am?" remarked the colporteur to a matronly lady who answered to his call.

"Yes, sir, walk in sir," kindly remarked the lady. "Extremely cold this morning.

"Very cold indeed, ma'am."

Mr. Orrison introduced his mission very favorably, remarking that he had been informed that Col. Murray took a lively interest in the noble work of the Society, that he found many poor people that were unable to obtain religious reading that could only be reached through this society; that it had distributed to the lost and perishing over a million of pages and tracts during the past year, and that his work was like "bread cast upon the waters," that it was blessed work in which not only Christians but philanthropists could readily engage.

After the colporteur closed his sermon Mrs. Murray remarked, "I presume Mr. Murray would be glad of an interview with you; he is now absent, unexpected business has called him away, but he will be home in a few days."

"Thank you. You have quite a family to rear for future usefulness, are all these your children?"

"All but this little girl, she is husband's brother's child."

Mr. Orrison's heart beat twice at once on hearing this fact, as he now saw the magnitude of his undertaking, and it was with much difficulty that he could distribute his nice tracts and show his fine books, but in a few moments he overcame the panic this announcement produced and remarked: "How soon do you expect the Colonel's return?"

"We shall look for him some to-morrow."

"I may have the privilege of seeing him before I leave the city. I shall not leave for a few days."

Here Mr. Colporteur opened his treasures and gave all the girls a present, making suitable remarks to the children upon the value of religious books, stating that he was left an orphan at a very early age and that by reading and studying the Holy Scriptures he had been led to engage in this noble work. Mrs. Murray then remarked that the little girl before him was an orphan child — that her father and mother had both died with cholera and that she had been left without a protector. To this the book pedlar gave the utmost attention, remarking that none but an orphan could fully feel their loneliness, and that

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if little sis would go with him to the Exchange he would give her one of the American Tract Society's best Turkish morocco clasp bibles, the prettiest bible she ever saw.

Mrs. Murray thought this would not be advisable such a cold day, and the colporteur soon saw his mistake and joined in the better judgment of Mrs. Murray, remarking "the Colonel will be at home to-morrow and will perhaps prefer to select the gift-book for himself, I will call again then," and bidding the children good bye, bowed a good day to Mrs. Murray and left.

Mr. Orrison disposed of his pedlar apparatus as soon as possible after turning the first corner and hurried to Mrs. Blair's.

"Don't you think Mrs. Blair," remarked Orrison as he entered her dwelling, "that Col. Murray is the child's own uncle."

"Gracious heavens," responded Mrs. Blair.

"Don't be alarmed, I shall make it all go off right yet. Col. Murray is not at home."

"O dear, dear! what shall I do?"

"Don't be alarmed," reiterated the rumseller, "it will come out right yet."

"It will come out all wrong when Mr. Murray gets home I know. O dear!"

"Why so?"

"O the little girl remembers too much — too much indeed for my safety. What a fool I was to let him take her to his home. O dear!"

"I'll have her to-morrow."

"Impossible."

"I think not. They treated me very kindly and I agreed to call again to-morrow."

"O I wish, I wish!" repeated Mrs. Blair, "that I had only known that Katy's uncle lived in this city. O dear, what shall I do?"

"I'll get that child to-morrow."

"It will do no good if you do; Col. Murray will find me no matter where I go, and I shall be locked up in jail, O dear, dear!"

"I guess not, don't be alarmed. I'll get that girl and then we'll leave town the quickest way possible."

"That's my only hope."

"And I think there will be no risk if we only manage it right. I told Katy that I would give her the nicest bible she ever saw if she would go with me to my hotel, but Mrs. Murray thought not best and I am glad of it. I wasn't ready, nor you wasn't; now if you'll consent I'll manage it to a charm."

"How Mr. Orrison? I'll concede to any measure you may deem advisable."

"My plan is this. We'll have a nice span of horses engaged, that is fast horses, and I'll drive up to the door and call the little girl out to

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get her bible, and when she comes near lift her into the sleigh and when we get her we'll leave in double quick time."

"Splendid if you succeed."

"I know I shall succeed, I never try any projects that do not succeed; they thought I was a saint just from cat-heaven, when I was teaching them the noble precepts laid down in my mother's bible."

"Cat-heaven and your mother's bible, Mr. Orrison!"

"Well I drew the wool over their eyes, but to morrow I'll have that girl. You can deposit the five hundred dollars, Mrs. Blair, in the bank subject to your order, then when the thing is safe I can draw by your order."

"Here are fifty dollars, get the fastest, Mr. Orrison."

So Mr. Orrison left Mrs. Blair's to resume his labors the next morning, and Mrs. Blair spent another sleepless night preparing for a journey should they be successful in their undertaking.

Early in the morning Mr. Orrison was on hand; he had secured the fleetest team at the livery, covered sleigh, and with Mrs. Blair in the vehicle with money and valuables, all aboard, they drove up before the door of Col. Murray's splendid residence. The door was apparently locked and the snow had drifted between that and the outer gate and the prospects before them appeared terribly forbidding.

A moment they paused and the thought occurred to Mrs. Blair that she might be recognized or to call out a little girl on such a morning as that might look suspicious and they had better not attempt it together. Mr. Orrison assented and the covered vehicle again drew up to the residence of Mrs. Blair. Her anxieties and solicitude scarcely knew a boundary and all that our hero could do was to say, "don't be excited, I'll have her yet."

It is natural for children, after a stranger has visited them, to make some comments upon his manners and occupation, so with the little folks at Col. Murray's. After the colporteur of the American Tract Society had left, Emma remarked, "I wonder who that fellow is?"

"Some preacher or other," answered Mary.

"Well, I don't like him very well," said Katy, "he looks too much like a fellow down below Mrs. Blair's. Get me to go down town with him in a horn I guess."

"I saw that same fellow yesterday pass here several times, while I was at the window," remarked Eugene.

"There may be some chicanery about it, but then —"

"You know," interrupted Emma, "that some men will assume any position to carry out their designs, mother."

"I know, Emma, but in judging others we should always think the best."

"You know more about the work than I do, mother, but I can see through that fellow like a book."

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"Well he was a book agent."

"Wasn't he wonderful kind to feel so much for an orphan as he professed to, aunt?"

"Well, yes, that was quite nice, but that is the way with some folks they must say something."

Mrs. Murray did not believe the agent to be an impostor, but what the girls had said gave her a hint to cautiousness that she might not otherwise have possessed, and she was prepared to look pretty sharply to Katy's interest, still believing the colporteur had been led to engage in the work as he had professed. So matters remained at Mr. Murray's up to the time the prancing chargers and covered sleigh drew up before the door. One of the girls saw the covered vehicle stop at the door, and had hasted to inform Mrs. Murray that she might expect a call, but when she returned no vehicle or team was in sight; this however was nothing strange as persons often call at wrong numbers in the city and find their mistake by the number on the door.

"What now can be done, Mr. Orrison," remarked Mrs. Blair as they entered her deserted parlor. "I shall be ruined, Mr. Murray has gone to get me arrested. I must get away from here quick."

"Well I think I'd better get a single cutter and go alone, I believe I can fetch her in that way sure."

"You be ready, Mrs. Blair — all ready when I come, and we'll put her in a covered sleigh and be off to a railroad station out of the city, and then who cares."

"Now you talk like a man, I must have her at all hazards."

"I brought a little along," remarked Orrison, as he drew a small flask from his pocket; "I did not know but I might need a little to make it go off resolutely — brand I mean Mrs. Blair."

"All right, Orrison, if you can't get the girl fairly, get her, but don't hurt her."

"About 2 P. M. I'll be here, be ready." So the colporteur engaged a driver to take himself and lady and child to the railroad station a distance of near thirty miles and to be there at eight o'clock in the evening. His clerk was to take care of the horse and cutter.

About one o'clock that afternoon the agent of the American Tract Society made his appearance at the door of Col. Murray.

"Ah, called again. Mr. Murray has not yet returned."

All this time Mrs. Murray remained at the door and had not invited in the benevolent agent.

"I am sorry, quite sorry, Mrs. Murray."

"He may not be home for several days yet the weather is so severely cold."

"Here my little jewel, I have brought you that nice clasped bible I spoke of yesterday," remarked the agent seeing Katy through the half opened door.

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"Thank you, sir."

'May I write your name in it and my own, I may not call again."

"If you please, sir."

By this time all fears of him had disappeared, and the ink and pen Katy hasted to procure, but the ink was frozen and while he waited two o'clock came. He had no time to lose.

"Ah the clasp of this bible is not quite good enough for you, I designed giving you one that was pure silver — it is in my cutter, just step to the door and select the best."

"O this is good enough."

"Surely not when you can have a better, come right along," continued the agent taking hold of Katy's arm, "come right along."

Katy began to cry, but the colporteur paid no attention to that at all but pulled her to the door. Mrs. Murray remonstrated but to no purpose, for Orrison drew his revolver and it was worse than vain for her to contend. Orrison did not stop to dispose of his books, but hurried the captive into his cutter and was out of sight in a moment. Mrs Murray shrieked out in the wildest manner but all to no purpose. Katy was a captive, and of her fate who could tell.

(*To be continued.*)

FORGET THEM NOT.

BY H. C. FRENOH, M. D.

The following was read at the decoration of the soldiers' graves, at Turners Junction, Ill., May 30, 1870, and dedicated to the "Grand Army of the Republic."

We strew these graves with flowers,
That wither ere the sun goes down;
And consecrate with holy song
Each soldier's grassy mound:
The flowers will decay —
The music's cadence be forgot —
But memory's voice, shall haunt for aye
These graves, to say, Forget them not!

Forget them not! Forget them not!
Who nobly died, our land to save;
Who perished while they nobly fought
To stay the power of treason's wave;
Their blood has touched the crimson bars

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That stud our starry banner true;
Their groans have brought the joyous songs.
That ring our ransomed country through.

Forget them not! Forget them not!
While borne along life's turbid waves,
But in a deathless cenotaph
Bear everywhere. Our soldiers' graves!
Our soldier's graves! Our soldiers' grave!
The ægis of the Nation's life.
They are the soul of Liberty,
A charm to stay the future strife.

Forget them not! Forget them not!
These sepulchers of royalty.
Nor yet forget their priceless wealth,
The broken hearts for loyalty.
The broken hearts! The broken hearts
Of mothers and of sisters too,
Who offer incense o'er these graves,
Cast up for Liberty and you.

Forget them not! Forget them not!
But as successive years go by,
Yet greener let the memories be,
Of those who 'neath these flowers lie.
Let roses bud and bloom and fade,
Let friendships kindle and expire,
But never be these names forgot,
Nor yet the thoughts that they inspire.

Forget them not! Forget them not!
The mournful autumn winds will come,
And tinge the verdure of the trees,
And later frosts will sear the leaves
And give them to the winter breeze,
And they will strew each hallowed grave,
Where now the flowers and grasses wave;
But ne'er can winter rob the bloom
That lingers round the soldier's tomb.

Forget them not! Forget them not!
They are a nation's heritage;

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More honored than the tombs of kings,
The glory of the coming age.
Let nations crumble and decay,
Let statesmen die and be forgot,
But o'er these graves ne'er cease to lay,
Each year, the flowers. Forget them not!

THE SACRED TEMPLE.

This is a secret Order that has lately been originated for the benefit of woman. It differs very widely from the Eastern Star organization, known by some as adoptive Masonry, inasmuch as it does not depend upon Masonry or rest upon it for an existence. It is an independent Order fraternizing exclusively for woman's benefit, as Masonry is a fraternity exclusively for the men.

In principle the Sacred Temple is like Masonry. No man can know the esoteric workings of the Order any more than woman can know the esoteric teachings of Masonry. This feature of Masonry has ever been one of the strongest pillars upon which her superstructure has stood for many ages, and is one of the principal causes of its permanency. It was designed for the elevation of man. So it is with this new Order, the object is for the improvement of woman. To lift her up into a higher and a noble life.

We have watched this young fraternizing institution with great anxiety, firmly believing that there is need for a kindred organization to mentally, intellectually and socially elevate woman and have a strong bond of sisterhood as has ever existed among Masons in their brotherhood, having for its objects and designs the same for woman as Masonry holds forth for men. We have ever loved Masonry because it was instituted with its immovable landmarks and with them has been transmitted from generation to generation uncorrupted, for man alone.

Now after a long period in the progressive march of civilization and under the higher instructions of a purer worship of God than existed in olden times we have seen the invaluable benefits of Masonry in its working power in moulding governments and producing good to humanity. And as the principles of this ancient order have thus bequeathed a rich legacy for the morals of men, why not encourage this new organization for woman under her control for a like object for her sex?

The Grand Officers of this organization are residents of Michigan,

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where the only Supreme Temple exists. Supreme Matron, Hon. Mrs. W. L Stoughton, of Sturgis; Dept. Supreme Matron, Mrs. Mary Bills, of Osseo; Grand Lecturer and Instructress, Mrs. M. A. Hazlitt, of Hillsdale; Grand Companion, Mrs. Emily Packard, of Sturgis; Grand Treasurer, Mrs E. J. Heating, of Hilsdale; Grand Sec'y, Mrs. Mary Peck, of Sturgis; Faithful Guard, Mrs. M. A. Phillips, of Osseo; Honored Sentinel, Mrs. E. Thompson, of Burr Oak.

Since writing the above we understand that there has been of late a Sacred Temple organized in Chicago, under favorable circumstances, which bids fair to become a large and flourishing society. Those of our good brethren who best understand the objects and interests of the Temple, fully endorse, the enterprise and give their hearty approval to the ladies in their noble work.

The Temple has ten vestals and four principle officers. Which are: Mrs. E. H. Alexander, W. M.; Mrs. F. Burrit, F. C.; Mrs. L. Barnum, I; Mrs. H. A. Bogardus, S.

Any information concerning the Chicago Temple can be had by addressing Mrs. E. H. Alexander, No. 101 25th street.

THE *Trowel* of June came, but not in time for us to answer the interogatories of the editor. He says, "We wish to ask the editor of the MYSTIC STAR if they really approve the doctrine that any three lodges in Illinois may throw off their allegiance, ignore their obligations and form an independent Grand Lodge?"

To which we emphatically answer, No! And we further remark that it was far fetched in the *Trowel* to imply by its question that we favored or advocated such an idea. Such implications and inquiries are unworthy of any one to apply to the editor of the MYSTIC STAR, and much more so when coming from the highest official of this jurisdiction. Rays of clear light should emenate from the Grand East at all times. "Let there be more light," is the loud cry from every quarter

Again, the editor of the *Trowel* makes another inquiry. "Will the editors of the STAR be pleased to state when and where wa asked their pardon? By admitting such a statement, they concede its truth."

Not necessarily does an editor concede everything his correspondents may write. We do not now recall to mind any particular misdemeanor committed by the editor of the *Trowel* for which he actually asked our pardon. But knowing that he ought to have done so we might have had it strongly impressed upon our mind that he had performed that duty, and undoubtedly Br. Norton was misled by a like impression, until the editor impliedly denies the soft impeachment.

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EDITORIAL.

For the Mystic Star.

ANTI-MASONRY AND ANTI-CHRIST IDENTICAL.

BY M. W. ALFRED, A. M., M. D.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1870, by M. W. Alfred, A. M. M. D., in the Clerks Office of the Western District of Michigan.

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The mysteries of the primitive church provoked the sanguinary persecutions first waged upon it by the Anti-Christians. So at the present time the mysteries of Freemasonry are the cause of open hostility to the institution by the same party. The enemies do not pretend that there is anything immoral in our manuals, the wickedness lies, they affirm, in what we do not publish — in our mysteries.

The anti-party would as gladly assail Christians as Masons on account of their "awful mysteries." Thousands of the most intelligent clergymen are members of our order, and are aware of the similarity existing between our mysteries and those of primitive Christianity. This class of ministers and thousands of candid clergymen and laymen, who are not members of the order, we reverently respect. These are men whose hands are innocent of blood, and whose hearts abhor the very thought of persecution. But there are clergymen and laymen, the height of whose ambition is to enjoy the bliss of ignorance, who know as little of the mysteries of Christianity as they do of Masonry, and had they lived in the days of Celsus, would have made their hands as red as his with Christian blood. That the Christian mysteries were an imitation of the Eleusinian mysteries we have already shown, and which Turtullian acknowledges when he says of the Eucharist, "That was the very nature of mysteries to be concealed as *Ceres'* were in Samothracia." We cannot do justice to our subject nor to our readers unless we give a more extended outline of these mysteries and exhibit more clearly the similarity existing between ancient and modern mysteries, (if any they are modern) whether Egyptian, Christian or Masonic. The mysteries in question always appertained to the *religious worsoip* of antiquity and embraced the rites and ceremonies of religion.

Bishop Warburton says: "Each of the Pagan Gods had, besides the public and open, a secret worship paid them, into which none were

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admitted but those who had been selected by preparatory ceremonies called initiation, and this secret worship was called the mysteries. The first known worship in mysteries was those of the Egyptians, termed the mysteries of Isis and Osiris. Isis was one of the Supreme Deities among the Egyptians, and was the sister wife of Osiris, who assisted her in her undertakings to civilize their subjects, and to teach them agriculture. The Latin goddess *Ceres* and the Grecian goddess *Demeter* were also the patrons of tillage or agriculture. The prerogative of the goddess under either of the names was the same. It must be borne in mind that *Ceres* presided over the Eleusinian mysteries to which Turtullian compares the Christian mysteries. The feast accompanying the celebration of the mysteries of Isis continued for seven days. Her priests officiated, in costumes not very dissimilar to those of the ancient Hebrew priests, and were bound to celebacy and perpetual chastity. Isis was also worshipped as the goddess of fecundity. These feasts were represented as occasions of profligacy, at least when celebrated in the Roman capitol.

The *agapae* or love-feasts among the primitive Christians which succeeded the eucharistic mysteries, was reproached wiih scandalous allegations, as we have already shown. These charges were probably from their similarity to the feasts of Isis, which far removed from their native soil and prestine purity had assumed these ignominious features. "They," the Christians, "were charged with incest, and the devouring of infants, and thus a handle was afforded for the barbarous treatment of the best of mankind." Millner's Church History, Vol. I., pp 101. Millner further relates that, "Justin Martyr left Rome and went to Ephesus, where he had a discourse with Trypho the Jew, the substance of which he has given us in a dialogue. In this work he notices the common calumnies against the Christians – of their eating infants, of their extinguishing the lights, and their promiscuous sensuality." Millner, pp 105.

The festivals of Isis were prohibited in Rome by Tiberius in consequence of their alleged licentious character. Creuzer's Mythology.

The Egyptian mysteries consisted of two degrees, the greater and the less, and to become qualified for admission into the higher class, the aspirant must have passed through the inferior degree. None but the priests could obtain a knowledge of the greater mysteries, and so sacred were these secrets held that many of the priests were not permitted to participate in them. Those alone were selected for initiation "who had proved themselves virtuous and deserving of the honor." (Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians, by Sir G. Wilkinson.) "The Egyptians neither trusted their mysteries to every one, nor degraded the secrets of divine matters by disclosing them to the profane." (Clement of Alexandria.) The Eleusinian mysteries were the same as those of the Egyptians, varying only accidentally

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from them. These mysteries (Eleusinian) were of two kinds, the less and the greater, and were held at two different periods of the year, and at two different places, the lesser, which were introdutory to the greater, being celebrated at Agrae on the banks of the Ilyssus, the greater at Eleusis. The celebration of these mysteries occupied nine days, chiefly devoted to sacrifices, processions and other acts of worship, and during this period the judicial tribunals were closed, an armistice was proclaimed, private enmities were hushed, and death was decreed by the Athenian Senate against any one, howsoever high in rank, who should disturb the sanctity of the rites.

The ceremonies of initiation into both the lesser and the greater mysteries were conducted by four priests of the most illustrious families of Greece, called Hierophant, Dadouchos, Hierokeryx and Epidomias. These were assisted by a class of inferior functionaries to whom various appellations were given indicative of their several duties. The examination of those who had been purified by the lesser mysteries, and who were preparing for the greater was apparently rigorous. All foreigners, all who had even involuntarily committed homicide, all who had been declared infamous by the laws, or had been guilty of a notorious crime were excluded. Women and children were admissible. A child styled "The Child of Holiness," whose innocence it was believed of itself endowed him with the capacity to fulfill the requirements of the mysteries, was selected to conciliate the Deity of the initiated.

Of the ceremonies which attended the initiation we know little, since every postulant was required under the most dreadful oaths to conceal whatever he saw or heard within the hallowed precincts, and he who violated the oaths was not only put to death but devoted to the execration of all posterity. Yet the priests of ancient times, like the Freemasons of more modern times, could not prevent the disclosure of some facts. Crowned with myrtle and enveloped in robes which from this day were preserved as sacred relics, the novices were conducted beyond the boundary impassable to the rest of men. Lest any should have been introduced not sufficiently prepared for the rites the herald exclaimed, "Far from hence the profane, the impious and all who are polluted by sin!" Sir G. Wilkinson's Ancient Egyptians, Vol. II., pp 322, 322, 2nd series.

It is extremely probable that the Anti-Christians of the first century founded their horrid tale of the butchery of the "child rolled in flour," whose blood the Christians drank, and whose flesh they ate at their eucharistic festivals, on some knowledge they possessed of the Eleusinian mysteries. The introduction of the "child of holiness," as an innocent proxy for the person initiated, who also was to be made holy by the absolutions from sin affected through the mysteries performed, was indeed a striking coincidence to their minds. In the

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Eleusinian mysteries the "child of holiness," was the repesentation of the novitiate who was to become "as a little child." In the eucharistic secrecies the mystical "body and blood," insured the same hallowed result. The crime attached to the Christian mysteries of slaying the infant as a sacrifice was a most malicious slander. The Eleusinian mysteries were not so charged with crime, probably from the fact that such an outrageous libel would have called upon the head of its inventor the ire of the Athenian Senate who protected these mysteries and punished the disturbance of them with death. Had the Christian mysteries been protected in the same manner, Trypho instead of meeting Justin Martyr's apology only, for so base a calumny would have lost his life, and the name of that Anti-Christian would never have reached us.

These opposers of Christianity saw another coincidence. The profane (uninitiated) were excluded from witnessing these religious ceremonies. This the Christians admitted as we have already shown. The object of this was stated in the mysteries of *Ceres* when the herald commanded "all who were polluted by sin" to retire. And when Turtullian says that "pious initiations drive away the profane,' the same reason is given. It does not seem to have arisen from a malevolent design, but from the necessity of the case which required the presence of the pious only. Now what harm did this involve? How easy and perspicuous is the fact that the Anti-Christians and Anti-Masons work by the same rule; that is, to fasten odium on all secrets but their own, and to criticise every action of which they are not cognizant.

Beside the mysteries alluded to, there existed among the early Christians others, drawn from the Greek tragedies. St. Gregory Nazianzen composed some of the first of this class of mysteries, or dramas, on the model of the Greeks, "but with Christian hymns substituted for the Ancient chorus. Were this the place for such discussion we think it might be satisfactorily proved that mysteries must form an indispensible part in the religious ceremonies of every people who have attained to a certain degree of civilization." Brande's Dictionary. From this it follows that our secret abjuring Anti-Christians have made but little advancement in civilization. Christ himself speaks of the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven (*mysteria regni coelorum*) which were given to his disciples to know, but were hidden from others. Matt. xii: 11; Mark iv: 11; Luke viii: 10. And Paul affirms that he and his fellow apostles were "the stewards of the mysteries of God," (1 Cor. iv: 1,) and also admonishes Timothy of the necessity of holding the mysteries of faith in a pure conscience, 1 Timothy iii: 9. Bloomfield, in a note in his Greek New Testament on Matt. xiii: 11, says of the word mystery, "This does not mean any thing entirely beyond the reach of the human understanding. The

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word properly denotes something hidden, withheld, and therefore unknown either wholly or partly, for all mystery has been well said to be imperfect knowledge. Here and elsewhere in the New Testament it denotes something disclosed only to certain persons, and not revealed to the multitude." In 1 Cor. iv: 1, he also says: "Stewards and dispensers of the benefits of the Gospel by preaching its doctrines, which are called mysteries because they were not discoverable by human reason, but only to be known by Divine revelation." (See in loc.) Mystery has ever been and ever will be connected with the sublime and intellectual worship of the incomprehensible, immaterial, and eternal power, the great I Am. For an intelligent man to worship Deity as such a being as the low and illiterate conceptions of uninformed persons apprehend him to be, would constitue downright idolatry. He might as intellectually adore the fabulous Hercules, as the Deity of their weak apprehension. God is a mysterious being!

Thus it most fully appears that all the religions of antiquity had their mysteries, (including the Christian religion) as well as their open and public forms of worship. To deny the mysterious relation in which we stand to the universe, and to the God of the universe, is to rob us of our intelligence and sink us down to the standard of infancy, and convert the vast empire of Jehovah into a little play-house embellished with sundry toys and trinkets to gratify the fancy of babes.

We propose presently to show that there existed in the religious mysteries of antiquity many truths analogous to, if not identical with the teachings of the New Testament. It is pretended by many theological writers that all the world, except the Hebrews, at the coming of Christ were entirely destitute of any correct knowledge of the true God, and his worship. This is, however, far out of the way.

The Persian or Egyptian magi came from their Eastern home to the city of Jerusalem and at once announced to the Hebrews the birth of Christ ere the Hebrews were aware of the wonderful occurrence. The magicians seemed to be in advance of any Hebrew prophet in the knowledge of this event. "From whence these persons derived their information, whether, as some suppose, from a prediction of Zoraaster whom they believed to be divinely inspired, or from a prophecy of the Arabian prophet Balaam, is uncertain. Be that as it may, a general expectation then prevailed in the East, that a most extraordinary person was about to be born who should be the Sovereign of the world." (Vide Menag. ad Diog. Laert I, 1 &c., as cited by Bloomfield.) The magi who found the place of our Savior's nativity were the disciples of Zoroaster, king of Bactria, who taught magic or the doctrines of the magi. He is supposed to have lived about twelve hundred years before Christ. The magi were the priests and philosophers of Egypt and the East, and not only first announced the birth of Christ to the Jews, but were the first persons on earth that fell down and

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worshiped Emmanuel. (Matt. ii: 11.) Their worship was not Pagan idolatry but the worship of Christ, consequently they were the first Christian worshipers. They immediately returned back into their own country another way, probably as well informed as the sleepy Hebrews to whom they communicated the object of their mission amongts them.

Saint Augustine admits in the seventh book of his Confessions that "by reading the Platonic books I began to conceive of the immaterial infinite supreme." Plato was born four hundred and thirty years before Christ and never read the writings of St. Paul. Justin Martyn toward the close of his second apology declares, "That the doctrines of Plato were not heterogeneous to those of Christ, but only not altogether similar. That Plato, and the Stoics, and the Pagan writers in prose and verse, saw something of the truth from the portion of the seed of the Divine Word, the only begotten Son of God.— Millner's Ch. His. Vol. I, p. 109.

Such testimony as this must serve in the minds of candid men, to remove the bigoted imputation of the gross ignorance of the Pagan world in relation to Divine Truth.

In the arcane (mysteries) theology of Egypt, not only was the unity of the Deity acknowledged, but he was adored, not as the God of any particular religion, but as the Eternal and Omnipotent Governor of the Universe. In support of this assertion, the testimony of various heathen writers might be cited; but the following passage from Jablonski may supercede the necessity of adducing any other authority. "Those men," he observes, "who were most distinguished for wisdom, among the Egyptians, acknowledged God to be a certain, unbegotten, Eternal Spirit, prior to all things which exist; who created, preserves, contains, pervades, and vivifies everything; Who is the Spirit of the Universe, and the guardian and protector of men."— God is a Spirit. John iv: 24. That many of the priests, and poets, and philosophers of Greece were not ignorant of the same truth. In one of the Orphic fragments preserved by Proclus, we find it expressly declared that there is "One Power, one Deity, the great Governor of all things." There then, were truths taught in the mysteries of Isis on the remote ages, and though clothed in rights and ceremonies, were none the less truths. It does not follow hence, that everything said or taught in secret is false.

From Bishop Warburton we learn that the following lines were sung in the Eleusinian Mysteries:

"Pursue thy path rightly, and contemplate
The King of the world;
He is one, and of himself alone;
And to that One all things have owed their being.

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He encompasses them. No mortal hath beheld Him.
But he sees every thing."

In some verses which have been often cited by the Fathers from a tragedy now lost, Sophocles has said:

"There is in reality only one God, who made the heavens and the remote earth, the blue waves of the ocean, and the strength of the winds."

St. Justin and St. Cyril cite Pythagoras as admitting the unity of God, and Socrates was a monotheist,* as was also Plato. The Trinity of Plato like that of the Magi and Egyptians was not a Trinity of beings, but of modes of being in the divine nature. He says, "When I speak fairly in my epistles I commence with God, when I do not my letters begin with gods."

Origen, a presbyter of Alexandria A. D. 230 says: "Many of the old philosophers have said that there is one God who created all things, and in this they agree with the law. But some say in addition that God hath made and governs all things by his word, and that it is the word of God by which all things are regulated. In this they write consonantly not only with the law but with the gospel. (Edinburgh Review Vol. vii pp 97 as cited by Reese.)

The Egyptian priests, those of Isis and Osiris which embrace all their teachers of religion and philosophy concealed their teachings under hieroglyphics, (*hieros*, holy and *gluphas*, engraving) on Champollion figures. We cannot trace the design of many of them, but a man throwing arrows evidently denotes tumult, and a censer filled with incense, adoration. Bishop Warburton in his Divine Legation of Moses says, "The nature and end of these mysteries was to teach the doctrine of a future state, to engage men to holy and virtuous practices to give them just notions of religion and correct the error of Pantheism, (a plurality of gods) which latter was the object of the greater mysteries, in which the whole delusion of Paganism was disclosed and the initiates were instructed that Jupiter, Mercury, Venus and Mars, with the whole rabble of licentious deities were only deified mortals and that God alone was the Creator of the universe who pervaded all things by his virtue and governed all by his providence." (Rees Cyclop.)

The Christian mysteries were so styled for the reasons which follow: "Many of these Christians had been converted from heathenism to Christianity, and while they were heathens had been initiated into both the lesser and the greater mysteries, so that they were thoroughly acquainted with their nature and design.

Dr. Campbell observes, "That the earliest perversion of this word (mystery) from its genuine and original sense, that is, a secret some-

*Monotheist a believer in one God.

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thing concealed, was the application of it to denote some solemn or sacred ceremony. What led to this use of the term was a resemblance in one particular between some rites of Christian worship and those performed by heathens in honor of their deities, and thus denominated from their secret mysteries although the ceremonies to which we refer and which were practiced in the Christian church, were essentially different from all pagan rites. Yet they so much resembled the latter in the exclusion of the multitude as to give the heathen occasion to style them the Christian mysteries. The term would probably be first applied in this sense of it, to what was called in the primitive church the Eucharist, or as it is now denominated the Lord's Supper, and afterwards extended to baptism and other sacred ceremonies. The name seems to have originated with the heathen and in process of time was adopted by Christians themselves." (Rees Cyclopedia.)

It should be well noted that in all these religious mysteries whether of Isis, Ceres or Demetres, there were at least two degrees dividing the instructions into the less and the greater mysteries. So were the Christian mysteries thus divided. "Now those persons who designed to leave heathenism and idolatry and desired to be members of a Christian church were not presently advanced to that degeee, but were first continued a space of time in the rank of the catechumens or catechised ones. These were candidates for Christianity who were to stay some time in that order for these two reasons: The one was that they might be catechised and instructed in the articles of the Christian faith from whence they were called catechumens; and the other was that they might give demonstrations* of the reality of their intentions by the change of their lives and the holiness of their conversations. While they were in this state or rather in a preparatory (state) thereunto, they were first privately instructed at home† till they understood the more intelligible principles of Christianity and then they were admitted into the first rank (degree) of catechumens who were called by Turtullian *edocti*, or those that are taught.‡ These were permitted to come into the church where they stood in a place by themselves§ and were present at the sermons which were adapted to their capacity, being discourses of the ordinary and less mysterious truths of the Gospel.‖ If they behaved themselves well in this rank then they were advanced to the superior rank (degree) of Perfecti¶ or

*Origen contra Celsum lib. 4, pp 178.

†Idem ibidem pp 148.

‡De Præscript, advers, Hæret pp 89.

§Origen contra Celsem, lib. 3, pp 148,

‖Idem ibidem, pp 148.

¶Ibidem.

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perfect, as Turtullian calls them, who stayed not only at the lessons and sermons, but also at the prayers, which were the conclusion of the first service and in a little time were baptized and tarried with the faithful at the celebration of the Eucharist or the second service. This was the manner of admission amongst the ancients. None in those days were hastily advanced to the higher forms of Christianity, but according to their knowledge and merit gradually arrived thereunto, being first instructed at home, then admitted to the didatic part of the public service and then to the supplicative part thereof. It was the wicked policy of the heretics indifferently to pray and hear with all, making no difference between the faithful and the catechumens. But the true church distinguished and permitted not the catechumens to enjoy the privliges of the faithful till they had in a sense merited them, which was when, through a considerable time of trial, they had evidenced the sincerity of their hearts by the sanctity and purity of their lives* and then, as Origen saith, "We initiate them into our mysteries when they have made a proficiency in holiness and according to the utmost of their power have reformed their conversations."† (Prim. ch. Lork King, pp 99, 100, 101.

We have not exhausted the testimony which might be adduced in support of the facts that all religions have mysteries and rites of initiation, and that the truths inculcated were very similar to those of Christianity. In all we can learn of the arcane religious teachings of antiquity, nothing immoral or untruthful was countenanced either in the ceremonies of initiation or ethical trainings of those initiated. The vile and infamous were not allowed admission within their hallowed precincts. The Pagan mysteries were amply protected by law and could not with impunity be disturbed.

The reason Christian mysteries were assailed by anti-Christians with murderous hate was their want of legal protection. He sought to exterminate Christianity and would destroy Freemasonry were it not for the protection which the law affords us. The similarity of mysteries in the different forms of religion appear no more conspicuous than the identity of the hostile party. Anti, use whatever other adjunct you may, discovers an enemy. Through his slazy robe of gauze his hideous form appears. He is the moral cancer, the phagedenic ulcer on the community, inhaling the fetor of corruption and rioting in putrefaction.

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*"*Quis catechumenus quis fidelis incertum est pariter audient pariter ovant.*" — Turtullian de Præscript adens, Haeret pp 88.

†Origen contra Oelsum pp 174, lib. 8.

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NON-AFFILIATION AND ITS REMEDY.

There is no question but non-affiliation is a growing evil. Many curiosity seeking adventurers manage to hide their real motive for joining our fraternity, knock at our door, and we, being partly deceived, and somewhat anxious on our part to swell our ranks, they are permitted to cross the threshold of our Temple. Not finding it an institution for perfecting some scheme of wild speculation they soon seek to withdraw. They ask for a dimit, it is granted; and although they are still Masons, yet not working or contributing members of any lodge.

The Grand Master of Oregan, in his annual address, refers to this subject and mentions one principal cause of so much non-affiliation in existence. He thinks it is because the Grand Lodge requires affiliation fees. He couclndes that it is unmasonic to exact of a brother a fee who wishes to join a lodge after he has received the degrees, and is entitled to all the rights and benefits of Masonry, so long as he lives in conformity with its moral principles. He presents his dimit for membership, and is received in accordance with the rules of the order. The Grand Master of Oregon recommends his Grand Lodge to abolish the fees required. To which we most heartily agree. If a brother comes to live in our midst, and desires to become one of us, if there is none to object, let him be received without paying for that which really belongs to him. For if there is no obligation, he of right should come in, and we should not blockade the way by any obstruction whatever.

The Grand Master of Oregon says: "What will be done with those who refuse to affiliate after this cause is removed? It is certainly not too much to ask that they either renounce Masonry, or join in its labors." From this we dissent. How can we ask any one to *renounce Masonry?* What right have they to do it? Can any one do it, and keep inviolate the obligations and solemn promises they have made to the order? We claim that every person who freely comes into the Masonic fraternity, is forever bound, by ties that cannot honorably be broken. He who is permitted to enter into the Temple, and of his own free will, bows at the sacred altar of Masonry, can never of his own will absolve his obligations and remain an honest man. He may become a cast-away in consequence of his own unworthiness, still all this will not allow him to *renounce Masonry.* If he does, he only adds crime to crime; and how a Grand Master can say that it is not asking too much for one to renounce, who is living in open violation of his duty, by refusing to affiliate, is more than we can comprehend. As Masons we are not allowed to countenance or encourage deriliction of duty in any one. Or demand a wrong to be committed by a brother who does not his duty, or even a citizen. And if we should ask a non-affiliated brother to *renounce*

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Masonry, we would be guilty of a great moral wrong to the order. The remedy for non-affiliation can never be accomplished in this way. But by being more careful in the selection of material for the walls of our edifice. By abolishing affiliation fees, by raising the fees for the degrees, sufficient to meet the expenses of the lodge. And we believe that we will do away with much of the non-affiliation with which we are now troubled. Let the Grand Lodges issue an edict that a member of a lodge is not obliged, Masonically, to respond to the calls of any who have stood over one year as a non-affiliate. They can be, and should be cut off from the charitable and social benefits of Masonry. At the same time be subject to discipline for the violation of all Masonic obligations.

A NEW VOLUME.

With this number we commence the thirteenth volume, and the seventh year of the MYSTIC STAR. In our continued labors we send greetings of good will and brotherly love to the brotherhood at large. Excellent counsel has cheered and encouraged us in our arduous labors. Our patrons, correspondents, and co-workers have our very sincere thanks for the aid they, in various ways have bestowed.

From the secular and Masonic press we have been highly commended, and greeted with true Masonic courtesy. All of which we appreciate, and extend a true brotherly hand. We entertain not anything but the best of feeling for all. We do not claim perfection, or that we have exactly correct notions of what is best for the fraternity. When we take a careful survey of the materials which we put into the Masonic edifice, we are sure that there are some blocks out of square, and the walls are not at all times perpendicular. And as we inspect the work of others, we expect to have ours criticized. Let this be done in a brotherly way, and in a truthful manner, and no true Mason will object.

The declaration comes from the brotherhood, and it is reiterated by our enemies, that the principles of Masonry are violated by the acts and lives of its friends. It is from them that Masonry receives its deepest wounds. It is impossible to make a good Mason out of a selfish, sordid ambitious aspirant.

We protest against all "rings," and "cliques," except the one to which the entire fraternity should belong. We utterly abominate every species of electioneering in or about the Masonic Temple. And may our fraternity never be ruled and manipulated like a political caucus. Wherever this is practised, Masonry can not accomplish her work in the great reforms of the world. We consider that Masonry has a great work to accomplish in the moral reforms of the age. And in guiding

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the STAR, we desire that it keep in its accustomed orbit, near to the great principles of universal right. We firmly believe that Masonry should impress upon the hearts of our brotherhood that there is a higher life, and a more magnificent sphere for Masons than the grooves of selfishness and intrigue. Our aim is to furnish a journal for the order worthy of the great Northwest.

Therefore we cordially invite our patrons to make a little sacrifice of time and help extend our circulation. Let each one send a new subscriber and it will materially aid us in the noble work.

We have good men, possessing fine talents, as there are in the order who contribute to our columns, and we have the assurance af their continued favors. With their kind assistance, and some who have not written, but promise, we confidentl y believe that we have the facilities of producing one of the best Masonic journals in the country. At least we are willing it be placed side by side with any we have.

We are furnishing it on good material, containing forty-eight pages of reading matter, for $2.00 per year; and in clubs for $1.50, and copies free to the brother who interests himself in our behalf.

We extend the same offer to our sisterhood, who are willing to aid us in this work. Let them take it in hand in their respective circle of acquaintance and send us a list.

We most cheerfully give the order of the "Sacred Temple" room in our journal to present their claims and designs. It being an independent organization for the elevation of woman, established for her improvement, in like manner as Masonry is for man. We say God speed to it, may it flourish and bless the world.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BRO. BILLINGS: I find an item in the June No. of the MYSTIC STAR, signed by "A Mason." Inquiring if the "Grand Master can appoint an individual on committee who is not a Past Master, an acting W. M. or a proxy for one of the three officers of his lodge?" Your answer is undoubtedly correct, but will you be so kind as to give us the law touching this point? And furthermore who is it that has been guilty of such an act? Light on these subjects is what we want. A READER.

In answer we refer the reader firstly to the Constitution of the Grand Lodge of Illinois. The Grand Lodge is composed of the elected and appointed officers. The members are the acting Masters and Wardens of Subordinate lodges holding charters under the jurisdiction of this Grand Lodge, and all elected Past Grand officers of this

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Grand Lodge, and all Past Masters who are members of lodges in the commonwealth of Illinois. This clearly defines the material that composes the Grand Lodge. To be a member of the Grand Lodge an individual must be an acting officer, or an elected Past Grand officer of this Grand Lodge, a Past Master who has acted as Worshipful Master of a subordinate lodge of this jurisdiction.

On page 325 in Sec. 12 of the By-Laws we find that the standing committee on Masonic correspondence must be true members. Members of what? They must be members of this Grand Lodge, not merely members of the Fraternity. This is not what the law means, but a regularly constituted member with a constitutional power to act in and do business for the Grand Lodge. Consequently a mere member of the Masonic craft can not be made a constitutional member of the Grand Lodge, act in that body, having constitutional powers to do its work by being appointed by the Grand Master.

On page 70 W. Bro. Wm. Rounsville and R. W. Bro. John C. Bagby, the only two constitutional members of this standing committee. We have been assured by Grand officers of the Grand Lodge, who know, that the third member of this committee has no constitutional right to be on that committee, and the power that put him there has no constitutional right to make him a member thereof. From the fact the constitution most clearly defines who are members of the Grand Lodge, and the By-Laws emphatically declare that this committee must be three members of the Grand Lodge, not members of the Masonic brotherhood. Therefore, if the Grand Master can put an unconstitutional member on a constitutional committee to perform constitutional labor, by the same rule he could fill up every place and run the machinery of the Grand Lodge to his own benefit and agrandizement.

This is rather a delicate subject to handle, but as a Masonic journalist, desiring the true interests of Masonry, we deem it right, proper, and in fact a duty, to give all the information we can that our readers ask. And when they make dilligent inquiry about the progress of the work in and about the Masonic Temple, we feel under obligation to answer their queries candidly and in accordance with our understanding of law.

Bro. Charles Levi Woodbury, the Dep. Grand Matster of Massachusetts, said the other evening, at the centennial of the Massachusetts Lodge, that he would not be surprised if in another hundred years women were wearing the Mystic Apron, and debating the question whether men should be admitted to the secrets of the order. A bold idea, boldly uttered.

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THE MYSTIC STAR.

AUGUST——1870.

THE BOOK OF EGYPT.

There is enough of symbolism in Freemasonry to excite in the minds of thoughtful Masons, who "make the liberal arts and sciences their study," to induce them to extend their inquiries into the systems of theosophy and morality, in which symbolism was more largely and reconditely employed. The field of investigation is a very large one. All the ancient teachers of wisdom made use of symbols in the initiation of aspirants, and in all their subsequent education; and none of the ancient philosophers or theosophies can be understood by one who is ignorant of symbolic science. Egypt was the cradle of this science, and it is to that extraordinary country that we trace back the preservation and promulgation of what is called occult science, or Hermetic Magianism. Eliphas Levi has much and curious learning on this interesting subject in his work, "Histoire de la Magie," and it occurs to me that a translation of a small portion of what he has written may be interesting to some of our readers.

It is in Egypt, as he observes, that magianism is complete as a universal science, with its dogmas systematically and perfectly formulated. Nothing surpasses, nothing even equals, as a resume of all the doctrines of the old world, the few sentences engraved on a precious stone by Hermes, and known as *The Emerald Table*. The unity of being and the unity of harmonies, whether ascending or descending the progressive and proportional ladder of the Word; the immutable law of equilibrium, and the proportional progress of universal analogies; the agreement of the idea with the Word, giving the measure of agreement between the Creator and the created; the necessary mathematics of infinity proved by the measure of a single corner of the finite; all this is expressed in a single proposition by the Egyptian hierophant:

"That which is superior like that which is inferior, and that which is below like that which is above, go to form the wonders of the whole."

Then comes the revelation and learned description of the creative

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agent — of the pantomorphian fire, of the principal means of the occult power, in a word, of the astral light. "The sun is its father, the moon is its mother, the wind bore it in its womb."

Thus, this light emenates from the sun, receives its regular motion and influences from the moon, and has the atmosphere for its receptacle and prison. "The earth is its nurse." That is to say, it is balanced and put in motion by the central heat of the earth. "It is the universal principal, the *Telesma* of the world."

Hermes next teaches how this light, which is also a force, may be used as a lever and a universal dissolvent; also as a formative and coagulative agent.

How this light must, from bodies wherein it is latent, be drawn, in the condition of fire, of motion, of splendor, of luminous gas, of ardent water, and finally, of ignited earth, to imitate, by the aid of these divers substances, all the creations of nature.

The Emerald Table is the whole of magianism in a single page.

The other works attributed to Hermes, such as *Gymandry*, *Asclepius*, &c., are generally believed by critics to be productions of the Alexandrian school. They nevertheless contain the Hermetic traditions preserved in the sanctuaries of theurgy. The doctrines of Hermes cannot be lost to those who have the keys of symbolism. The ruins of Egypt are like scattered pages, which we may yet collect, and with them reconstruct the entire book; a prodigious book whose capital letters were temples, whose phrases were cities, punctuated with obelisks and sphinxes.

The divisions of Egypt was a magian synthesis; the names of its provinces corresponded to the figures of the sacred numbers; upper Egypt, a figure of the celestial world and country of the extatics; lower Egypt, a symbol of the earth; and middle or central, Egypt, the country of science and of high initiations. Each of these three parts was divided into ten provinces, called Nomes, and placed under the special protection of gods. These gods, thirty in number, grouped in threes, express, symbolically, all the conceptions of the ternary in the decade, that is to say, the triple signification — natural, philosophical and religious — of the absolute ideas primitively attached to numbers. Thus the triple unity, or the original ternary; the triple binary, or the reflection of the triangle, which forms the star of Solomon; the triple ternary, or the whole idea under each of its three terms; the triple quaternary, that is to say the cyclical number of the astral revolutions, &c. The geography of Egypt, under Sesostris, is a pantacle, that is to say, a symbolical resume of all the magian dogma of Zoroaster, recovered and formulated by Hermes.

The land of Egypt was a great book, and the teachings of this book were repeated, translated in painting, in sculpture, in architecture, in all the towns and in all the temples. Even the desert had

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its eternal teachings, and its word of stone is seated at the base of the pyramids, those limits of human intelligence before which a colossal sphynx has for so many ages seemed to meditate, while slowly burying itself in the sand. Its head, mutilated by the ages that have passed over it, still continues above its tomb, as if waiting for a human voice to come and explain the problem of the pyramids to the new world.

Egypt is to us the cradle of science and wisdom; she clothes the dogmas of the first Zoroaster with images, if not richer, at least truer and chaster, than those of India. The sacredotal art, and the royal art there formed adepts by initiation, and initiation was not confined within the egotistic limits of castes. There, the Hebrew slave was seen to initiate himself, and arrive at the rank of prime minister; perhaps of high priest, for he espoused the daughter of an Egyptian priest, and the priesthood never misallied themselves. Joseph realized in Egypt the idea of communion; he rendered the priesthood and the state the sole proprietors of rank, and consequently the arbiters of labor and riches. He thus abolished misery, and made the whole of Egypt one patriarchal family. Joseph, it is known, owed his elevation to his skill in interpretation of dreams, a science in which the Christians of our day refuse to believe, although they admit that the Bible, in which the wonderful divinations of Joseph are recorded, is the word of the Holy Spirit.

The absolute hieroglyphic science had for its basis an alphabet in which all the gods were letters, all the letters ideas, all the ideas numbers, and all the numbers perfect signs.

This hieroglyphic alphabet, with which Moses formed the great secret of Cabala, and which he took from the Egyptians (for according to the Sepher Jezirah it came from Abraham) — this alphabet is the famous Book of Thot, believed by Count de Gebelin to exist in our own day under, the form of the droll pack of cards called the *tarot*.

Moses tells us that when the Israelites came out of Egyyt, they carried away with them the sacred vases of the Egyptians. That story is allegorical, for the great prophet would not have encouraged his people in theft. The sacred vases were the secrets of the Egyptian science, which Moses had learned at the Court of Pharaoh. Far from us be the idea of attributing to magianism the miracles wrought by the idspired man of God; but the Bible itself tells us that Jannes and Jambres, the magicians of Pharaoh, that is to say, the learned priests of Egypt, accomplished by their art marvels similar to some of his miracles They changed wands into serpents, and serpents into wands. They changed water into blood, and they brought forth an immense quantity of frogs, but they could not produce the flies nor the lice. They acknowledged themselves beaten.

Moses triumphed, and led the Israelites out of the land of slavery.

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At that epoch, the true science was lost in Egypt, because the priests, abusing the confidence of the people, permitted them to fall into a state of brutalising idolatry. That was the great lapse of esoterism. They should have thrown a veil over the truth to the eyes of the people, without hiding it; they should have guarded symbolism from the degradation of absurdity; they should have preserved the sacred veil of Isis in oll its pristine beauty. But that was what the Egyptian priesthood were not capable of doing. They degenerated, by dehsees, until at length, the hieroglyphic forms of Osiris and Anubis were taken for living realities; Osiris became an ox, was led about under the title of the Apian bull, and the priests permitted the people to worship that which had been intended for food.

Freemason, London.

LOST.

BY C. C. POMEROY.

He that embraces Masonry early in life, about the time prescribed by the law of the order, when light shall be given; and is faithful to the trust, and assiduous in the discharge of its high duties, if he should be blessed with a long and useful life; will have a retrospection that can not be created in any other association of men. It is not presumed that any other than Freemasons will admit the statement, and for that class, a few reasons will follow in illustration. The germ of Masonry is unity, and the bond sacred fraternity, bringing men chosen from the race all over the world in close confidential relations; this affords the key that opens up all the avenues to the heart of a true brother, who in turn responds to a faithful breast wherein is deposited the jewels of Masonry unseen and unknown to the cold and commercial generalities of the world. A long life of service carries with it names of brothers, companions and knights, whose generous qualities of heart and mind shine all along the line of past years. In looking down the track, we bring to mind at the twentieth year post in Masonic life, actors and memories suggestive of many pleasing and painful thoughts. The life line of individuals in the varigated stream of humanity gives mournful records of wreck and ruin, but no where are there so few to be noted as in the brotherhood of Masons. It is admitted, that the vigilence of Masonic adoption is sometimes eluded, and a man unworthy invested with the light; it likewise occurs in the course of Masonic culture, that the dross in character is lost, and the pure metal brought to brightness by the judicious use of the instructive tongue

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to the listning ear, and the plumb and trowel in skilful hands. Masonry in this point has as many glorious triumphs as any other association for the fostering and culture of the better qualities of human nature. If a brother under the restraints of Masonic law, and the careful attention and counsel of true brothers, lets go all fastnings, and drops below the level of respectable manhood, Masonry is not blameable, and may be safely credited with the noble effort of prolonging the catastrophe, and he falls, no doubt, a better man than if he had sank without Masonic caution.

In any view in which we may take life it is a fearful after-thought to realize the fact that it is lost in failure, and nowhere more impressive than in the grand temple of Masonry; the unfinished column stands a lasting memorial, and a warning to all that pass. The lesson of living is hard to learn. If observation can be relied upon as society is now, it appears that the most of men are made right from the stump, (at least, for the sake of accuracy of nature in other creations, let us believe she did not make a mistake in man,) but is liable to get wrong in the tree. This result certainly, in a majority of cases, does not arise from natural defects, and must be chargeable to the unnatural and over-strained mode of living, as well as an oversight first in the teaching and then in the pupil, and finally in the man himself.

A case in illustration presented to the writer a few days ago, suggests in a great measure the drift of these notes. He was a man well educated, literary and practical; his active, financial and general business qualities commended him to the managers of a great railway now pushing its way rapidly to the boundary line between the United States and British North America, and sustained for a long time the position of confidential business manager of the line. He was popular as a man of business, and beloved as a husband and father, and the honored Commander of one of the most zealous and active Commanderies of Knights Templars west of the Mississippi river. His generous smile that spread around the home circle, the happy wife and prattling children, the eloquence with which he discharged the duties of Knighthood, will ever be pleasing memories, and now thrill the soul with charms that have long rested in the past. But the finality in his career sends a shudder that chills the remotest chambers of the heart. "He is lost!" cried a Knight that saw him fall. It was not through coldness and neglect of wife, it was not through the indifference of Masonry, or the rigidness of employers, it was the sweeping tornado of unnatural living. With all his acquired learning in the academies, and his keen comprehension of Masonic teachings, he had not taught himself the lesson of restraint, and the necessity of subduing his passions and improving himself in Masonry. Prudence was pushed aside, caution was ignored, and ruin stalked through home

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and temple, and desolation now reigns where once was domestic peace, and generous public prosperity. The wife with a heroic spirit that commands the united admiration of the Masons of that growing state, holds fast to the integrity of her vows, and in the faith and purity of her noble soul clings to him through the hopeful innocence of their blended being, in two growing beauties that bear his name, that when all else that man can claim fails, and from the depths of his living tomb he may look over the rugged and dark pathway of the past and behold three faithful, hopeful, vigilent watchers; and as the light, brilliant and pure from the fountain of their love, flashes over to him, illumes his gloomy abode, tears the darkness from his fettered mind, he will take new spirit, revive and return to bless and adorn all that now mourn his loss. That wife will ever be the pride of Masons in that state, however much they may deplore the erring husband. And whether he returns to his former proud estate or not her example will exhibit the fact that a man may fall, but a true and noble woman never.

These instances do not detract Masonry, the principles are steadfast, and all Masons have to do to enjoy their blessings, as to work unfalteringly up to them, then there can be no doubt, whether life be long or short, that all will be well with the workmen and those who depend upon them.

MASONIC CHARLATANISM OF THOMAS DUNCKERLY.

"Tradition," says an old adage, "is a convicted liar." It can indeed do no harm to listen to such a character, as a liar may sometimes tell the truth, but do not believe him unless his statement is supported by trustworthy testimony. History based on unsupported tradition should therefore be discredited. For instance, a newspaper is a history of the previous day, both writers and actors are still with us, but what reliance, especially in time of public excitement, do we place on newspaper hearsay reports? We then wait for official confirmation, but even such confirmation is sometimes upset by investigating committees, and even committees often find evidences so conflicting that public opinion remains undecided. Nor need we hunt in the political field for cases of the kind. Any one acquainted with the history of the anti-Masonic excitement, or with the method now pursued by the Oberlin Doctors of Divinity to revive that anti-Masonic feeling, must admit that even these would-be sanctimonious reverends are capable of originating false reports and of asserting and re-asserting them, even after they are disproved.

The honest inquirer into historical truth must proceed on the

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inductive principle. Facts must form the basis. To collect facts, original manuscripts and records must be consulted. These are undoubtedly the highest sources of authority attainable, but even these require careful examination. They may be forged, or may have been written by unreliable parties.

To illustrate the method necessary for historical investigation, let us suppose Mr. John Smith, of St. Louis, offering to dispose of a bill of exchange in Wall street on some firm in the above named city. Before paying for the bill of exchange, Mr. Broker will first ascertain the standing of the St Louis firm. The mercantile agency is therefore immediately consulted, and if it has nothing definite to answer, a telegram goes to their branch establishment in St. Louis. In the meantime the signatures are carefully examined, and if possible the paper is compared with an other paper of the same firm that may be afloat in the New York market. Besides which, the man who offers the bill is carefully questioned as to his own responsibility, and if matters look suspicious he will be requested to produce vouchers of his identity. And if such precaution is not taken the dealer in bills of exchange would soon come to grief. We see here, where dollars and cents are at stake, that skepticism is justifiable, hence the adage "in matters appertaining to this world men are saved, not by faith, but by want of faith." The truthful historian should therefore be as careful in the examination of his materials and authorities as Mr. Broker in the supposed case above referred to.

Original manuscripts and records may not, however, always be attainable. The next best authority is contemporary literature bearing on the subject of inquiry. These contemporaries must even be more carefully scrutinized than records and manuscripts. They must be collated examined and studied, their difference noted, and their several reasons for differing should be carefully weighed. For that purpose the literature of the next and following generations on the same subject should also be scrupulously sifted. From these the student may ascertain which of the contemporaries were truthful, partisan, credulous or timid; and their writing should be judged in accordance with their moral and intellectual standard. Judged by such tests how many of the legends and traditions in all the ramification or our so-called Masonic rites? how many of the historical composition of our so-called great Masonic luminaries? and how many of the lectures on the 24th of June last will stand the test?

These so-called Masonic luminaries cannot, however, always be charged with wilful misrepresentation. There is no doubt that many of them believe what they promulgate as much so as in Holy Writ. By nature, habit or education their minds become disposed to believe in any of these traditions that seems to them to harmonize with their pre-conceived notions or prejudices. Their mode of thought is indeed

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well calculated for excelling in the theological field. There the necessity of implied faith is paramount, whereas history demands of its votaries almost unbounded skepticism. The faith of this class of orators is, therefore, misapplied and their reasoning consequently defective. Imagining that the ritual is old and its legends are true, that the Saints John were really Grand Masters, etc., these credulous orators naturally fall into the error that Masonry and Christianity are interwoven and identical, and hence are liable to reason themselves into a labyrinth of errors. Thus, "The Bible," say they, "is placed on the Masonic altar, therefore, Masonry is part and parcel of the Bible. Masonic ethics are similar to those found in the New Testament, *ergo*, the writers of the New Testament must have been Masons. The Essenes were a secret association and led a moral life, they must have been Christian Masons. The Essenes furthermore practised celibacy. The two Saints John were never married, hence the Saints Johns were Essenes, hence they were Grand Masters of the Essenes, and hence they were Masonic patrons. The Templars had pass-words so have Masons, hence the Knights were Masons, and Masons are Templars, etc."

By such a mode of reasoning the fruitful imagination has succeeded most admirably in building up a superstructure of Masonry, Christian Knighthood, etc., etc. And furthermore, with minds thus taught and constituted, it is of course sinful to entertain the slightest doubt or to question the truth of their source of information. Freemasonry being in their minds confounded and connected with their ideas of revealed religion, it appears as blasphemous with them to doubt the assumed foundation of one as the other, and when discrepancies are found too manifest to be winked at, they go to work with the best intention and distort both the Bible and history to strengthen their belief in their pre-conceived dogma, in order, as they imagine, to serve true religion and obey God. Of that class Hutchinson, Harris and Oliver may be designated as prototypes. In this country they were initiated by Bros. Mackey and Moore, who at one time really believed in the Oliverism dreams and their sentiments and ideas are still echoed and re-echoed by a shoal of smaller lights. These lesser luminaries cannot, strictly speaking, be blamed. They are simply followers of the superstitions, and as such, their informed hearers and readers regard their high flying rhapsodies either with pity, laughter or philosophical contempt. But what shall we say to the fathers of lies? the originators and inventors of those contemptible legends. And what can we say to the High Priests of imposture—the journalists and Grand Masters who know the truth, but who, for love of lucre, love of power, or for the purpose of bolstering the dogmas of their sects magnify these traditions many times into sacred things?

How much of the history of the Knight Templars was of Dunck-

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erly's own invention is here needless to inquire. Suffice it to say that it is a piece of the most impudent charlatanism, and of this let the reader judge for himself from the following:

*Brief Chronological Sketch of the Order of Knight Templars, By Thomas Dunckerly, Esq.** After the Temple rebuilt by Zerubbabel had remained five hundred and seventy-five years, it was pillaged by the Emperor Antiochus, one hundred and seventy years before Christ, afterwards by Cræsus and Pompey, and at last, totally destroyed by Titus Nasposian, who took Jerusalem by storm A. D. 74. In 188 the Emperor Adrian rebuilt that city, but had not time to lay the foundation of the Temple, for the Persians took it from him and the Saracens became masters of it A. D. 640. During all this time the Nethenimes (a posterity of Gibeonites condemned by Joshua to be hewers of wood and drawers of water for the temple) distinguished themselves by their virtue; in time they became Knights of the East and Royal Arch Masons. They were esteemed for their retired life and simplicity of manners, their sobriety and charity and took the name of Essenes. They elected a Grand Master for life and engaged to worship the true God, to do justice, to be loyal to their sovereign, and obey their Grand Master. These brethren embraced the new law and became Christians; they retired to Sicily and other places and in 1720 they were created Knights of Eastern Star. In 1088 Godfrey of Bouillon and Peter the Hermit laid a plan for the conquest of Jerusalem.

A. D. 1100 the Christians associated by a solemn vow to establish the Temple in the Holy Land, and the Masonic Knights agreed to retain their ancient signs to know each other from the Saracens at a distance in order to avoid surprise. They communicated their signs and words to those only who promised with the greatest solemnity, at the foot of the altar, never to reveal them. That obligation was a sacred bond to keep the individuals of several kingdoms in the same society.

Six millions of people of different nations united and vowed to conquer Jerusalem; they wore the Calvary cross on the shoulder, and as the Emperor Constantine the Great had in 1088 seen the red cross in the air with "*In hoc vinces*," they took that motto and the word for the charging the enemy was "*Dieu le veut.*" There was also a cross of distinction for the different countries. The English (at that time) wore white; the French, red; the Flemings, green; the Germans, black; the Italians, yellow, etc. Many Royal Arch Masons and Knights of the Eastern Star, who were Christ's faithful soldiers and servants, had built a church on the site where the temple of Solomon had been erected, which they dedicated to St. John of Jerusalem, and when that

*Freemasons Magazine, London, 1795, Vol. III, pp 119.

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city was taken by Godfrey of Bouillon, A. D. 1103, he gave the care of the Holy Sepulcher to the Knights of the Eastern Star with the additional title of Knights Rosae Crusis. Their duty was to guard the sepulcher and escort the pilgrims on the road to Jerusalem. A. D. 1118. King Baldwin the second instituted the Order of Knight Templars of St. John of Jerusalem, in which he incorporated seven Knights Rosaes Crucis. After nine years were expired this military Order was consecrated by the Pope, and to their vow of obedience to their Grand Master and charity to the poor they added celibacy. The Knights Hospitalers, who originated from the Order of St. Lazarus, attended the sick and wounded, they afterwards became Knights of Rhodes, and were at this time Knights of Malta.

After the ninth Crusade, A. D. 1272, the institution of Knights of the East and West was established. Those Knights had taken a solemn oath to shed their blood to establish the worship of the God of the Christians in his temple at Jerusalem, which when they found it impossible to accomplish, they returned to their respective countries, and in order to establish in their hearts what they could not realize by action, they solemnly engaged not to admit a brother to the sixth degree until he had given proof of his friendship, zeal and discretion; and they were created Knights of the East and West by King Edward the First of England (who at that time was informed of the death of his father King Henry the Third.) His Majesty also dubbed them Knights of the Temple of Palestine. For the infidels having changed or altered the church of St. John to a mosque, our brethren denominated the church of the Holy Sepulcher the Temple of Palestine from its being situated on Mount Calvary which is without the walls. Immediately after King Edward returned to England with his subjects and became Grand Patron of the Knights Templars, etc., in Britain, The origin and history of the seventh degree or Knights of Kadosh. may not be written."

"N. B. In 1295 the Pope, as Grand Patriarch of those military and religious orders, directed that the knights who had served in the Crusades should wear a gold cross in future."

Criticism on such composition is almost superfluous. Dunckerly neither consulted original documents nor contemporary literature in accordance with the rules above indicated, and was moreover wofully ignorant of history. For instance, the second temple was completed 515 B. C. and plundered by Antiochus 170 B. C., now deduct 170 from 515 remains 345 instead of 575. Again, "in 138," he says, "Adrian rebuilt the city, but had not time to lay the foundation of the temple because the Persians took it from him." As the Persians, however, did not take Jerusalem until 614 A. D. it is evident that Adrian would have had ample time to have laid the foundation and finished the temple between the year 138 and 614.

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Equally absurd is his account of the successive transformations of the Gibeonites into "Nethemines," "Knights of the East," "Royal Arch Masons," "Essenes," "Christians," "Knights of the Eastern Star," "Rosa Crucis," etc. The highest Christian authorites such as Prideaux, Mosheim, Smith's Bible Dictionary and others deny in toto the connection of the Essenes with either Christians or Christianity. Royal Arch Masonry was not invented until about 1739, hence neither the Essenes nor Crusaders could have been Royal Arch Masons nor were they Rosa Crucis, as the Rosa Crucians were unheard of until the eighteenth century. Similar to the above is the hocus pocus story of Constantine's cross. No historian believes that Constantine ever saw a cross in the sky, and if he did (unless it was his ghost) it could not have been in 1088 because he died in 337. In short, from beginning to end the whole of Dunckerly's narrative is a tissue of bosh. It cannot even claim the merit of a clever fictitious composition and the world certainly lost nothing by withholding from its knowledge his history of the Knights of Kadosh.

Had Dunckerly, however, confined his impositions to the higher and so-called Christian degrees, we should not have troubled ourselves with him or them. But Dr. Oliver admits that that very Dunckerly first introduced the "parallel lines" with the Saint Johns into the ritual of Blue Masonry. The Masonry which professes "to unite men of every sect and opinion," and guarantees no intrusion of sectarian dogmas or political preferences. These inventions were no doubt invented and introduced for the purpose of sectirizing the institution and induce conversion to the preponderating sect then in power. But instead of accomplishing the designed object these traditional legends, to build up sect and party, tend only to produce unnecessary irritation and vexation. No Christian brother could feel very well satisfied if he found that legends were invented and introduced into the work of the lodge for the purpose of undermining his religion, or if he was compelled to repeat sentences incompatible with his belief. Why then persist in imposing on a Jewish brother similar unpleasant conditions. Such practices can neither tend to exalt Freemasonry or Christianity and the sooner it is discontinued the better for both. And when discontinued Masonry will stand firm upon her immutable cosmopolitan platform.

Enmity.— How frequently it is that the most unreasonable and unreconciled enemy that you may have is the one who feels and knows that he has wronged you. And more especially his enmity and hatred will become intensified when he knows that you know his meanness. And a more unhappy man than such an enemy can not be found.

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ODE TO MASONRY.

COPIED FOR THE "MYSTIC STAR" BY D. P. RAYNER, M. D.

When Science first came to enlighten mankind,
She sought through the world for a home to her mind,
Where Genius might lend her the aid of his fire,
And Art with her generous efforts conspire.

She landed at first on the banks of the Nile;
Then visited Tyrus, the sea-circled Isle;
In Greece she had traveled, but fled in despair
Of finding her favorite residence there.

At length, half resolved to mount on her wing,
She heard of the wisdom of Israel's king;
Then straight to Moriah she hied her away,
And high on its summit recumbent she lay

King Solomon saw her reclined on the cliff,
And sent the glad message to Hiram Abiff,
Who flew to the vision that blazed on his sight,
And clasped to his bosom the Spirit of Light.

She taught him the use of the Compass and Square,
And how to erect the grand Column in air;
She taught him to work by the Level and Line,
And gave him the Corn, and the Oil, and the Wine.

She led him by Threes, by Fives, and by Sevens,
And showed him the pathway that leads to the heav'ns,
Where sits the Grand Master who surely will know
The Craft who have zealously served Him below.

ERIE, PA.

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.— The same God who mounted the sun and kindled the stars, watches the flight of the insects. He who balances the clouds and hung the earth upon nothing, notices the fall of a sparrow. He who gave Saturn his rings and placed the moon like a ball of silver in the proad arch of heaven, gives the rose leaf its delicate tint. And the same being notices the praises of cherubim and prayers of little children.

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GERRIT SMITH AND THE FREEMASONS.

We have more than once alluded in our columns to the efforts of the Oberlin, (Ohio) anti-Masons, to get up an excitement, under the guise of religion, against the Masonic society in consequence of its being a secret institution. When the crusade took shape and form, the names of many gentlemen, for years known as philanthropists, were used, and amongst them, that of Gerrit Smith, who, for many years, has been known as an Anti-Mason. Entirely regardless of the political or religious opinions of Mr. Smith, but believing him to be one of those who gave an honest expression to his views according to the *light* which was in him, and which probably he would not have done, had he been really acquainted with the true objects of Freemasonry, Bro. D. Sickles of this city, forwarded to Mr. Smith a copy of his *Ahiman Rezon*, requesting his perusal of the same, and asking him to carefully examine it, and having done so, to give expression to his opinion in regard to that which he had formerly condemned.

The request was complied with, and after a considerable lapse of time, the following letter was received from Mr. Smith, who at the same time authorized its publication. In presenting it to our Masonic readers they will clearly perceive, what every Mason well knows, that it is only as necessary to explain as far as can be done, to their bitterest opponents, what Masonry really is, to cause them to modify their views, as has Gerrit Smith. The letter reads thus:

"DEAR SIR — Owing to the great pressure upon all my time, I have not been able until now to complete the reading of the book Ahiman Rezon, which you so kindly sent me. I thank you for the book, and I shall take great pleasure in letting my most intelligent friends and neighbors read it.

"I have not myself much fancy for allegories and symbols, but I am aware that many have, and therefore I am not surprised that Masonry has so great a number of disciples.

"Your book is an interesting one, and certain it is, that if Masons live up to the letter and spirit of its teachings, they surpass others in a sound religion and a sublime philosophy.

"I suppose that I became so set against the teachings of Masonry, because it was by means of its secrecy, that it proved too strong for the courts in the time of the Morgan excitement.

"Respectfully yours,

GERRIT SMITH.

THE man who asks pardon for his own faults should forgive others.

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CHARLEYETTE MOYER, OR THE MASON'S DAUGHTER.

BY REV. C. P. NASH.

Chapter I.—The Birthday Present.

"Charleyette, to-day is your eighteenth birthday, that turning point in your life; eighteen years ago, so far in the distance, but toward which the rapidly revolving wheels of time have borne us rapidly onward that in the retrospect, that time seems but yesterday. I hope you have not forgotten it."

The young lady addressed was a fair featured, symmetrically formed, rather tall, flaxen-haired girl, of commanding presence and winning manners, in whose eyes there lurked the unmistakable twinkling of wit, whose brow betokened intelligence and the blood in whose richly colored lips was so illy concealed by the thin membrane that covered them, that her genial disposition, warm heart and loving nature displayed their signs there in unfading beauty.

"Why father, how can you ask such a question?" answered the girl. "Have I not been often enough reminded of the time when I should be my own mistress, within the last ten years, to impress to-day upon my memory, even if I have no other motive for remembering it. But I have another motive," continued Charleyette, with a half roguish twinkle of the eye; "not the one which you, without doubt suspect, that born of my anxiety to be free from your authoritative control; no, no, I have been too well cared for, and my home made too happy for that; but, father, you have long promised to make this day memorable to me by the presentation of a memento, a keepsake, which shall ever serve to remind me of the sincere paternal regard of its donor. I hope, dear father, you have not forgotten it?"

"Forgotten it!" answered the father, "no, I have not forgotten it. My lovely and loving daughter occupies too warm a corner of my heart for that; and, since you have been pleased to remind me of it, I will relieve my anxiety to add to your happiness by fulfilling my promise at once," and so saying, he drew forth from his pocket a tiny box, on the lid of which was inscribed: "To Charleyette; a token of affection, from her father."

Charleyette eagerly took the box, her excited feelings manifesting themselves in her trembling fingers as she proceeded to open it. Pushing aside the packing which enfolded the jewel, she drew forth from its resting place a bosom pin of unique and yet beautiful design. The frame-work of the pin, made of eighteen carat gold, consisted of two arms, each bent at right angles at the elbow, so that as the hand of each came in contact with the main arm of the other, at the point

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where it was removed from the shoulder, it formed a square, or right-angled quadrangle. The fingers of each hand clasped a beautiful cornelian stone, almost white representing in shape the keystone of an arch, and upon the outer surface of which was delicately but artistically carved a square and compass. The stone was farther relieved and decorated by a wreath made of gold leaf, resembling in all but the color, a succession of sprigs of acacia, carefully woven together. As Charleyette gazed upon the beautiful gem, she trembled with delight. It was so unlike anything she had ever seen, or dreamed of before; so delicate and beautiful, and yet withal so odd; and then came the recollection that this, to her priceless treasure, came from the savings of her father's hard earnings, savings of many months, prompted by disinterested affection. Recovering from the delirium of happiness which for the moment entranced her, she tripped to her mother to lay before her, for inspection, the cause of her happiness.

"Why, James Moyer!" said that worthy matron in astonishment addressing her conversation to her spouse. "What taste you have exhibited! A pin with Masonic emblems for a lady to wear! I appreciate your motive, as Charleyette unquestionably does, and as she carefully hides it in some secure place, it will ever be to her a souvenir of your tender regard. But why could you not have given her something which, while it answered the same purpose as a remembrance, would also have been an ornament she would have been proud to have worn?"

Before James Moyer had sufficiently recovered from the discomfiture this criticism had caused him, to frame an answer, his daughter came to his relief.

"Why mother!" said she, "how can you speak so when you ought to know that if there is one thing connected with father's life of which I feel proud, it is that he is a Mason; and in this feeling I am sure you will join me. How, then, could you surmise that I would be ashamed to wear this jewel? No, indeed; I shall be glad to be questioned as to why I wear that emblem — proud to inform every questioner that it is because my father, who gave it me, is a Mason; and above the crimson rose which you have decreed should decorate my bosom to-night you will see this gem of beauty glittering on the bow which binds my collar. But come, we must not forget that our time is precious to-day, if we would be prepared for our guests to-night."

And so saying she threw her arms around her father's neck, printed a warm kiss upon his forehead; flew to her mother, repeated the process, and then bounded away to her duties.

The father and mother stood gazing after her for a moment, their bosoms mutually heaving with proud satisfaction, and then looking searchingly into each others eyes for an instant, as though they would

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each read the thoughts of the other's soul, they walked leisurely away to resume the labor alloted to them respectively of making all things ready for the evening — for Charleyette's birthday party.

CHAPTER II.— THE BIRTHDAY PARTY.

James Moyer was not a rich man, as the world counts riches, still his treasures were such as gold could not purchase. He was a laboring man and had only succeeded by persistent industry and frugality in saving enough from his daily earnings to purchase a comfortable home for his family, and the shop in which he performed his round of daily toil, with the site upon which it stood and the small stock in trade which had slowly accumulated upon his shelves. His trade was that of boot and shoe maker. But humble as was his position, the little town of Lovegood was blessed with no citizen more respected nor honored than James Moyer. His father had been a Master Mason before him, and many an evening had James spent in listening to the stories of "Morgan times," with which the old gentleman entertained his family from time to time, and the very persecutions dealt out to Masons of that period with so liberal hand, filled James with an inordinate desire to be a Freemason, at the earliest possible moment. No sooner, therefore did he reach the lawful age, than he knocked at the door of the nearest lodge, some twenty miles distant, for admission. His admiration for the institution increased as he advanced from degree to degree until, becoming, at last, a Master Mason, he became a Masonic enthusiast. So warmly did he commend the moral teachings of Masonry and the symbolic methods of its instruction, that he had the pleasure, for several successive "regulars," of carrying up the petitions of some of the best of his neighbors for initiation, until a sufficient number had been instructed in the mystic rites to form a lodge in Lovegood. The proper steps were therefore taken, and a dispensation granted to James Moyer as Worthy Master, with two worthy brothers as Wardens, to open a lodge.

Soon after this, at the age of twenty-three, he married Catharine Stetson, the daughter of his Senior Warden, who had become almost as enthusiastic in her admiration of Masonry as himself. Their union was blessed with seven children, five girls and two boys, but the unwelcome messenger had lain claim to two of the former, little Mary and Ella, who slept side by side in the village cemetery connected with the church where the family worshiped regularly every Sabbath.

Charleyette was their eldest child, the beloved of the entire family, and having, as we have seen, reached her eighteenth birthday, her parents had arranged a long time before that the occasion should be celebrated by a party in honor of the event, and that it should be

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known as Charleyette's Moyer's eighteenth birthday party.

The long looked for evening at last arrived and the guests, responding to the cards of invitation began to pour in. Among the first to arrive was Zopher McLane, a young man who by diligence and integrity had already attained to the position of Senior Deacon in his lodge though he had been a member less than two years. He was a young man who had the entire confidence of the Craft and the community and he was beloved by James Moyer who still held the position of Worthy Master in Fraternal Lodge, No. 136. But he was a plain appearing young man of foreign extraction, without patrimony and obliged to earn his daily bread by the sweat of his brow. His industry, however, had already been so far rewarded that he had been able to invest quite a handsome sum in his business — which was that of builder — beside effecting the purchase of two of the finest building lots in the village of Lovegood, upon which he was preparing to erect a home in the following spring, with special reference — so all the neighbors said — to possessing himself of the hand of Charleyette Moyer.

Charleyette's encouragement of his suit had been somewhat equivocal and yet his confidence in his final success, encouraged and assisted by the warm friendship of her father, had never wavered for a moment. His intercourse with Charleyette had been every way pleasant and agreeable, for she esteemed him as a very dear friend, and all the more because she knew of the intimacy which existed between him and her father; but she had never learned to love him with such an affection as she felt should belong to a husband and so she had deferred her final answer to his proposal from time to time, hoping that she might yet find it in her heart to love him devotedly; but this very deferment was Zopher's encouragement. Warm was their greeting as he entered, and equally warm his congratulations of the wearer, expressed in his honest, straightforward Scotch manner, as he gazed upon the lovely jewel which shone upon the bosom of Charleyette; for while an ordinary bosom pin might have escaped his notice, the delicate square and compass on this at once attracted his attention.

Zopher had hardly lain aside his overcoat and furs — for it was on the night of the 23rd of January — when Seth Madden arrived, and with him a stranger, a friend, or rather relative of Seth's, who having but that day arrived, and learning what was in the wind for the evening, needed but little urging to accompany his cousin to the party.

As this gentleman is to figure somewhat largely in our story, let us pause a moment to take his measure: He was about five feet ten inches in height; hair and eyes as black as a coal, with a fine mustache and imperial of the same color. His glossy hair lay in waves across his head, ending in massive curls in his neck. His costume was exquisite in every particular and yet presented no

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contour of foppishness; his countenance betokened intelligence, his physique manliness, and his fine baritone voice was as musical as the richest tones of the organ. In a word he was calculated to pass everywhere as a handsome young man, and his really genteel manner indicated that the winning side of his character had not been neglected. He was well calculated to "make an impression," and it required more experience in reading human nature, a deeper penetration into the indices of human character, than is possessed by the masses, to discern the mischievous twinkle of the eye, and to read, in the peculiar carvings of the nose and the compressed conformation of lip, hugg ng the snow-white pearly teeth, "deceiver."

But Seth was in no wise responsible for the character of his cousin, for he had never met him before, and indeed knew very little of him, though he was his father's own brother's son.

Philip Madden — for that was the stranger's name — was soon made acquainted with the hostess of the evening, for whom he embraced every suitable opportunity to express the warmest admiration to the assembled guests, and yet in such a manner as to manifest no undue familiarity nor to give offense. These compliments coming to the ears of Charleyette made the designed impression upon her vanity, and she soon came to consider the stranger as a gentleman of most excellent taste, and just appreciation.

At nine o'clock, the guests having all arrived, the way was led to the room from the floor of which the carpet had been lifted for the purpose of enjoying the pastime of the evening, and as Philip was a stranger, next to Charleyette "the observed of all observers," why should not special pains be taken to entertain him? And what more natural than that he should occupy a place in the first set and that Charleyette should be his partner? What if Zopher McLane had coveted this privilege himself, was he not an old acquaintance, and must he not expect to give way for so distinguished a guest? Is he displeased about it? It only shows him jealous, and if a young man will be jealous before marriage what are we to expect of him afterward? This was the train of thought that flitted through the half-crazed brain of Charleyette as she caught a glimpse of the sad, half sorrowful countenance of Zopher, as with a pang of disappointment he turned away when he saw his loved one leaning upon the arm of a stranger. To be sure when Zopher asked the privelege of her company for the second set he was not refused, but it pained him to see how circumstances continually conspired to throw her and Philip in each other's way, and into each other's company.

Zopher was not of a jealous disposition, and under ordinary circumstances this would not have annoyed him, but he read the character of Philip when he first set eyes upon him, for there was something so striking about him, aside from his being the only stranger present,

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that he could not pass him with casual observation. But when at half-past twelve o'clock supper was announced, his appetite forsook him, and his heart pained him when he saw Philip and Charleyette moving toward the table together before he could ask the pleasure of her company, and his feelings were not at all relieved by her rallying him, as she passed him, upon his tardiness in finding a partner for supper.

Zopher sought relief by embracing the earliest opportunity to pour his suspicions into the ear of James Moyer, and he felt his convictions confirmed when that good man assured him that his own impressions had been identical with his, and when he further assured him that he would embrace the earliest opportunity to dissuade Charleyette from further intercourse with him.

Supper over, the dance was resumed, until the "wee sma' hours" reminded each and all of the sad necessity of separating. It had been the gayest, happiest party ever known to the quiet village of Lovegood and all separated in the best of spirits, in jocose hilarity, except one; that one bore away within his breast a heart of stone. Ah! Zopher, it was not jealousy; you had just cause of uneasiness.

CHAPTER III.— THE ELOPEMENT.

The day after the events narrated in our last chapter was unusually advanced when the Moyer's were first astir; and the sun had climbed well up in the heavens before the first meal of the day was announced. When the family were seated around the breakfast table and the customary thanks had been offered to the Author of all good for His many mercies, the conversation very naturally turned upon Phillip Madden, the stranger of the evening before. Charleyette was anxious to speak of him for he had already become to her the very ideal of human perfection, and weary as she was when she retired at half-past four, his image had haunted her dreams. Her father was also anxious to speak of him, for he saw how already his daughter's head had been turned with him, and believing that but a word from him would set her right again, he was anxious, in kindnes, to say that word.

"Father," began the unsuspecting daughter, "did you not think that Phillip Madden a perfectly charming young man — a perfect gentleman?"

"I am sorry to say," gravely answered her father, "that he did not make that impression upon me, though I confess his deportment was faultless."

Mr. Moyer had little suspicion of the already strong and wierd influence of this stranger over his daughter until the whole matter was betrayed by her surprised demeanor, her ashy paleness, and her inability to rally an appetite that would consent to her tasting of the excellent breakfast before her, more than to sip a little of the delicate

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coffee which stood temptingly at hand. A long silence elapsed before she could muster courage to inquire:

"Why, father? What did you see in him that made you distrustful of him?"

"It was only a mischievous leer of his eye and a lurking expression of deceitfulness about his nose and mouth; that was all, my daughter," answered the doting father."

Charleyette had always regarded her father as an embodiment of perfection, and she had never allowed herself to even criticise his judgment before, but she was frightened when awakening from her reverie, and removing her teaspoon from between her teeth, where plying backward and forward it had been keeping time with her thoughts, she recalled the train of thought she had dared to indulge:

"Can it be possible that father is jealous of this young man through his partiality for Zopher McLane? Would he otherwise see these defects, this treachery, in Philip? Am I not eighteen years of age, and am I not permitted in law to make my own choice, to exercise my own judgment? And after all, which of us is the most likely to be deceived, he who regards him only with the eye of a disinterested critic, or I who was near him, conversed with him, and listened attentively to the stream of conversation in which his soul was poured out to others?"

Thus her thoughts ran on, until frightened at her own presumption she asked to be excused, and retired from the table.

"Why James," said her mother, "I fear the child is sick; had we not better call in the physician?"

"Oh, no, I think not," said her husband, "it is only the fatigue and excitement of the past night, from which she will speedily recover when she has had rest."

With this the conversation was dismissed, and when the family arose from their meal they found Charleyette prepared to enter upon the discharge of the household duties usually assigned her. To her mother's importunities to retire and rest she turned a deaf ear, insisting that of the two she was best prepared for household work. But ever and anon she caught herself leaning upon her broom, and standing still in the midst of surrounding cares. Indeed, she had never possessed such feelings before, nor had such a conflict of thought whirled through her brain. The great labor of her mind was to discover the true motive that had prompted her father's words in the morning. His goodness she could not question, nor yet his sincere affection for her, but that for some reason he was deceived in his estimate of the character of Philip, she could not question for a moment; indeed, no other idea had entered her mind. She finally settled down upon the conviction that his partiality for Zopher had so warped his judgment that he could discover no good or noble traits

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in any other, especially if she should incline to seek favor in his eyes.

Then came the struggle: How should she, how could she, under the circumstances, act? For eighteen years she had been the object of her father's care and affection — his pet. During all that time there had hardly been a discordant note to disturb the harmony of their lives; their hearts had throbbed in unison; and should she now disregard his wish, perhaps incur his displeasure, by her partiality for a stranger? No. She knew her father's wish, and she would endeavor to comply; she would try to love, as she already esteemed, Zopher McLane, hoping that she might yet succeed in teaching her heart to appreciate his well-known, long-tried, and excellent qualities. But oh, how unruly a thing is the passion of love, and how little this frail girl knew of her own powers when she imagined she could control it.

Thus passed the day, and the evening brought Zopher to the fireside for a few moments only. He knew full well that all needed rest, but his anxiety was too great to close his eyes in sleep until he had once more looked into the eyes which had so often thrilled his being with their magnetic power. He must know from a few minutes' intercourse whether she was really estranged from him and preferred another before him. Never before did Charleyette make a greater effort to appear perfectly at ease in his company, to enjoy his society, and to induce him to dismiss the fears which she knew he entertained. Never did Zopher enjoy a happier interview, and he retired chiding himself for having permitted his equanimity to be disturbed, and fully reassured of the constancy of the girl he loved. Charleyette, on the contrary, retired to her chamber oppressed with a consciousness of the hypocritical part she had unconsciously acted.

Soon came the Christian Sabbath morning, with its bright sun, its clear sky, and its merry jingle of bells making toward one or the other of the three places of religious worship in the village. The Moyer family were betimes in their pew, and with the first hymn rang out musical and clear the voice of Charlevette in the choir. Did she sing more sweetly, did her voice contain more melody that day because Phillip Madden was in the congregation? Be that as it may, it was currently remarked that she sang (always so well) that day as though she were inspired.

After church, as they were both going in the same direction, what more natural than that they should walk in company, and that when they reached the cross street where Phillip should have turned that he should have become so deeply interested in the conversation as to be unwilling to break it off, and so should continue his walk to the gate where Charleyette Moyer entered? In these flattering attentions the latter descried only the evidence of the conquest she was making, but her father saw in them the spreading of the net of the fowler fully aware that his game was in his power.

(To be Continued.)

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TONQUAM AC CADAVER.

BY PROF. J. T. DOYEN.

Though the past history, present resources, and future designs of the Jesuits are perfectly well known and understood by the Grand Masters of our Masonic Order, it may perhaps be interesting to the brotherhood in general to reflect upon some differences between the Fraternity of Masons and that of Ignatius Loyola.

The founder of the Order of Jesus was a Spanish soldier; his great central idea was — obedience; the very soul of a well drilled warrior. Blind, insensate, unreasoning — obedience, and unquestioning submission to a superior was the foundation upon which he built the great Order of Jesuits.

The rule they have adopted, the motto forever on their lips, is the heading of this article, "Be like a dead body in the hands of your superior."

It is easy to see that a religious enthusiast thoroughly imbued with this principle would do, as thousands of Jesuits have done, anything good, bad or indifferent at the nod of a superior. In France the Jesuits assassinated the Sovereign; in Spain they were the strongest supporters of the inquisition, and in the United States the directors of schools and politicians, who seek to have Jesuit Colleges endowed by the State, when our Public School system shall have been subverted.

Masons need not be told that brotherly love is the great central principle of Masonry. On this we have built, and around this revolves every motive and every action of our lives as Masons.

The obligations taken by the Jesuits are called "vows." They are very simple at first, till the last degree is conferred, when the sanctions are to the last degree of the most solemn and binding character.

The first step (or degree) is that of "novice," — after two years of most severe trials, (the writer knew a "novice" that became insane through the rigor of the test applied during noviciate) "simple vows" are taken when the novice is styled "scholastic."

The "scholastic" is closely watched and carefully trained till he is thoroughly broken in, for perhaps many years, when the next step is taken and the scholastic becomes "coadjutor," when he is trusted for the first time with some of the secrets of the Order — many never reach any further grade than this, and by far the majority get no further advancement. The highest grade is that of "Professed Father," who may become "Provincial," and is freely intrusted with the mysteries of the Order. The "General" is the head of the Professed Fathers and resides in a magnificent establishment at Rome,

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where forty secretaries write his dispatches, in as many languages, to all parts of the world, though Latin is the official tongue employed.

The Masons profess no such doctrine as *tanquam ac cadaver;* on the contrary the new made man is charged not to allow "Masonry to interfere with necessary vocations." His personal independence is not at all tampered with.

The great object of Masonry is not to rule, but to help her sons to live; not to neglect any other organization but to introduce a principle of fraternal affection among all men, because they are all children of one Father, the Grand Master of the Universe.

The Jesuit believes that all systems are false but his own; that all societies but that presided over by Pius IX. and his own General, are "pestilential and dangerous to mankind." His mission is therefore to destroy everything calculated to influence men outside its own dominion.

The General Rome (Rex) is the real Pope; the present pontiff was made a Freemason in South America, while a soldier in the papal army; when he afterwards became Chief Bishop he attempted to gove his people in a liberal fraternal manner, when Father Roonan the then General of the Jesuits informed him that he should govern in the old unfraternal despotic way or that he — "should not govern."

The reader may rely upon these particulars as the writer had them from the mouth of one of the most distinguished Jesuits now living, namely, Father Passagalia, who has given to the world an immense volume of Jesuit literature entitled "Concerning the Immaculate Conception."

It is true that the Order of Loyola has done great things; it has saved the Roman church from utter extinction, but its inherent vice the *tonquam ac cadaver* will kill it, at last.

The secret of its wealth and power in these United States is not from its success among our native born population. Few young Americans will be willing to become "as dead bodies" in the hands of a Roman despot, who is absolute lord over the bodies and souls of his subjects. Jesuit wealth comes largely from Europe, where old establishments are being broken up in Spain as they have been over and over again in France, Piedmont and other places. Their *modus operandi* is to hypothecate their property, known to be liable to confiscation, at a low rate of interest, the funds are then sent to the United States where money is dear, and investments safe.

What has been said of this famous Order, is not in a malicious spirit, but simply a word of information to those who know little or nothing of a great organization that has through the medium of a notable man, Pius the Ninth, gone out of their way to vilify and insult our venerable Order by a "bull of excommunication." We did not seek them out first, nor yet have we violated our principle of charity

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in simply stating what we know of them from one of their own number.

One word more; they denounce secret societies — they are a secret society in the worst sense of the expression. We Masons are not a secret society in comparison, as any honest, good citizen may join us on proper recommendations from other citizens good and true. Not so the Jesuits, many years must elapse before any man could hope to be a "professed Jesuit" by giving up his whole life to it; but above all when granted the fruition of his attempts, the aspirant would cease to be a man. All he could be, under any circumstances, may be summed up in their own cardinal principle "a dead body."— *Masonic Mirror.*

MOSES AND THE BURNING BUSH.

BY GEO. R. NEAR.

While Moses sat with eyes intent
On landscape beautiful and fine,
He saw the blazing of a bush,
Which, unconsumed, still seemed to burn.

He nearer drew filled with surprise,
His eyes upon the wonder bent,
When suddenly a voice exclaimed,
"Put off thy shoes from holy ground."

The rod he held within his hand,
To drop it was the next command,
Into a snake it quickly turned
And Moses started back alarmed.

That rod has many wonders sent,
It turned the sea, it smote the rock,
It led the people into rest
The promised rest of Israel.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y.

The reputation of a man is like his shadow; it sometimes follows and sometimes precedes him; it is sometimes longer and sometimes shorter than his natural size.

The best remedy for injuries is to forget them.

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MICHIGAN.

GRAND COMMANDERY.—The 9th of June was a day not soon to be forgotten by the citizens and Knights of Detroit, as then it was that the meeting of the Grand Commandery took place, and the Knights of Detroit vied with each other who should do most to welcome and make comfortable the numerous guests they had invited on the occasion. Nashville Commandery had the honor to be one of the invited bodies and its individual members not only regret their own inability to be present, but also that an untoward accident befell their excellent representative, Sir Henry Sheffield, and compelled him to remain in Chicago instead of becoming a participator in the glorious re-union. To give an idea of the number present on the occasion, we may say that the procession was about half a mile long, and that it occupied twelve minutes in passing a given point. There were eight bands of music, with one hundred and twelve pieces, to give life to the procession, and keep the thirteen full Commanderies and other Knights in step. The streets along the line of march were profusely decorated with flags, flowers and insignia of welcome. Maltese crosses and streamers were conspicuous in many parts of the streets, and the display was such as to convince the Knights that they were welcome, and that the Detroit Knights Templar, in tendering the hospitality of the city, were Detroit's representative men. After the parade and procession were ended, the Knights, with their male and female guests, amounting to some fifteen hundred persons, embarked on a steamer, and spent two happy hours on the river, visiting Windsor and Fort Wayne. Returning to the city, they repaired to the Banquet Hall, a description of which is worth preserving:

The western end of the freight shed of the Michigan Central dock was fitted up in a tasteful manner with evergreens, etc., for a banquet hall. The space occupied was one hundred and sixty feet in length, and separated by a board partition from the rest of the dock. Immediately over the entrance was an inscription on cloth as follows: "Pilgrim, I greet thee; walk in; sit thee down, rest and refresh thyself. Gold and silver have I none, but such as I have, give I unto thee." On the wall on the right was another, containing a Maltese cross surrounded with the inscription, "*Rex Regum, Dominus Dominorum.*" Further on was a large painting of a skull, without note or comment. Next was an inscription, "Wine turneth thought into jollity and mirth," and two life sized pictures, the first a Knight Templar in full dress, and the second a pilgrim, staff in hand, pursuing his journey. Over one of the archways was a large streamer, containing the words; "Truth is the strength, the wisdom, the power and majesty of all ages." Three links, enclosing two clasped hands, were inscribed

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"Our Guests." A large Latin cross, with "Our Creed" over it, had "*Magna est veritas et prevalebit*" on the sides, and "Faith and Charity" underneath. Another Latin cross, encircled by a serpent, and also inscribed "Our Creed," had, immediately over the head of the cross, the motto of the Order, "*In Hoc Signo Vinces*," and at the bottom, "Justice impartial, Fortitude undaunted, Mercy unrestrained." At the end of the banquet hall were the words "Wine changeth and elevateth the spirits and enliveneth the heart." Eight tables, each about seventy-five feet long, occupied the length of the hall, four abreast.

In this tastefully and appropriately decorated hall, the Knights, to the number of seven hundred, partook of a choice and plentiful banquet, listened to an address of welcome, remarkably appropriate, both in its brevity, sentiment and comprehensiveness, and performed their duty to a number of toasts and excellent sentiments. One Ohio and one New York Commandery were present, and they, as well as the home Knights, delighted the people of Detroit by their excellence in drill and the skill with which they performed their various manœuvres. We have not, as yet, received any news as to what was done when the Grand Body settled down to work, but learn that the adoption of a uniform system of drill was recommended to all the Commanderies throughout the State; and that Brother O. Bourke, Brother Randall, and other members of the Committee of Management, received the thanks they so justly deserved.

GEORGIA.

Grand Commandery.—We much regret that we were unable to accept the several private and official invitations we received to unite with our Georgia Fratres in celebrating their annual festival. We are delighted to know that their enjoyment was full, and that they drank it to the dregs, and found them palatable. The Conclave was held on the 25th and 26th of May, at Macon, and the Knights made the most imposing and brilliant display ever made by the same number of men in Georgia. The Conclave was opened by Sir Thomas W. Chandler, R. E. Grand Commander, in the hall of St. Omer Commandery, and soon after formed a procession, in which six out of the seven Subordinate Commanderies were represented in line, and also Eufaula Commandery of Alabama. The brilliant military chieftain, General George T. Anderson, Grand Captain General, took command of the procession, which contained one hundred and fifteen Knights in complete uniform, including chapeaux and black cloth coats with brass buttons. This was a remarkable fair representation, as the strength of the Order in the state is one hundred and seventy-five. The procession through the streets drew a large and delighted crowd, and the Knights went through the prescribed evolutions in a spirited and creditable manner. At the

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Presbyterian church the public exercises of the Order were held, and were beautifully impressive and imposing. At their conclusion, Rev. Sir D. Wills, Grand Prelate, delivered a most able, learned, and instructive discourse, on "Christian Chivalry," the concluding portion of which, we feel, is too good to lose, and therefore give it place here:

"The enemies which assail you at every point are not troops of barbarians coming with waving crescent and gleaming cimetar to sweep you to destruction, but they are moral and spiritual powers — the evil habits add passions of depraved human nature. One of your enemies lives in a glass house covered with a corked roof, and with smiling face and sparkling eyes looks out through blue windows to captivate the young, the impulsive, the generous and the brave. His name is Alcohol.

"Another resides in a royal palace, is clothed in purple and fine linen, and fares sumptuously every day; and in the pomp of his pride looks down with a sovereign contempt on the poor, despised, and miserable of mankind. His name is luxury.

"Another dwells in the secret place of the gilded saloon and under the brilliant blaze of the gaslight; sports with a father's counsels, a mother's prayers, a wife's entreaties and a sister's tears, and on a mere freak of chance madly stakes the fortunes of families for all succeeding time. His name is Gambling.

"Another sitteth at the door of her house on a seat in the high places of the city, to call to passengers who go right on their ways; Coverings of tapestry and the fine linens of Egypt are hers; the perfumes of myrrh, aloes and cinnamon. She saith stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant. Her lips drop as a honeycomb, her mouth is smoother than oil; but her end is bitter as wormwood, and her house is the way to hell. This character is called Licentiousness.

"A fifth foe is as cruel as the grave in his nature, and fretful as the porcupine in his practice, who, under provocation, grows red with rage, spurning with indignation all the overtures of an honorable reconciliation, and scattering this solemn oath to the winds: 'I now declare, in truth and soberness, that I hold no enmity or ill will towards any soul on earth, that I would not freely reconcile, could I find in him a corresponding disposition.' This may be denominated the demon of Malignity.

"The last enemy is an exceedingly lofty one, that is ever exulting in his own superior wisdom and virtue, saying with a supercilious air to his neighbor, stand thou there, for I am holier than thou, and insanely refusing to bow humbly before that august and blessed name which causes all the principalities and powers of heaven to prostrate themselves at the foot of the throne. This is that evil spirit of Self-Righteousness, which ought forever to hide its diminished head in the

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presence of that Grand and exalted Latinized maxim before your eyes *non nobis, domine, non nobis, sed tuo nomini da gloriam.*

"If these insidious enemies could be slain by the sword, I know your gallant blades would in a moment be dripping with their blood, but it is by the grace of God alone that they can be effectually subdued. The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but spiritual. We conjure you, therefore, brothers, by the blood of that cross whose image lies this day upon your beating hearts, and by the splendors of that crown which shall eternally adorn the brow of every true moral victor, to be faithful to all your obligations to God and humanity. Thus may we hope to meet again when the bright morning of eternity cometh."

The public parade in the afternoon had to be postponed, on account of a heavy and steady rain, and the Grand Commandery occupied itself with labor. In the evening a magnificent banquet was given in Ayer's Hall, by St. Omer Commandery, No. 2. Sir Thomas Chandler, Sir J. Emmet Blackshear, and other distinguished speakers, addressed the assembled guests. Next day the election of Grand Officers took place. R. E. Sir George S. Obear, of Macon was elected Grand Commander, and E. Sir Charles R. Armstrong, of Macon, Grand Recorder. The next Annual Conclave is to be held in Atlanta, in May, 1871. — *Masonic Record.*

A GEM.

BY MARY LOUISE CHITWOOD.

If a pilgrim has been shadowed
By a tree that I have nursed;
If a cup of clear cold water
I have raised to lips athirst;
If I've planted one sweet flower
By an else too barren way;
If I've whispered in the midnight
One sweet word to tell of day;
If in one poor bleeding bosom
I a woe-swept cord have stilled;
If a dark and restless spirit
I with hope of heaven have filled;
If I've made for life's hard battle,
One faint heart grow warm and strong;
Then my God I thank thee, bless thee
For the precious gift of song.

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HOME DEPARTMENT.

THE DEATH OF CHARLES DICKENS.

Now that the united voice of the press has extolled his virtues, and, if it were possible, magnified his work, and the world has shed tears at his departure, and dropped flowers into the grave sacred to his memory, there seems little else for us to do, unless it be to draw a lesson from the case, and sound a note of warning to others, who, like him, may cut short their career a score or more of years. This is the most painful duty of all. Dickens was the world's friend. All loved him. Though not always satisfying, we loved his books; and far above all we loved his manly independence, his thoughtfulness of the poor, the downcast, and the distressed; his hatred of cant, and not least his success in the labor he undertook to do. Far be it from our saying, that we respect all men that succeed. We mean that we love the successful man when he succeeds in honestly doing good work. But he who succeeds by fraud, by lying, over reaching, and trampling under foot the less powerful than himself, we have no love for. If we do not hate such men, we hate their meanness, and would shed no tears over their graves. But Charles Dickens never succeeded by meanness. We know that he worshiped goodness, and whatever may have been his weaknesses, we well know they were more than balanced by redeeming traits of character. But now he is gone, at the rather early age of fifty-eight years. His disease was appoplexy. He died suddenly, with his harness on.

Better by far to die thus than of decrepid old age, full of aches and pains, full of deformity, and imbecility. But old age should not mean imbecility and infirmity. The dew of youth would more often crown the brow of a centenary, if the heart were kept young and the body vigorous. Apoplexy is the cause of death of very many gifted men. It is characterized by sudden loss of consciousness, sensation, power of motion, and perception, caused by the pressure of blood in the brain or, if severe, by the rupture of a blood-vessel, and the escape of blood into the tissues of the organ. In all cases there is weakness of the walls of the vessels that carry the blood, so that they can not pass as fast as it arrives. Fatty degeneration of an artery may occasion it And now what was there in the habits of Charles Dickens that brought

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about this condition? He thoroughly understood part of the laws of life. He made it a rule to balance mental work by physical exercise, to be methodical in his business habits, to keep his brain free from stimulants of any kind while he was engaged in his work, and to cultivate a happy, joyous life, and a full enjoyment of all its pleasures.

In many respects, his habits were such as would promote longivity. He was hearty in manner; he had a compact, muscular system, and was exceedingly fond of muscular exercises. He walked many miles every day, and believed in bathing, water-cure, animal magnetism, and practiced it on his friends.

But, on the other hand, he did not believe as we do, that temperence in living, and full control of his appetites, were absolutely essential to health of mind and body. A particular friend of his writes:

"At Gad's Hill his habits became more confirmed. He drank oftener. His liquors were of the choicest kind. Wines of the rarest vintage were stored in his cellars. Highly spiced beverages came to be liked, and he was vain of his skill in compounding them. The "Cider-cup of Gad's Hill" — a drink composed of cider, limes, brandy, pine-apple, toasted apples, lemon peel, and sugar — became famous as a specialty of the place. A friend of mine, who spent a day and night at Gad's Hill last year, a gentleman to whom Dickens felt under great personal obligations, and for whom he may therefore have emphasized his hospitality, describes his visit as a continued bibulous festivity from noon till midnight. There was the cider cup, we found, on arriving at 12½ M.; sports in the open air till 2, when came brandy and water; a long walk through the fields till 6, when curacoa, with other liquors, were served; dress; dinner from 7 till 10 o'clock, with every variety of wines; and then pure spirits, or various compounds of spirits, until bedtime."

Another writer, under date of July 25, 1869, speaks of how the day was spent at Gad's Hill: "On our arrival at 12½ oclock, commenced with the 'cider-cup,' which had been ordered previously to be ready for us — a delicious, cooling drink — cider, soda-water, sherry, brandy, lemon-peel, sugar and ice, flavored with an herb called burrage, all judiciously mixed. Lunch at 1 o'clock, completed by a liquor which Dickens said 'was peculiar to the house.' From 2 to 5½ we were engaged in a large open meadow at the back of the house, in the healthful and intellectual employment of playing 'Aunt Sally,' and rolling balls on the grass; at 3½ interval for cool brandy and water; at 6½, we dined, dinner faultless, wines irreproachable; 9 to 10, billiards; 10 to 11, music in the drawing room; 11, hot and rebellious liquors, delightfully compounded into punches; 12, to bed."

Now, almost all physicians, when speaking of the causes of apoplexy, tell us that most conspicuous among them are excessive brain-labor, mental excitement, fatigue, physical exertion, and, above all, stimulating drinks; these and a stomach overloaded with indigestible food,

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are exciting causes which almost daily destroy those already predisposed to apoplexy.

Dickens himself felt that he was using up his life-forces too fast, but, unwilling to restrain his appetite, or mistaking the cause of ill health, he attempted to remedy the difficulty by greater exercise, when suddenly the death-blow came. To what other conclusion can we come, if we apply the law of physiology, than that the most famous literary man of the age — who ought to have lived a score of years longer, who ought to have ripened into a grander man than he was and crowned his life by richer contributions to literature — cut short his days by excesses at the table and over the cup. It is a sad lesson to teach over the grave of one so loved, and more than once we would have stopped our pen, but it would not stop. And now that our duty is done, may we not hope that the seeds of this lesson will bring forth fruit an hundred fold in the rich soil of humanity? — *Herald of Health.*

For the Mystic Star.

GROWING OLD IN HEAVEN.

BY FRANK BROWN.

Shall we grow old in heaven,
  Will our feet grow weary there,
Shall we ever tire of chanting
  Our glad songs on the air?
Or will our eyes grow misty
  As we for loved ones wait;
Will the days seem long and dreary
  As we watch beside the gate?

I've a lover o'er the river,
  With a smile of sweetness rare,
With eyes so bright and merry
  And curls of raven hair.
And when he comes to meet me,
  In the city paved with gold,
Will the brow I've kissed so often
  Be wrinkled brown and old?
I know that I shall meet him
  When I reach the mystic shore,
But ah, the thought brings sadness,

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That Love's young dream is o'er,
That my darling's step shall falter
Or his shining locks grow gray,
Those eyes be dim with watching,
That have watched so long for me.

I never saw my mother,
But they tell me she was fair,
With a face and form of beauty,
Such as the angels wear.
She sleeps beside the cottage
Where first I saw the light,
And I know she keeps her vigil
Around my bed each night.
Oft from my midnight slumbers
I wake with sudden start,
And I know that I've been folded
Close to my mother's heart!
And still in memory's chamber
There's e'er a picture hung
Of my fair, my sainted mother,
And the face is ever young.

A SINGER AMONG THE LUNATICS.

On the day of Miss Clara Louise Kellogg's recent concert in Utica, New York, it was proposed to show that young lady the State Lunatic Asylum. While there she kindly sang to a roomful of the more quiet patients, very much to their surprise and delight. Not content with gratifying these, however, she begged that she might be allowed to visit the more unbalanced patients. "Let me sing to the mad people," she pleaded. Winning consent, and accompanied by some of the Faculty, their ladies, and the matron, she proceeded to the wards where the most noisy and destructive subjects were confined. One would think her voice would have failed her at the dreadful sounds that greeted her entrance, as the glaring eyes turned upon her, and the indications of wrath in those poor, ungoverned faces. Not so. The brave hearted girl knew her power. In an instant all discord and tumult was hushed under the spell of that marvelous voice. It rose and floated above the poor distracted creatures like a blessing; then seemed to fall upon their upturned faces in a soft refreshing shower of musical rain. The souls of those stricken women were not so utterly out of tune after all, but that they could respond now. Some smiled,

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some nodded, and some gazed at her with streaming eyes. "She is an angel!" cried one. "Yes, she is an angel!" echoed others, as they crowded about her, eager but to touch gently her hand, her gown, or even her feet, while she, happy and fearless, made no effort to escape. "She is my girl: my Estelle!" cried an old woman, suddenly. "She looks like her! She sings like her! Let me kiss her!" And Louise Kellogg bent and kissed the poor crazed creature, almost indeed as if she were Estelle.

THE BEAUTY OF BETTER WORK.

There is something proudly, grandly noble in being a workingman. In being a man who by work achieves success, and then greatness. There is to us unspeakable beauty in labor — in being able to trace letters on the pure white paper before us — to put our thoughts in line, and to know that by work we have made words, sentences, paragraphs, articles, papers, books. Work did it all. And to watch others at work.

The shoemaker fashions from leather, with bits of wood and little threads, the shoe which covers and protects the foot of a woman, while his neighbor, turning from the hot fire of the forge to the cold surface of the anvil, with sturdy blows oft and oft repeated fashions, and finishes his work for the foot of a horse. Each are workingmen — each accomplishes something, and the world is better for their being here.

The pioneer with gleaming ax tramps his way into the forest, sends deep the glittering steel into the astonished timber. The birds fly in affright. The echoes of his blows run affrighted through the forest isles, warning the wilderness to stand back before the triumph of labor. The tree falls. Its limbs are from the trunk cut away. Looking up, its fall left a little opening through which we see the blue sky beyond. Again does the ax cut its way — another tree falls — a cabin is lifted into shape — an opening is made in the forest, a home is established there — in time there is a farm, a pretty house, with happy hearts to gather by the hearth and fender — and that man has been of use to the world. God bless him — he is a worker.

The plowman follows the opening furrow day after day till seed time has gone — then reaps the reward of his toil, and beholds the golden grain which comes from the soil, the air the rain, the light, the heat, to repay his efforts, and tell him how glorious it is to labor and to achieve. That man is a worker — a creator — a benefactor.

Over there is a poor boy. Coarse his garb — earnest his eye, intelligent his face. Just now he is an apprentice. Day after day he

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works over the scraps of iron, over the forge, the lathe, vise. He uses the file and hammer. His eye reaches farther into the hidden mysteries of science till at last he is a mechanic, well skilled in his trade. See him now at work. The boy has gone, the earnest man is before us. He is at work directing others, imparting knowledge, helping to create. A beautiful engine or piece of machinery is before him. It is his work — created out of material other workmen had finished in their line. He, too, is a creator — has conquered — is a success, and proud should our nation be to-call such creators her children.

There is a glory in work when by it we can achieve success or win the prize of honorable reward. No matter whether that work be in the mine or forest, on the water or the land, in the pulpit or the sanctum, in teaching, or in protecting interests, hearts or innocence.

There is a man who is a worker. He loves a girl. He is all care, love, attention, and politeness. He is to her what God is to the Christian — the Hope of life. And she is to him, if good, and kind, and loving, and in life-harmony with him, a golden-lined pathway, outside of whose sacred boundaries he cannot, he will not walk. Witness the glorious record this worker is making. He builvs around a home — he builds within one. He weeds his acts and thoughts and words as a a careful man does his garden. He cuts down and pulls up the rough, the thorny, the rank-growing and beauty killing weeds — he keeps back the cross words, the rough, coarse, vulgar, profane expressions till no more do this troop of devil's-down seek admission to his heart for it is each day more and more filled with the good, the pure, the loving. He works to subdue himself from the wilderness of nature once so beau'iful, now so weed-grown, and become a good, loving, loved, useful man.

His work brings success. His home is each day more attractive. His darling, the girl of then, grows into his heart as fragrance into a rose before us as we write, placed there by loving hands, that the eye, when raised from the paper, may rest on the beautiful. He feels a pride, a strength, a glorious heart-rest those who are not earnest heart-workers do not know. Ours is not a world of chance. It is the result of plan and labor.

If we live but chance lives, we float, sink, and are lost. If we strive to be men, we can all succeed. If we neglect our work, be it to govern ourselves, to make others happier, or to bring form and power out of elements, we but leave the bucket with water to quench our thirst half way up the well, to fall back when we let go.

Thousands upon thousands of men who are now unhappy, might be contented and full of heart-rest, if they would only work. Not alone to build houses but to soften hearts. To help the poor. To make others happy. We do not like selfish people, for their hearts are not kind — their semblance is but a sham for effect.

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Rather do we like the men who have built something — who have struggled and won. The boys who are becoming men. The women who in their way are doing the beautiful, quiet work for the purifying of womanhood, and lifting man from the path of temptation. We love the workers — for they point to their work when comes the nightfall, and people say they lived to a purpose.

We build ships for others to look at and to use. We make homes for others to look at and envy. We build railroads, and equip them to excite the jealousy of other lines. We build looms and weave garments to dress well, that others may be attracted to us. We try to adorn and beautify our persons, that others may speak well of us. All this work is for others — but only for their eyes.

Now, if we work to beautify our hearts, to keep them rightly attuned — preserve our manhood — others will say we are, indeed, good — will follow our example when they know how happy such work makes the man, the woman or the child, and we shall thus become such perfect workmen that, in the beautiful land of the Leal, we shall rest not in the mind, but in heart, and be with the near and dear ones all the eternal day which follows the soon coming Saturday night.

Pomeroy's Democrat.

HOW TO JUDGE BOOKS.

Would you know whether the tendency of a book is good or evil, examine in what state of mind you lay it down. Has it induced you to suspect that what you have been accustomed to think unlawful may, after all, be innocent, and that that may be harmless which you have hitherto been taught to think dangerous? Has it tended to make you dissatisfied and impatient under the control of others; and disposed you to relax in that self government, without which both the laws of God and man tell us there can be no virtue, and consequently no happiness? Has it attempted to abate your admiration and reverence for what is great and good, and to diminish in you the love of your country and your fellow creatures? Has it addressed itself to your vanity, your selfishness, or any other of your evil propensities? Has it defiled the imagination with what is loathsome, or shocked the heart with what is monstrous? Has it disturbed the sense of right and wrong which the Creator implanted in the human soul? If so — if you are conscious of all or any of these effects — or if, having escaped them all, you have felt that such were the effects it was intended to produce, throw the book into the fire, whatever name it may bear in the title page.— *Southey.*

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EDITORIAL.

For the Mystic Star.

ANTI-MASONRY AND ANTI-CHRIST IDENTICAL.

BY M. W. ALFRED, A. M., M. D.

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Fourth, the Anti-Christians represented the Christians as a society of infidels and atheists, just as they do the Freemasons of the present time.

To us it seems absurd that a class of persons as devout in their adorations of the true God and eternal life as were the primitive followers of the Savior should be charged with atheism. All their oral teachings and written discourses abound with constant professions of unwavering trust in God. But it must be remembered that the refined ideas of the existence of God as a spiritual essence, adopted by Christians, especially intelligent ones; and that this *Esse* and *Existere* known to them as God and who could not be represented by sculptured statuary or an image of silver and gold, did not fill the measure of a more gross and physical being which unintelligent Pagans professed to adore. We purposely say unintelligent Pagans because long before the Christian era many Pagan philosophers held that God was an underived, immortal, spiritual existence, and that the soul of man was immortal.

Plato in his book entitled *Phædo* says, "Can the soul, then, which is invisible and which goes to another place like itself, excellent, pure and invisible, and therefore truly called the invisible world, to the presence of a great, good and wise God, whither, if God will, my soul must shortly go, can this soul of ours, I ask, being such and of such a nature, when separated from the body, be immediately dispersed and destroyed? Far from it." (Page 69, Vol. I, London edition.) This was written nearly four hundred years before Christ.

But many of the Pagans held that this spiritual, immaterial being whom the Christians worshiped was too tenuous in his nature and too evanescent in his constitution to be considered a deity at all. Now as the Christians abhorred with infinite disgust all Pagan idols and deified men as objects of their worship, preferring the most painful death to

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an acknowledgement of their divinity, the Pagans pronounced them Atheists.

"The Heathen represented the Christians as Atheists." (Rees' Cyclopedia.)

When the clamor of the populace called for the execution of the venerable Polycarp, who was a disciple of St. John, they cried, "Take away the Athesists!" In relation to this Dr. Milner says, "Atheist was the term of reproach then commonly affixed to Christians." (Vol. I. pp 115.) Are those who now represent us as Atheists and Infidels, identified with the party who burned Polycarp at the stake in Symaria, A. D., 167? Are they Christians or Anti-Christians who make themselves hoarse in crying "Away with Freemasons, away with the Atheists." He must be blind indeed, who cannot discover to which party they adhere, to Christ, or Anti-Christ.

Such is the rancor of our enemies, and so reckless often are they of facts, when pursuing purposes of defamation, that if the term Christian was more opprobrious they would declare we were all Christians; and if devotion was odious in the sight of the community, we should be reputed as devout Christians, and our meetings in the night season would be adduced in support of the imputation that we were fanatically pious.

An Infidel is a man without faith, and an Atheist is one who believes in no God. *In* is negative, and *fides* or *fidelis* is faith or faithful. Atheist is a compound of *a* negative, and *Theos* God. An Infidel has no faith, and an Atheist no God.

But the simple assertions of the Anti-Christians that the followers of Christ were Atheists did not prove them such to any but their enemies; and their assertions that Freemasons are a society of Infidels convinces none but themselves that they are such.

What is faith? This is a question in theology. Freemasonry is a syftem of theology, founded on a belief in the scriptures of the Old and New Testament; and progressive, from the Entered Apprentice degree to that of Knight Templar.

What a pity that our enemies should be so far benighted in their shadowy belief in Christianity as to be unable to distinguish who are the friends, and who are the enemies of this religion?

True faith must originate in the understanding. Unless the evidence of a truth is weighed by the understanding, and produces conviction of the fact, there is nothing worthy the name of faith in its acceptance.

Suppose a jury are empanneled to try the case of a fellow man arraigned for a flagrant crime, and prior to all investigation they unanimously say they believe him guilty, and need no evidence in the matter. The defence proposes to show that when the crime was committed the defendant was distant from the place alleged in the complaint more than one thousand miles, and was there a month before and a

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month after the crime was perpetrated; but the jury will not hear the testimony lest their belief in his guilt be shaken!

Such is faith that shuns the light. It grows best in the dark, like plants in a cellar — rank but worthless. True faith never dreads the light.

The understanding must be convinced of the truth of any proposition or its adoption is not an act of faith.

What kind of a thing is it, which these men who cry "Infidel" to men who know the grounds of their faith, have adopted as their creed? It is a mere tradition, or superstition embraced without an examination, or any act of the understanding in its production. So keen is the search for Infidels that Sunday school boys who are taught that the Evangelists wrote in the English language about the time of the Revolutionary war, and got their writings stereotyped at Cooperstown, N. Y., all divided off into chapters and verses, and punctuated *scurdum artem*, with marginal notes and references, will flash up in the face of the grey-headed scholar, and call him an Infidel, because he says the Evangelists and Apostles did not write their productions in English.

Since we commenced writing on this subject, a minister of the gospel entered our office, of whom we inquired:

"Did the translators use the autograph writings of the Apostles?"

He said they did.

I asked him "if he had ever heard any mention made of the 'Codex Bezae,' the 'Codex Alexandrinus,' or the 'Codex Vaticianus?'"

He replied "that he had not." But affirmed that such investigations tended to skepticism.

I asked him because he was a violent Anti-Masonic preacher: "Is it proof enough that any Mason is an infidel if he be the Master of a Lodge, or if he in any manner examine into the grounds of his faith?"

"Yes," said he.

Socrates, when making his plea of defence before the Athenian senate, charged with being an Atheist, said: "I am accused of things which are not true — 'that there is one Socrates, a wise man who occupies himself about celestial matters, and had explored everything on earth, and makes the worse appear the better reason.' Those, O Athenians, who have spread abroad this report, are my formidable accusers, for they who hear them think that such as search into these things do not believe that there are Gods." And in relation to his defense, he says: "Nevertheless, let this turn out as is pleasing to God, I must obey the law and make my defence. .... A life without investigation is not worth living for." (Cary's Trans. Vol. I, pp 5–25.)

We accept the Scriptural definition of faith. "*Faith* is the *Substance* of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

With many, faith is a cheap commodity. Its possessor may lose it if he should use his understanding. Men may perform everything but

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one, understanding. Reason may exercise its functions on every subject but one, and that the subject of chief importance — the concerns of an endless conscious existence in the world to come.

This is the principle so used up by Swedenborg.— "Keep your understanding in subjection to faith." Such a faith must needs be weak, a trivial thing not worth possessing.

The scriptural faith which is the substance of things hoped for, is the soul's assent understandingly made with the concurrence of the judgment to the great truths demanding such assent. This cannot be done but by the apprehension of a valid or sufficient ground of assent. If there be ever so clear ground of belief and the understanding does not apprehend it, but takes it up as hearsay, or as a custom of the family, or community, it is as void of life as the ether above the clouds. A mere wavering, flickering, hovering, fluctuating opinion is not faith. At the most it is but tradition, which as inevitably produces the Mahometan, or Pagan as the Christian, and is the same in each case. Thousands are cheated by the name of faith, knowing nothing of the entity.

When we, as Freemasons, are represented as infidels in consequence of our adherence to the institution, it is done by persons of this stamp, whose faith is false in matters of the greatest truth, "the thing being true, but not believed truly."

True faith is the substance — hypostasis of that hoped for. Not a Shadow, an hypostasis, living, warming, sincere, efficacious and affectionate. Truly Masonic.

It is, or may be known that no Atheist can be elected to the degrees of Masonry, consequently our entire brotherhood believe in God. He who believes in no God is an Atheist, and has no place with us.

"Masonry stands revealed after all its previous pretensions to being a true religion, as the unalterable opponent of the reigning or Christian religion." Thus writes and publishes a profesed minister of the gospel. He probably forgot for the time the charge, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."

Again he says, "It embraces as good and acceptable Masons hundreds and thousands who abhor Christianity, and scoff at the Bible, and everything the Bible regards as sacred." This ministerial slanderer writes again: "In Mahometan countries it receives the Koran."

Now in as much as we all profess to believe in God, we are not unbelievers. How then are we Infidels, and scoffers at every thing sacred?

Do our enemies wish us to believe in more than one God? The Bible recognizes only one God. The Evangelical Protestant "Formula Concordæ," and the "Creed of Anthanasius," acknowledges one, and only one God. Those of us who profess Christianity, believe that this one "God was manifest in the flesh," that in the Redeemer "dwelt the fullness of the Godhead bodily," that he who "hath seen him hath

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seen the Father," that He "and the Father is one." The Hebrew believes in the Redeemer to come. And the Mahometan acknowledges the advent of Jesus, whom we call the Christ.

It so happens that we possess and have read the Al Koran. Say, self-righteous priest, is not the Mahometan thy brother as well as mine?

Why art thou so uncharitable, and yet why so lavish with thy decrees of damnation? Thou hadst better withdraw thy little self from the world; or, if that be too great a task, find the deserted shell of some inferior Molhesca, and creep therein, and drag thy tiny soul in after thee. Then consider the house of the univalve thy universe, and thyself the great center around which worlds and planets move.

In the Al Koran we read: "God caused Jesus, the son of Mary, to ollow the footsteps of the prophets, confirming the law that was sent down before him, and he gave him the gospel containing directions and light." (Chapt. v.) "This was Jesus, the son of Mary, the Word of Truth, concerning whom they doubt." (Chapt. xix.) The Al Koran also speaks of the miracles which Jesus performed. May Masons not "receive" so much of the Koran, and not be infidels?

We are sick of hearing these narrow brained, illiberal, parsimonious Pharisees talk of faith. They manifest no spirit of kindness, no self-abasement, no humanity, no charity, but with slanderous tongues, and shriveled, snaky, hypocritical lips are extoling their faith, which is manifestly nothing more than a shadowy tradition.

This faith touches the heart as though it never touched it," *tangere intangibiliter*. What a libel on the faith of a real Christian! Such men muttering against Freemasons, "Infidels, Infidels!"

Away with this cold, this gelid, this icy, hypocritical, repulsive faith. Can I believe in the blazing truths of Christianity and retain a dead, cold, stupid heart, a heart that repels any brother of the human race?

Is that belief in the glorious future life, in those crowns of rejoicing, in those anthems of praise to him that sitteth on the Throne, and to the Lamb, in those ever verdant landscapes, radient with the glory of Immanuel's shining countenance—is that faith, which leaves its possessor no more in sympathy with heaven than though he believed that Christ was an impostor, and the hope of eternal life a delusion. True faith is an "hypostasis," striking deep into the soul, permeating every faculty, and subjugating the mind to the spirit of meekness, self-abasement, and brotherly love. It is full of love, grasping with friendly countenance the hand of the Pagan the Mahometan and the Christian —"We have found him of whom Moses in the law did write" *Eurekamen ton Mesian, Eureka!* Instead of a faith in divine decrees, election, reprobation, imputed righteousness, and fore-ordination, living men prefer that faith that glows with fervent love, and recognizes a brother in a fallen foe, binds up his wounds, and gives him "bread and water" at the point of the sword, This is Masonic faith, this the world needs.

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The poor Cynic, dry as a mummy, inflating his ribs, to gasp out "Infidel, Infidel!" He may once have had a heart, but encased in his iron creed it could not beat. It thence became a hardened and atrophied mass of gristle; a mere gizzard.

It would be painful to notice that most diabolical of all institutions, the *au todafe*, the act of faith, which consigned thousands to torture on account of faith, unsurpassed by hell itself. The spirit of it is sometimes observable in our own country. "Infallibility" may seek its aid in America. The signs of the times demonstrates that Anti-Christ still lives.

But as long as the liberal principles of Freemasonry have so deep root in the heart of Americans, Anti-Christ vainly shakes his fetters to affright us into subjection.

Good men do, and will long offer up heartfelt thanks to God, for the existence of the Masonic institution, the guardian and bulwark of Religious Liberty.

MASONIC JOURNEYINGS.

As we commence our earthly journey each of us have objects to pass, much to impede our progress, many obstacles to encounter; and frequent inquiries are made relative to our designs and purposes — why we travel this or that route — all of which we must answer in a civil manner, for in giving correct and civil answers to these several interrogations we may gain useful information that may be of great service to us in future. This is strikingly true when we commence our Masonic pilgrimage. We were induced by the favorable impression that we had of Masonry to ask some one whom we supposed to be a member to recommend us. We had not the slightest intimation what kind of a recommend we should have. We were in the dark as to what would be said in our favor. We occupied somewhat the condition of a child, helpless, ignorant and innocent of what would be our fate. No choice was offered us in the risks of the future. Our prerogative was to wait patiently for the development of events.

Our Masonic journey, as we knock at the door of the Temple, symbolizes our journey of life. As our existence commences with the bright rays of happy childhood, and soon introducing us to the lovely morning of youth, accompanied with the cheering hopes of a prosperous future, so it is when admitted into the inner door of the sanctuary of Masonry. With a slow step, yet with a confident trust, we journey along towards the sun at its meridian height, our minds all radiant with hope, filled with trust, like an inexperienced child of nature

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resting upon the bosom of a kind parent. So the candidate of Masonry has a trusting and confiding friend in the South, who with a watchful care observes the time and sees that no one makes moral shipwreck of himself. Then his footsteps are toward the West. With smiles of joy and tokens of friendship he commences the inclined plain of life as soon as he gains the summit.

As it is with our life journey here, we anxiously look towards the cool evening shades of the West. So with the neophite, he is intended to repair to the west, assured that all have traveled the same exciting pathway. But still his mind is filled with ambition to press onward, to gain the great object of life, and as he approaches the terminus of his western journey he finds justice ready and willing to reward him for all labor and trouble, and pay him his wages. It is at the West gate of human life that we come to our manhood. It is here that we are entitled to receive wages if ever. It is here that we need our earnings. At this point of our earthly existence we should have in store an ample supply of mental, intellectual and moral wealth that will recommend us at the East gate of life.

Our journeyings compel us to leave the west, and turn our face to the east. We are obliged to leave that portion of life where we have borne the burden and heat of high twelve. Our eyes have become dim, and we can not longer *distinctly* see the sign. They have been filled with the tears of sorrow and grief; and have sparkled with the exciting brilliancy of events; but are now loosing their lustre, and the surrounding objects are imperfectly seen. In former times our elastic step was firm, sure and strong. But now we begin to tremble beneath the ponderous weight of years.

As we turn eastward on the journey of life, our hearing becomes somewhat impaired, and we can *scarcely* hear the word. and the nervous system is less sensitive to the touch; and the brotherly token is not as *accurately* felt, as when we passed the south gate. But, notwithstanding the failing of our senses, we can practice Masonic charity, and manifest brotherly love. As we trustingly pursue our journeyings our mind's eye turns to the east gate, for the grand focus of that true light, for which we have so long labored.

So in the course of events we reach the east gate of human life, when God speaks to us as earthly pilgrims, "Let there be Light." At this crisis the tenement of earth is left, and the mind and spirit leaving the several stations of this existance, puts on immortality and the sun of eternal glory in its divine effulgence arises and bids us a welcome, to higher joys and a higher life.

Steadiness is the foundation of all virtue.

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THE PASS WORD.

It is not always from a Masonic standpoint that we need the pass word. In more places than one, and at the different fords of the rivers over which we cross as we journey along the walks of human life, do we need the *true pass word.*

When a criticising world judges the tree by its fruit, it is all important that we have the pass; for all along the pathway of life are guards stationed to demand of us the proper pass which indicates our profession. We are called upon, and it is demanded of us, to be true to the government under which we live, and by some suitable demonstration exhibit acts that will illustrate the principles of our patriotism and loyalty. Our allegiance to the nation is of great importance. Not that we are obliged to give our adherence to any particular party or administration to prove our love and lovalty to the government, but to be a good and true citizen, doing what we can for the general welfare of all.

Parties and sects will demand their own peculiar pronunciation of the word, and more, their disquisition must be given. The sign must be seen from the same point of compass as they see it, with the same intonations it must be uttered, and heard with their party and sectarian ears; the grip must be felt by the same touch of cold unfriendliness or no passage can be secured upon their craft.

But leaving these, and as we journey along the court of human life, we find true and noble systems making no such demands. The most elevated phase of religion visits the widow and fatherless in distress, and demands that its true devotees shall keep unspotted from the polutions of the world. The spotless character and real integrity is the pass of a true Christian; it is the broad platform upon which the great work of evangelism can be successfully carried on to its completion. It can have no circumscribing policy. The work is not performed by any narrow theme of party tactics; no narrow doors of sect are required to be entered to perform this God-given mission.

The religion which was so beautifully exemplified by the Nazerine Reformer did not permit the self-righteous to hurl stones at the poor culprit, but being governed by a higher and a nobler principle, he said to them, "He that is without sin let him cast the first stone." As much as to say, the individual who is guilty has no right to bring charges against another. And from the history of the case we come to the conclusion that these self-righteous accusors were not in possession of the true pass, and they fled away.

So it is when we turn to the highest system of civil government. When every man is a crowned king, elevated upon the throne of *liberty* and *freedom*, and possesses the inalienable right to enjoy the

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honors of a citizen, he is not obliged to enter the gambling rings of unprincipled politicians. It is not necessary that he should sink his *manhood* and become either one of the *bulls* or *bears* in order to make himself noble, great, useful or honoroble. The true pass word which makes him an equal to any in the nation, requires no such sacrifice of nobility.

Then when we turn from the above mentioned systems, and look at the time-honored institution of Masonry, study its noble system of symbolism, we are launched upon the bosom of a *broad ocean*. The true pass word of Masonry does not consist wholly in any of the adopted sayings agreed upon, which enables us, as Masons, to prove that we have received the mysteries of a certain degree. It is of more significance to the well being of the Order. It rests upon a more solid foundation than mere words. *Truth*, *light* and *perfection* are the principles, combined by power and wisdom, which finally establishes an immovable foundation for the grand superstructure of Masonry, and all the opposing powers of ignorance and darkness can never destroy it; the enemies thereof can never injure it. It sits far above the reach of their limited capacities; it can only be obtained through truth, light and perfection, goodness, love and wisdom, and as the foes of Masonry work in darkness, and promulge falsehood, so they can never in their enmity find out the pass word.

The foundation of Masonry, whose maker and builder is the Lord of the universe, can only be learned through faith and a strong trust in him, aided by truth and light, by which we arrive at perfection.

Time and circumstances may overtake us, when the true pass word will be of great service to us. As we are whirled to and fro on the earth, in our pilgramage journey, we meet daily with deep studied designs; intricate plots, well matured; underground drainings, calculated and designed by our enemies to undermine us. And when all means are employed to advance the position and fortify the condition of the enemy, how important it is to possess the real pass word! The feeling of equality, based upon true integrity, a knowledge of not guilty — oh God! a power to *forgive* an *enemy*, is a pass which will be of great utility to us through life. And this pass can not be revealed to the profane world; it can be obtained only by the true and faithful.

When life, as we now enjoy it, is so uncertain and depends upon such a brittle thread, this real pass is invaluable. We may be able to secure an earthly home, obtain a clear title, beautify it with all the externals of what is pleasing to the eye, and have it convenieni and tasteful; yet if the internal meaning of the pass word is not indelibly stamped in love on the human mind we can not pass the several g.tes to that higher and inner enjoyment of the soul which the true word will give.

To-morrow the summons may be issued which we are obliged to obey. The G. A. O. T. N. may call us from labor and refreshments on

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earth to labor and refreshments in the Grand Temple of Immortality. And we can only imagine the nature of the true pass. The real need may then be divulged, its grand utility developed, which may retard or excelerate our progress on to a nobler life and to higher results in that sphere where all is truth, light and perfection, having the superintendence of infinite wisdom. And the Mason who can know from his own life that he is not guilty, has the pass. And this is the real secret of Masonry. It guides one through the walks of life with stern integrity, with true honor, based upon every moral virtue.

MASONRY — POLITICS — RELIGION.

People do not at all times discern the position that a member of the Masonic Fraternity is justifiable in taking when political or religious questions are presented. Masonry inculcates obedience to the political constitution and law of the commonwealth or political law of the jurisdiction. In all of its teachings it impresses the mind with religious morals and truth, reverence and wisdom. This we are taught, and can strictly observe, love and cherish; and at the same time run clear of all the shoals of party politics, and keep out of the dense fogs of sectarian dogmas.

As the profane approaches the threshold of our mystic temple, we assure him before the first step is taken, that Masonry does not meddle with party aims or duties, and does not interfere with his religious opinions; still we find it somewhat difficult to educate party adherents or sectarian bigots in this grand Masonic idea, or bring them up to the true standard of Masonic toleration. They cannot understand how it is that all shades of religious faith and every grade and party can come together without hating and devouring each other. In every other organization proscriptive measures are enforced. Toleration means that every member must ride in the car that runs on the same narrow gauge. And when they see many of these men, who are thus schooled and educated, unite with the Masonic fraternity, whose civil and religious rights are not molested, they stare and ask, "Can it be possible that an institution which inculcates such peace and harmony is evil?" The enemies of Masonry would consider our organization beneficial to the world if they should find a like enmity, hatred and intolerance as they see exhibited by bigots and fanatics in the sects and parties of the world. This, to them, would be an evidence of goodness, justice and truth. And so it would be if Masons were educated in the same school of moral ethics. If their first lessons were in the science and art of bigotry and hatred, they might exhibit

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a similar picture upon the canvass. But Masonry, resting upon a broader base of toleration and running upon a wider track than our enemies, can present to humanity a system far superior in fostering peace and good will.

HOW SHALL WE BE KNOWN AS MASONS?

There are certain qualifications, by which individuals are known as true citizens of the commonwealth; there are distinct specifications required to designate us as genuine neighbors; there are well-defined doctrines, precepts and morals that distinguish persons as true Christians, and every subdivision of sect and party have their own ideas to identify their respective individuality. And it is not enough to merely know that there is such a thing as citizenship, and at the same time neglect to observe the rules and laws made by ihe government; neither can any one be a true neighbor by merely having a residence near some one, nor can a person be a Christian from the fact of living in a Christian land, with a Bible on every shelf and a strong asserted profession.

So it may be relative to Masonry. An individual may have crossed the threshold of the Mystic Temple and "understand all mysteries," be able to rehearse every letter and syllable of the ritual, yet not be known as a true Mason at heart. There are certain principles by which a Mason must be tried in order to know that he is one, or to be known as such. One thing necessray to know that he is a Mason, is, by being often placed in circumstances to be tried. And this does not mean that he must be tried by signs and tokens; it is not that he is well skilled in either esoteric or exoteric Masonry. But he must be tried in the Masonic discharge of duty to the brotherhood and to humanity. To reduce to a practical life the enobling principles of all the spmbols of Masonry. This is the true testimony by which we are to be known as Masons. We are not to wait for some special committee to catechise us upon the esoteric work. By being often tried means more than this. It is, that we, as true hearted Masons, have not slept upon the post of duty; that in the discharge of duty we have watched over ourselves, have subdued our passions, and improved in our moral qualifications. We know ourselves to be Masons when our moral edifice is firm upon a rock, even truth. If thus we have been often tried, we may know that we are Masons.

This is not the only test. It is that we have never been denied. Never denied is a proud position to occupy. And for a Mason to deny is a responsible position to take. But when we have the first test of being tried, there is but little danger of our being denied. Sometimes, however, private piques and prejudice may rule and govern the

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actions of men, but they should never enter the heart of a Mason. Members of this fraternity should be governed by a higher law and influenced by a purer motive. As true custodians of Masonry we have no right to withold any of the enjoyments, privileges or emoluments of the institution from the worthy if within the length of the Masonic cable tow, or from a legally constituted brother who stands within the circle of the compass or the angle of the square. No clime or dominion from which he may hail can, Masonically, close the door to all the rights and benefits of Masonry. His own unworthiness may debar him from what would otherwise be his right.

A distinguished *Grand Master* in his *pastoral letter* to his subordinate *district officers* gives instructions to deal out the magnificent rights and benefits of Masonry "*outside of the lodge-room*" to those who are guilty of a skin not colored like his own. And the unfortunate brother — for such are brothers, who has as legitimate an origin as we have — who is tinged a shade darker than the author of this letter, must be content with the crumbs of Masonic benefits shaken from the table-cloth of Masonry "outside of the lodge-room." According to this *Masonic law-giver* this slightly perceptible shade of color is sufficient to deny him the rights and privileges of Masonry inside of the "lodge-room." In his case, how shall he know himself to be a Mason? If he should perchance travel into the jurisdiction of this *Grand Master* and be denied all the benefits of the fraternity, except those outside of the vestibule of the Temple. "Without the gates of the city," among some of the Gentile courts, he may, in common with the mass of humanity, open his hand and receive some of the glorious benefits of Masonry. For the members of this fraternal *brotherhood* in the fraternal *jurisdiction* of this *fraternal Grand Master*, whose legitimacy has been made legitimate by assumption, have the privilege to extend Masonic courtesies "*outside*" only.

But in sweet communion within the inner door, near the middle chamber the trifling darker shaded brother can not come. Come not nearer than the outside of the inner sanctuary, for we are holier and whiter than thou. You can not meet with us on a *level*, for our *Grand East* has said that the true *level* for us is within the inner court, and higher than you can come, and within a *circle* that you *must not approach*. Therefore he does not know himself to be a Mason of this stamp. This modernized Masonry, running upon this *narrow track*, assuming to be true, is strange to him. It looks to him to be solemn mockery, and a downright prostitution of every legitimate principle of Masonry. A few more such interpretations of Masonic law will injure Masonry, and cripple its power for doing good. We can not make ourselves known as Masons upon this narrow, contracted platform. This interpretation of Masonry, if not checked by the press, will do more to bring it into disrepute than all of its outside enemies.

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OBITUARY.

WHEREAS, Death has again entered the circle of our Fraternity, and taken from our midst our very worthy and much beloved brother, L. S. Church, and placed him where he has entered a higher brotherhood, to engage in nobler duties and in heavenly work, to find rest from earthly labor and refreshment from earthly care. Therefore

Resolved, That we withhold not from his memory the commendation that his virtues claim at our hands, that we will strive to emulate his good deeds, his lofty thoughts, and his heroic sacrifices; that while nature will have its own way, and our tears will fall upon his grave, we will still be reminded by the Evergreen symbol of our faith in immortal life, that he is but sleeping and we will be comforted by the reflection that his memory will not be forgotten, that he will be loved by those who are soon to follow him, that in our archieve his name is written and that in our hearts there is still a place for him.

Resolved, That in his death our Fraternity has lost a loyal member, our social circles a bright, peculiar star, our town an enterprizing citizen, our county and state a talented and faithful servant, and country one whose patriotism far excelled his physical strength.

Resolved, That we tender to his immediate relatives and friends who are most heartstricken at the loss we have all sustained our sincere and most affectionate sympathy in this their time of most afflictive bereavement, that we suggest to them the consoling thought that He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, looks down with infinite compassion upon the widow and the fatherless in their desolation, and that the Great Architect will fold the arms of his love and protection around those who put their trust in Him.

Committee on Resolutions { ASA W. SMITH, R. K. TODD, WM. H. STEWART.

It is well for those who can infer from the misfortunes of others' what are the things which they should avoid.

We think our "Katy Kilmore" must have gone to the sea side, or else is ill, as she has failed to put in an appearance this month, much to our regret.

Ladies of Chicago who would like information concerning the "Sacred Temple," or desire petitions, can obtain either or both by calling between 1 and 2 o'clock on Wednesdays, at the hall, over H. R. Caberey's store, No. 60, State street.

An excellent work — The *Journal of Health* and Journal of physical culture, advocates a higher type of manhood — physically, intellectually, and morally. Published by Messrs. Wood & Holbrook, 13 and 15 Laight St., New York. $2 00 per annum, single copies 20 cents.

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THE MYSTIC STAR.

SEPTEMBER—1870.

AN ADDRESS.

DELIVERED BY REV. BRO. J. O. M. HEWITT, OF WAUPUN, WIS., AT THE MASONIC CELEBRATION OF WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY, BY WAUPUN LODGE.

Worshipful Master — Ladies and Brothers:

"Our ancient Brethren met of yore
In valleys deep, on mountains high
To propagate the Mystic Lore;
Their Lodge's roof — the starry sky.
There, where no Cowan's prying eye,
Could ever see the mystic rite,
The Craftsmen would their labors ply,
To circulate the living light."

But to-night we hear the call of the J. W. in the South, from labor to refreshment, and the bright eyes of beauty, and the fair forms of gentle matrons are seen within these halls, mingling with the workmen, and by their presence completing the mystic symbolism of the Temple's pavement. They, answering to the precious gems that give the light amid the darker, rougher ashlers which need, at best, so much of the Craftman's "polishing" and "squaring" before they can, with any propriety, form a part of even the "ground floor" of the mystic Temple of symbolic Truth.

So even here, in this social gathering, Masonic symbolism teaches us that

"There is no cloud, however dark,
But has its silver lining too;
Nor is there joy, to move the heart,
But hides a grief for me and you.
All things we see, above, below,
An emblematic language speak

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To you and me, if we'd but know,
And humbly solve their mysteries deep."

The whole universe is full of symbols of thought. This fact renders science possible for man; and symbols become the basis of all progress in knowledge. Symbols present to us thought in a living form. Abstract truths are, by the means of symbols, crystalized into imperishable forms of beauty, every face glowing with celestial light. Taking advantage of this fact of our very manhood, our Ancient patrons seized upon the forms of architecture which from the rough material of the quaries, by patient labor, built the magnificent Temple at Jerusalem, which was so perfect in all its parts, that when it was completed it had more the appearance of the handiwork of the Supreme architect of the universe, than that of human hands. They took, I say, these forms, as a symbolism of moral truth, and regarding a man's life, as one great Temple, and every act as separate stones in the vast building, they would teach, in the mystic rite of Freemasonry, the moral conditions of a noble manhood.

"Operative Masonry," in its symbolical application, is thus made "speculative" in its teachings. I have some times heard it said that "our ancient brethren worked in both speculative and operative Masonry, but we work in speculative alone;" this may be true, but is it right? Should not the speculative Masonry that is taught in the expressive symbolism of our lodge room, become in the highest sense "operative" in the moral building of actual life?

Freemasonry as a system of symbolic teaching, would take for its material, men out of the quarry of nature — rough, unpolished, with here a jagged corner, and there a flaw — and with the square and compass of moral teaching, and the greater light of the sacred writings, that ever lie open before us, would fit them as finished stones well and faithfully tried, for their just place in the great temple of humanity.

And here let me say to the ladies whose presence grace our Hall tonight, that this symbolism that I have just disclosed, wilt serve as an answer to the question that is often asked, "Why, if Masonry is so good may not a woman be a Mason?" Man, in his very nature is rough, uncouth, needs many blows of the hammer, and clips of the chisel, before he will be an ornament, or even of use, in the social wall of the Temple, while woman, with her native grace and beauty, is lke the prescious gems — to fine for the building — that were kept for the adornment of the breast-plate of the costly robe that was worn into the finished sanctum sanctorum, of the complete Temple. When we have done all that we can for man, he is only worthy to serve as a casket to guard from harm that most prescious gem, *woman* — and so you will see that the dust, and dirt, and rubbish, of the Masonic work shop is no place for the jewels that might grace a crown. But when life's building is completed we hope that she who was last at the cross, and

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first at the sepulcher, of the redeemer of the world, will be with us, and we with her, in that beautiful city of prophetic vision, "That had no Temple in it, for the Lord God, the Omnipotent, is the Temple of it, and the Lamb."

Of olden times 'tis said that

> "Bright was the hour
> When Israel's Princes, in their pomp and power
> Knelt in the Temple's Court, and the living flame
> Bid the accepted sacrifice to all proclaim.
> Brightly the splendor of the God-head shown,
> In awful glory from his living Throne —
> Yet, when bowed was every brow, no human sight
> Could break the splendor of that flood of light
> That veiled his presence and his awful form,
> Whose path, the whirlwind is, whose breath, the storm;

but if through the grace of the great "I Am," we see and accept the "Lamb of the offering," that we are told of, in that "Rule and Guide of Faith" the "great light" that lies upon the Masonic Altar, the Holy Bible, we expect to see, mingling among the craftsman, and joining in the sweetest song of praise to hear the voices of the mothers, the wives, the sisters, the daughters, that now we would spare from the toil of the mortar and the stones.

I said that symbols made science possible to man. It is a well known law of the mind, that one cannot think for another. Our only way of communicating knowledge then, is by presenting a picture of our thought to the eye of the one that we would teach. So words are made the colors of the paintings, and as they are appropriate or otherwise the thought is brightly or dimly transfered. Now if added to this element of word painting, we present some material symbol, the impression made upon the mind is proportionately deepened, and so the knowledge gained will the longer remain. In the ruder days of the reign of Solomon, we find that almost every kind of knowledge was imparted by "object teaching," or actual symbolism, whether it was science, morals or religion.

Taking advantage of the circumstances connected with the building of the Temple, which brought together the most skillful artizans of the age, the occasion was seized upon by King Solomon to fasten upon the minds of the foreign craftsman some of the subilmest truths of art, and of true religion. For though Masonry does not claim to be a religious system, yet its truths are in strict harmony therewith; and so, when the lodges of the workmen were broken up after seven years of toil, and the craft was dispersed throughout the globe, wherever they went, and wherever they worked, they diffused the light they had received in the Masonic lodges of Jeruselem. And hence it is, that the careful examier of the teachings of the philosophers, and masters of

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art, finds, amid the darkness of superstition, so often those rays of light shining out, the more vivid, for the general darkness that surrounds them. Though not a teacher of religion, yet Masonry has embodied in its ancient land-marks, the constant recognition of the one God of ancient Israel, and of "the God-covering of righteousness," that is so necessary to enable us to gain admission to the Celestial lodge above where T.·. S.·. A.·. O.·. T.·. U.·. presides.

Understand me, I do not say this of which I have spoken, is at first recognized by those who are made acquainted with our symbolic ritual, but to the studious craftsman I would say that a careful examination of the real language of our symbolic work, will soon convince him, not only of what I have asserted, but also he will be enabled to see the unmistakable "Mason marks" that tells of our Israelitish origin; and this too, in whatever language, and amid whatever people we work. While in our work there may be in its arrangements, much that is comparatively modern, still in its essential land-marks, methinks there is as distinct a mark of the time of Israel's glory, as there is in the "Jewish bevel" upon the stones amid the rubbish of modern Jeruselem, by which the scientific traveler inentifies and marks the ancient localities of the sacred city.

This much I claim for Masonry, and though by its enemies, its rites are termed "foolish," and its objects of association, "caiminal" and its teachings "heathenish" still, if we are true to each other, and to the principles of our order, working out in life, that which is so beautifully symbolized in the lodge, we will find that "brotherly love, relief, and truth," will prove a cement so strong, that though an earthquake may shake, yet it will not be able to throw down the walls of our mystic Temple, if we carefully shape the stones in its walls by designs laid down in that sacred trestle-board, that reveal to us Immanuel as the chief corner stone. As an old P. G. M once said to me, my brothers, "we have more to fear from those within our courts, than from those without," and that in our haste to do "work" we may not take sufficient pains to make it "square-work," such as es fitted for the building.

It has been said, by a writer, of us Americans, "that we are so anxous to set up for ourselves as Masters, that we leave our Apprenticeship half served." This may be said too often, I fear, of the workmen upon the mystic Temple of Freemasonry; and so, we sometimes have some member of the Craft pointed out to us who has failed to work either "Square," "Level," or "Plumb," and they say jeeringly to us, "So there are some of your workmen from the Temple, suspicious looking characters anyway."

Brothers, let us so act and work, that it will be said of us, that *we have learned our trade, and are Masters indeed*, instead of mere aspirants to a "Wardens jewel." Let us remember that

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"The Bond of Masonry
Is not in the goblet swelling high,
Which *wealth*, not *worth*, can still command,
Nor in the giddy time of joy,
Do Masons give their strongest hand.

But in the social, generous band,
Whose only 'tie' the link makes 'free,'
Where heart meets heart, and hand meets hand,
There holds the bond of Masonry.

To soothe the orphan's mourful cry,
A Brother help, where e're he be;
To love all men beneath the sky,
This is the work of Masonry."

In this incomplete, hurrying life of ours, where so much is waiting to be done to supply the actual needs of humanity, and where our work is never quite finished, and there is so much of mutual dependence, one upon another, let us remember that the Grand Master of every created intelligence, has given to each one an allotted task, making us responsible for our proportion of help, in supplying the common want of the great whole.

The first lesson that we receive as we enter the Courts of the Mystic Temple, is faith and trust in God, that lesson let us never forget, and while we seek further light, let us remember that "faith" is always a worker, and true faith in God, makes us workers with God, and if we would be that, then we shall seek to leave the world better for our being in it. When we do this, then the sharpest sword will be wrenched out of the hand of those who oppose us. As one has beautifully said, "As the beauty of the Universe, which so gladdens the hearts of all creatures, unrolls from the infinity of God's wisdom and strength, so, in like manner, from the inner wisdom and strength of man must unroll the beauty of his life."

So while we gather to night by the Beautiful Column of the South, let us remember that it owes its Beauty as much to its relative position between the columns of Wisdom and Strength, as to its own natural adornments, and these Lodges of refreshments and festivity would lose more than half their charm, should we relax the discipline of the "*Lodge for work;*" in the great design of life.

Hoping that Waupun Lodge, No. 48, of Free and Accepted Masons, may have many pleasant returns of these annual re-unions of the families, of Brothers true, of the "Mystic Tie," I would say in closing in the words of another,

"So live, that when our summons come to join
The innumerable caravan that moves

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To the pale realms of shade where each shall take
His place in the silent halls of death;
That we go not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach our grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Ladies and Brothers, all, I thank you for your attention and courtesy this night, and would ask permission to offer this sentiment:

WOMAN.— Though she cannot shape the rough ashlars of the quarry yet we will trust to her fair hands, the adornment, with "purple and fine linen" of the completed Temple.

THE SCOTCH RITE, CHICAGO CONSISTORY.

BY C. C. POMEROY. 32°

This body of Masons was founded here four years ago under the directions of Ill. Bro. John Sheville of New York, which city is now the Grand Orient: after some good work in the effort of establishment, by zealous and well informed Masons, each Division of the Rite was soon put upon a working basis. At first the plan met with ill favor from the body who held their Orient in South Carolina, in time however, all matters were satisfactorily adjusted and so far as the writers knowledge extends each member of either Orient has just the amount of Masonic recognition and fraternal respect as his Masonic worth entitles him to. No where in Masonry is there to be found brighter examples of manly and fraternal courtesies than are interchanged among the Illustrious Princes and Knights of the existing orders in this city. Chicago Consistory and its subordinate bodies, from the facts obtained from the records, will show material and character in the field and quarries of Masonic labor perhaps unsurpassed in any other Valley in the grand jurisdiction. Prolonged absence from this source of pleasure and scenes of interesting and instructive labor has prevented the intermingling in the pilgrimages and sharing in the lessons, and reunions, and, likewise, earlier and more frequent and fuller notices in this book.

That which was left undone in the past on the line of good, can not be quicker repaired than using the Mallet and Chisel in the impending present; therefore we ask our Ill. Brothers to accept the appology, and recieve kiodly the fraternal notes now made, with the assurance of more in future.

This branch of Masonic lore is rising rapidly and high in the esti-

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mation of enlightened Freemasons and is destined to bear a bold front among the institutions in civilization whose mission may be to make men better and wiser.

The origin and history of Scotch Masonry in America, dates from the organization of the Supreme Council at Chaleston, South Carolina, in the year 1801 : and it is a remarkable fact that to this Supreme Council the whole world is indebted for its existence, in all its wonderful power as high Masonry to day. For during the terrible devastation of war and pillage that flooded the old world — during the last year of the last century, all that had been of Scotch Masonry was lost until the Supreme Council at Charleston established once more the honor and glory of the ancient orders. In the year 1813 by the authority of the Charleston Supreme Council the northern jurisdiction was established with the grand East at New York City. From this time dates the original jurisdiction of North America. In the year 1851 the Supreme Council was moved from New York to Boston where the sittings continued until the disruption of 1860, out of this schism there grew two Supreme Councils to the northern jurisdiction, to one of which Chicago Consistory owes its parentage, for it was during the heat of this ever to be regreted contest that Ill. Bro. Sheville 33° and Grand Master of ceremonies from the New York body came to this city and organized, on the 10th of October, 1866, the grand Consistory of Illinois, with headquarters at Chicago.

The grand Consistory consists of one hundred and fifteen members who were communicated and afterward affiliated with Chicago Consistory. Walter A. Stevens 33° was the Ill. Grand Commander-in-Chief, and the other officers picked and reliable men. On the 22d of February Chicago Consistory was permanently organized by the election and installment of Ill. Bro. Jno. D. M. Carr, Commander-in-Chief, and at once began its successful mission with worthy and bright Masons as officers at the other important posts. It can be said of this Consistory that it is the largest in the world and well ordered by its officers and from the Occident of this jurisdiction no tidings have gone forward to the Orient but songs of peace and prosperity. In June last this body gave a grand picnic which was the crowning glory in a social point of view in the season of Masonic festivities, and should have been noticed in a former number of this paper but was overlooked in the pressure of other Masonic matters.

The future of this branch of Masonry in the West, from present indications, promises to wield a masterly influence upon society and will never fail to engage the attention of the best minds among men, no better evidence of this fact is needed than the following extract from a discourse by an eminent Bro. of the Supreme Council and Grand Orient of the Argentine Republic, Buenos Ayers: "Masonic writers speak highly of the origin of the institution, make its objects and

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motives great: laud its benefits, some will have that it is a religious, others a humane institution, dedicating its life and action to ascetic movements of religious societies, using as an essential symbol Charity. They preach up fraternalism, and surround it with a flourish of sweet and humanitary peaceful sentiments as the bright ideal to which man and humanity should aspire. Virtue should be exemplified in this *manner*. As flowers of sweet odor, as the violet covered by the foliage of the plants that produce it, it delights in its delicate emanations and hides its origin from the sight of men, in order that they may feel its perfumes. Modest and humble, its fragrance penetrates, and it would ever live in that close communion if the hand of man did not unearth it and bring it to the light to serve his pleasures with the richness of its perfume. But virtue alone does not form life; she, peaceful and sincere, does not make up society entirely, and timid, again becomes occult when she has to contend with those heated passions which form a Vesuvius of humanity. So it happens with those associations which formed throughout the world to regenerate it, and to guide it in its career, increasing its aggrandisment and progress, they encircle themselves with ascetic mysteries, and reduce their action to the extension of benevolent sentiments. Timid and without initiative, they narrow up before the violence of the human passions without leaving else than the debility of their proposites, and the little which they had done for the real welfare and progress of the world.

"Is this, then, the part of the present Masonic institution? Decidedly not. As an association incarnate in all the world, it has a sphere of action as wide as that surface over which it spreads. It has to live with passions and tedencies of the epoch throughout which it passes, with nature which surrounds it, and from the air which it inhales. If the moment permits, it is kind and modest in its teachings, and warrior and polemist if contrary circumstances require. It has to fight with the same kind of weapons used to oppose it, that it may not fall vanquished and annulled; in one word, to obtain its lowest *proposites* (ends.) We are not living in heaven. We are essentially a race attached to that ground which morally represents the same uneveness as the earth. In order to conquer this, it is necessary to work hard and employ perseverance and ingenuity. In order to conquer those, the same procedure is to be used. Can contention against weakness and indolence be conceived? Then the arms used to vanquish obstacles will prove inert. The invariability in the proceedings and in the character on attacking those difficulties is imagined. Look at nature, look at the heavens; peaceful in pleasant weather, the spirit of man distends, and it is led to profound and tranquil meditations of its destiny. The tempest comes, they are covered with cloud, thunder and lightning rend them in order to kill the infested atmosphere, and regenerate creation by means of this quick and noisy revolution, adverting humanity of

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the risks that its apathy and ignorance has led it to. Everything indicates to us the strife — more so in social than in any other society."

In the October number this subject will be resumed, and a more detailed account will be given of the working of the body and a brief roster of the membership and officers will be presented.

It is the aim of the management of this journal to devote its pages mostly to the interests of Masonry and every feature of the organization, and its progress will be noted. Masonry knows no *Knights out of its own camp.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

EDITOR MYSTIC STAR — *Dear Sir and Brother* — In the July No., of the STAR a Bro. M. Magill, has sounded the "drum ecclesiastic" against introducing sectarianism or politics into Masonic journals. That doctrine I have been advocating for years, but Bro. M. does not exactly mean what I mean, in short he does not mean what he says, for he came out as a defender in favor of retaining Christian patron saints in Masonry, and otherwise to be permitted to preach Christianity in our lodges. To accomplish his purpose, he appeals to the passions prejudices and fears of the timid, and endeavors to alarm the ignorant and bigoted, about "the infidel and sceptical tendencies of the age," as he calls this Christian country. Masonry, therefore, ought to allow Christianity to be preached in its lodges, and if that should be prohibited, why! then good-bye to Masonry, all the Christian men of morality, learning and power would immediately be driven from the institution. But that is not all, "I notice" says he, "in your last, at page 250 in the article upon Masonic Charlatanism of Thomas Dunckerly, that the writer states what I know is not true in reference to the Saints John. Bro. Jacob Norton says that at the union of the two Grand Lodges in England in 1813 all allusions to the Saints Johns, were expunged from the English constitution and ritual Masonry," and then demands proof of that statement. This is dogmatism with a vengence, he knows that my statement "is not truth." Now how does he know it! did Bro. M. ever see an English constitution or ritual printed since 1813 wherein mention is made of patron Christian saints? and did he ever hear that the G. L. of England since 1813 had celebrated the saints days as Masonic festivals? Fortunately, there is no need to write to England to have my statement confirmed, and when Bro. Magill shall have become satisfied, that what he denounces as "not truth" happens to be truth, I hope in future, he will learn to distrust his infalibility.

I now refer him to Dr. Olivers "Mirror for the Johannite Masons," a series of letters addressed to a Lord in 1847-8, published by Macoy and Sickles, New York, on page 19 the Dr. says:

"Your Lordship is doubtless aware that in the lectures which were

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drawn up and modified by the Rev. Dr. Hemming and his coadjutors, for the general use of the lodges after the re-union in 1813, the reference to the two Saints John, both as patrons and parallels of Masonry are discontinued, and the use of these lectures having been very generally adopted, all allusion to the above Masonic worthies who were held in such high estimation among our ancient brethren, is exploded and lost."

Having proved the fallibility or want of candor on the part of my opponent, and having indirectly shown that notwithstanding, that English Masonry had dispensed with the patronage of Christian saints, and other references to sectarian or Christian doctrins, and yet the men of learning, morality and power continue identified with it. That Masonry continues there to flourish without an admixture of Christianity, nor did it follow, that Masonry had since then fostered an "anti-Christian element," or "a one-sided bigotry."

Permit me now to answer his main question, viz. "Will Christianity injure our Masonic institutions?" If the Bro. means, whether the preaching of Christian doctrins in our lodges will injure Masonry, I answer most decidedly in the affirmative, it will not only injure, *but it will annihilate it.* It will cease to be Masonry, ye, it will become anti-Masonry.

It is the misfortune of many narrow minded preachers, and Saint Johns day lecturers, to imagine that every institution must either be Christian, or anti-Christian, hence the imposition o. Dunkerly or any other Charlatan, is a God-send to them. They know the Saint Johns legend is a falsehood, but it tickles their vanity, it affords them an excuse of displaying their pulpit cant in the lodge, hence they are anxious to propagate it. Christianity, they say, teaches "faith hope and charity" and so does Masonry, hence they discover a kind of cousinship between the two, and hence they assume that a Christian has rights in Masonry, which a Jew or other disbeliever in Christianity has not. I shall try to disabuse those brethren of their fanciful Masonry; Masonry is either perfectly non-sectarian or it is a humbug, and the "faith hope and charity" of Masonry though it may not clash with the creed of some Christian sects, it certainly clashes with those of others, and the man who must forsooth ever carry his pulpit on his back, lacks *Masonic Charity.* To explain myself more fully, let me remind the reader, first, that every Christian sect has its own "faith hope and charity;" second, every sect believes in the superexcellence of its own "faith hope and charity," and third, whenever, and wherever any Christian sect attained any preponderance of power in the State, it invariably resorted to persecution to inforce its own "faith hope and charity" and it was this mutual Christian persecution against each other and everybody else who conscientiously differed from them, that gave rise to the establishing our speculative Masonry. The "faith hope and charity" of Christianity tended to seperate and

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divide mankind into hostile factions, the "faith hope and charity" of Masonry is designed to "unite men of every sect and oppinion be they what they may, and to cultivate a true and sincere friendship among those who might otherwise remained at a distance." The religion of Masonry is "the universal religion, the religion in which all agree." Its faith, is "faith in the G. A. O. T. U. Hope in immortality, and its charity embraces *all mankind.*" It knows notbing about sceptics, infidels, Christians, Jews, or any sectarian religion, the only one excluded is an Atheist, therefore we have no right, in a Masonic lodge, to pull Christianity or any other religion, up or down, to prefer this man's to that man's religion, to venerate this man's saint, or that man's saint, or in short, to introduce any topic calculated to give offence to any one. This we have a right to demand, for not only does the original platform of Masonry guarantee it, but every candidate for Masonry receives a solemn assurance from the W. M. that there is nothing in the institution, or the obligation he is about to assume, that will conflict with his religion or politics, and whenever or wherever the solemn assurance of the W. M. on the word and honor of a gentleman and Mason, is evaded or violated, Masonry becomes a fraud, a deception, or a humbug.

If Bro. Magill is a conscientious man, and I trust he is, and if his conscience is of that cast, impelling him to hoist his religious banner in a Masonic lodge, let him define the stripe of his "faith hope and charity" and petition the G. L. of his jurisdiction to expunge from the constitution and ritual all allusion to Masonic universality, all professions of uniting men of every sect and opinion be they what they may, for the W. M. to cease making such broad and unmistakable promises, and in short, get the G. L. to pass a law, that all who cannot subscribe to the "faith hope and charity" of his church, must be excluded from the Masonic pale.

Respectfully and Fraternally Yours

JACOB NORTON.

THE BIBLE AND MASONRY.

Many professing Christians verily think the Bible and Masonry are antagonistic, and the institution of Freemasonry is at war with the Bible and its institutions; and as the Bible is of divine origin and consequently fraught with divine and only important instruction, they cleave to it, and regard all else as being opposed to divine truth, and the divine government. Hence their opposition to Masonry is very natural, and becomes to them a religious duty. They are not, therefore, blameable. They only need to be enlightened on this subject, and one of the most formidable objections to our noble order will be set

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aside. Could we but make them know that the Bible is one of the *great lights in Masonry*, that portions of it are read, or rehearsed in every convocation of the lodge, its divine precepts and injunctions enforced in an earnest and solemn manner upon the members at every meeting, as well as every parting of the brethren — that the lodges are usually both conducted and closed with earnest faithful prayer to the God of all grace and the Father of our spirits, that devotional exercises are as indespensible in the lodge as in the regular meetings of the churches, where could they look for further objections to our noble institution?

When the above objection is removed it is very usual for them to fall back on the immoralities of some individual members. But they can very easily be silenced by comparing notes, for they are by no means as perfect as they should be, and when they discover that there is a beam in their own eye, they may forbear to seek for the mote that is in their brother's. But with what confidence can we plead innocence while we are conscious of a mote in our own eye? This brings the subject home to our own hearts, and if we would see our order occupy the rank in the Christian world, to which it is properly entitled, it becomes us to reduce its precepts to a more thorough practice, and avoid all things which in their natures are calculated to bring our principles into disrepute.

Every brother knows he is instructed in the lodge to revere the teachings of the Bible as sacred, and to be governed out of the lodge by their precepts. Every brother knows the great teacher said, "he that is not for me, is against me; and he that gathereth not with me scattereth." And we see the fitness of its application to our institutution. If we heed the injunction, so to demean ourselves while mingling with the busy world without, as becomes men and Masons, we shall gather converts to our cause, and the order will prosper as it has never prospered before. But, let us turn away from these duties, and practice in an inverse manner, and it is easy to see that we shall be found scattering our own best principles to the winds, and the whirlwind will carry them away. The good, the virtuous, the upright, the devotional will be repelled, and converts, or members worthy of the order will be hard to gain. Indeed, they will be like angels visits, "few and far between." But acknowledging the teachings of the sacred writings in conjunction with the excellent tenets of our order, let us see to it that we reduce them to practice in our every-day life, and we shall then, and not till then, stand before the wolrd as just and upright Masons. The world well bless our labors, and further light will shine upon the mysterious developments of the Grand Artificer's great trestle board of nature.

J. H. S.

BERLIN, MICH.

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DESCRIPTION OF THE TEMPLE.

BY COL. SUMMER.

In ancient times, when Israel's king that famous fabric reared,
In which his glory and his wealth so manifest appeared,
He in his wisdom first gave heed to Heavens great law to man,
And Order, beauteous and sublime, through all the process ran.

No sound of ax or metal tool, through all the time was heard,
No craftsman broke the harmony with one discordant word;
For so the work was *portioned out*, by Solomon the wise,
From corner-stone to capital, no discord *could* arise.

Eleven hundred men, thrice told, as Master Masons wrought,
And eighty thousand Fellow-Crafts the quarried marble sought;
While entered as Apprentices were seventy thousand more,
Who, through the progress of the work, the heavy burdens bore.

A vast fraternity they were — a labor vast to share,
Who always on the Level met, and parted on the Square;
Three Grand Masters gave the rules by which the work was done —
The king of Israel, king of Tyre, and he — the widow's son.

The columns and pilasters were of Parian marble wrought;
The timbers from the famous groves of Lebanon were brought;
Of Cedar, fir, and olive wood, the stately walls were made,
And all within, and all without, with gold was overlaid.

Thus, two great structures hath a birth — one of wood and stone,
The other framed and fashioned of fraternal love alone;
The one was joined in all its parts by cunning work of art,
The other by the ligaments that fasten heart to heart.

The one stood out in bold relief against the vaulted sky,
The other raised no towering front to greet the vulgar eye;
The one was all resplendent with its ornaments of gold,
The other's beauty lay concealed beneath its mystic fold.

Age after age has rolled away with time's unceasing tide,
And generations have been born, have flourished, and have died,
Since wrought our ancient brethren on that Temple's massive walls,
And thronged its lofty colonnades, and walked its spacious halls.

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The Temple, with its wondrous strength, hath yielded unto time,
The Brotherhood that flourished there, still lives and lasts sublime;
The one, a mere material thing, hath long since passed away —
The other holds its vigorous life, untouched by time's decay.

Long may it live, through coming years, its excellence to prove,
And Masons ever find delight in offices of love;
Till summoned hence, the glory of that upper lodge to see,
When the Grand Master shall confer, on each his last degree.

RELIGION AND THEOLOGY.

BY LEON HYNEMAN.

It is remarkable that men of intelligence, and particularly Freemasons will apply the term religion to a system of theology. They surely are not synonymous. Religion is the *active expression* of the divine principle existing in the soul of every human being. Religion is manifested in every act which is in accord with the attributes of God. It is not a belief but the outwrought expression of the spirit of Justice, of Love, of Truth, of kindly sympathy, of Charity, of fraternal good will manifested in all of mans relations with his fellow beings. Theology is a system of beliefs, of creeds unfolded on this external plane and its statements, science with its searching investigations and conclusive analysis proved in many ways to be untrue. Although severe the ordeal, bitter the strife through long endured persecutions and worse than savage tortures, inflicted by theology in the name of religion, yet science always triumphed in the usual acceptance of its truths by all unbiased God-loving minds. Theology is a thing of past, ignorant, barbaric ages, and remains a crystalized fossil of the mind's early dawn in the infantile ages of humanity. It is a system of faith and not works which all past history proves. Theology has nothing in common with the divine principle inhering in the inner life within the soul manifested in all acts of fraternal beneficence having the objects of benefitting, improving, and elevating mankind; which and which only are expresions of religion in its true sense and meaning.

There is no class of persons who ought to be convinced of these truths more so than Freemasons, because the original principles and symbolism of Freemasonry were based upon the *life expressions, the actions* of men regardless of their opinions and beliefs. Freemasons who ought to know better have generally mistaken theology for religion, accepting without inquiry or investigation, the teachings of designing members, having the object to introduce sectarian dogmas to foment discussions,

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to cause animosity and ill will, and in that way destroy the unity and harmony of the Craft, to effect the destruction of the Masonic institution, or to change it into a sectarian organization. There can be no mistake as to the tendencies to change the Masonic ritual into a theologic creed; and if this tendency is not arrested it may not be long before "articles of faith" will be introduced, and the ritual and work of Masonry, changed to ceremonials to conform to a new sectarian trinitarian organization. That is the reason why the clerical order and those of Jesuite principles become alarmed and rush into print whenever a brother treats upon the cosmopolitan character of Masonry and dissents to the introduction of sectarians tenets. We know the clergy have great influence, and with some bright exceptions are generally dogmatic and intolerant, and their ventilation, however absurd, illogical or untrue, are accepted by unthinking Masons as divine inspirations. And we also know that a belief in the dogmas or authorities which do not accord with the revelations of science is being less entertained every day by the best minds of both men and women, and this fact being realized causes a hostile feeling to the right of private judgment in those interested in maintaining theolgic creeds.

Masonry, in its its legitimate aims and principles is a science and the fulness and basis of all sciences because it has its center-point in the human, the great circumstance and centerstance of God's universe and who alone of all nature's glorious and wonderful phenomena has a conscious perception of an infinite, eternal, omniscient God. Masonry recognizes the existence of an omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent God, (not in the contracted and limited sense of theologic systems,) who governs the entire universe by eternal, universal and immutable laws existing in the constitution of Divine Being. Masonry recognizes that the human is formed in God's likeness, that all men are impressed with the divine image, and in accord with the inevitable logic of the unbiased judgment and reason it is the actions which determine the character of individuals and not beliefs; and in recognizing these truths Masonry is indifferent to the opinions and beliefs of those who seek to obtain a knowledge of its mysteries, be they Mahometans, Christians or Israelites. But Masonry does want to know what has been the antecedent life of those who knock at the doors of its sanctums, and if that life accords with and coroborates the statements made in all applications that it is "from a desire of knowledge and to benefit mankind."

We discover a growing tendency with many brethren to sectarize Freemasonry in this "Christian land." We deny that it is such. The great charter of our liberty recognizes no creed, no system of religion And thank God for the expression of true Masonic principles by that noble band of wisdom inspired men who wrote their autographs on that instrument recognizing the God given right of free

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thought as sacred to humanity, and that too in the face of a powerful foe, and against the rule of all then existing governments. Christianity is a system of creeds. What Christianity is who can tell? Is any one man's church, the only true, and all others false? Does one church alone express the true gospel of Jesus? The pure and simple life of Jesus expressed *his religion.* How many true followers has he had that lived the pure life he did, among all those who claimed to be Christians? Act Christianity, live up to the teachings of Jesus, and live as he lived. No such one, professing any creed will injure Freemasonry, neither will they resort to the disingenuous and deceptive mode some have of withholding a part of the truth to serve a purpose. To withhold the truth is to be false, whatever the object or purpose may be. We may refer to the subject again, and in the meantime we say to all of every belief *live up to your highest convictions of right,* let your convictions be manifest in deeds, doing good, being just, walking uprightly before God and man, instead of expending your forces in talk, live the life of Jesus instead of talking Jesus and you will express the spirit of Masony and the spirit of Christianity.

THE BITTER ENEMIES OF MASONRY. — Our enemies examine our history with an eye single to their own evil reports; with their own impure motives to guide them. They school themselves into the spirit of the most intolerant bigots, Their minds are fed on prejudice, and vile slanders are continually given out as lessons to their readers and listeners. With a heart hardened in wicked contemplation, they sentence all Masons to perdition. With perverted and corrupted minds they draw their design in darkness and ignorance. They are students in the school of prejudice, taking lessons in a false moral philosophy, drinking water from the cess-pools of iniquity, and feeding their souls with the dry husks of slander, and are trying to enlighten the mind with falsehood and deceit. And give them power to execute the evil designs of their dark understandings and the rivers of blood would again flow that were caused to run in the dark ages. We are not disposed to yield and give all things into their hands, and let the world drift aga.n into barbarism.

The happiness of a man in this life does not consist in the absence, but in the mastery of his passions.

Envy is blind, and she has no other quality than that of detracting from virtue.

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HOW OUGHT MASONS TO CONDUCT THEMSELVES OUTSIDE OF THE LODGE?

LECTURE DELIVERED APRIL 20TH, 1870, IN FORST, IN THE LAUSITZ, BY BRO. RECTOR E. BORK. TRANSLATED FROM THE "BAUHUETTE" LEIPZIG, BY W. BRO. G. T. BERG.

Worthy and beloved brethren! One common bond unites all here assembled; a bond, which is indissoluble, and inspires us with cordial, friendly feelings for each other. Did we not solemnly promise on that memorable night, when we were first brought to light, that we would be true to the brethren and true to the fraternity, until the Supreme Architect of the universe calls us hence to the eternal East, when our labors on earth are ended? And this love to the fraternity and the brethren is not only our duty to cherish *inside* of the lodge, but also outside of it; we must carry it with us to our homes; nor must we lose sight of it in the world's busy throng, and thus give evidence, that we are not altogether unworthy brethren and honorably wear the lambskin! If our souls only feel elevated during our assembling in the lodge, where so many combined influences are calculated to charm the mind; by impressive lectures, enlisting our heart's sympathies, by clever addresses and rare musical treats — if all these impressions vanish when we leave the lodge, then our Masonry is nothing! By our actions outside of the lodge, we must prove the excellency of our Masonic principles, in which we are to be continually renewed and stregthened by frequent visits to our consecrated halls; we must also prove that the spirit of Masonry has not only breathed upon us with its enlivening breath but that it thoroughly fills us. To accomplish this, where do we find a better opportunity, a more extensive field, than in our homes and in the daily intercourse with the world? Self-knowledge, self-government, and self culture, those precious seeds which have quickened our hearts, and which are growing much more vigorously in some than in others, should not only mature and yield us fruits which we may peaceably enjoy; nay, they are to be like "money put to the exchangers" that we may gain "other talents beside them." Our own homes are, of course, nearest to each one of us. There we should work and toil with all our might and with cheerful hearts, while the day lasts, that joy and peace may constantly abide with us, and that God's choicest blessing may never be absent. What an amount of solemn obligations do we owe! To our suffering sisters, to our beloved wives and the dear little ones, whom God in his mercy, has entrusted to our care and keeping — apart from various other duties which our secular vocation imposes upon us. These duties are by no means trifles! They are not only manifold, but also lofty tasks which must be carefully pursued,

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and it will be well with us, if we do not fail in mastering them. But hail us, if we, instead of yielding to a feeling of weariness, learn to draw fresh energy from the deep fountains of wisdom, strength and beauty, that we with renewed strength may successfuly fulfil the duties of home and calling.

The profane world has no less claims upon us, and justly so. We can not, and should not withhold our aid altogether, just as little as, on the other hand, we should devote to it our undivided energies and thereby neglect home and vocation. What then, ask we, is our relative position in this profane world toward Masons and non-Masons? It seems as if this question demands different solutions, according to the rank and occupation of each individual brother; but this is not so. It must be answered alike for all, because we all entered into like obligations when we became members of our beloved fraternity.

Let us then carefully consider what the duties are which we owe to the profane world, and those we thus recognize as binding, let us hold fast with all the strength of our souls, that we may become fully impressed with their importance, and become irresistibly incited to conformity with those duties.

First of all, my brethren, we should prove ourselves to be men of character; that is of a settled, determined, moral will, to which we attain by learning to conquer ourselves. If the profane world has learnt to regard us as men of firm character, if it is understood that we are no broken reeds, we, unconsciously, exercise a certain influence on our daily surroundings, and this very influence will extend even to remote circles. All well disposed will gladly listen to our opinions, and our actions, open and above board and subject to the scrutiny of all, will induce many to imitate our example. The wicked will fear our opinions because they are aware that our course of conduct has made a favorable impression on the many, and we will therefore to a greater or less extent, exercise a wholesome influence upon those, who otherwise would have opposed us.

Again, my brethren let us strive after and continually guard our moral purity; let us never tarnish the unspotted garb of innocence and beauty, without which we cannot be Masons. Every thought of our inmost soul, everything we do, let it be pure and furnish convincing proof that integrity, probity and high-mindedness are our ideals, which we in spite of our in-dwelling frailties, are constantly endeavoring to cherish. Be assured, that even if the profane world, for a season, misinterprets our efforts and perhaps judges us harshly, we will, nay we must, eventually succeed in winning its esteem and approbation; for it cannot withhold the approving smile, and before long we will have collected around us a circle of genial, warm-hearted friends, by whose united efforts we will be enabled to effect much good.

Neither are we to lose sight of that fealty which we have sworn to,

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and owe to our brotherhood, and which has also its just claims upon us; although at times we may be illy repaid. This feeling we discharge by either carefully keeping all interested secrets, or by cherishing a lively interest in our brother's weal or woe, or in the conscientious discharge of our duties, if we hold an office in the lodge. The eventual acknowledgment of our fidelity can never be witheld from us if we are deserving, even if like true Masons we ourselves renounce all claims of reward, and merely do right for the sake of the right. Yes, my brethren, let us preserve this fealty regardless of person or influence; and oppose by our every effort, with undaunted courage and good conscience, all who lack character and indulge in malice, or revel in infamy, or all who with calumniating venom try to reduce to their own mean level all that is good and pure, and who will not hesitate to direct their vituperatons against us.

In our censure let us be just, but mild and always evince a readiness to forgive, if we see that our adversary meets us half way, especially when he manifests sincere regret; because we too, in spite of our earnest endeavors have many weaknesses and faults, which need to be tenderly treated. Rest assured, that by mildness we will much sooner win the most hardened heart than by harshness, no matter how just our reproofs may be. Acting in this wise, we will, as the true disciples of St. John tread in his foot-steps, we will bring many to repentance, and prepare the way for him, who enfolds all mankind in his arms with all surpassing love!

And if, in conclusion my brethren, we add to firmness of character, morality, probity, justice and mildness, a self-sacrificing zeal for the common good, if we cheerfully devote a portion of our time to useful, common purposes, if we do not think it too hard to undergo privations if we give as liberally as our pecuniary means permit to advance such purposes, we will appear not only in the eyes of the brotherhood, but also to the profane world, as true Masons, our example will act beneficially even beyond our graves, and our memory will be held in esteem by all the good.

Such, my brethren is the delineation which I have made to myself of the proper conduct of a Mason inside, and outside of a lodge. It is an ideal sketch, of which I should like to be the counterpart—would not you too, brethren? I willingly believe it! May the hours we have spent this evening together aid in strengthening every one of us in his determination to be a true and faithful craftsman; both inside, and outside of the lodge. And may we all abound in brotherly love—the mother of all virtues!

S. M. I. B. A—N.

Columbus, S. C., July 15, 1870.

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CHARLEYETTE MOYER, OR THE MASON'S DAUGHTER.

BY REV. C. P. NASH.

(*Concluded.*)

His resolution was soon taken — and a painful resolution it was. For more than ten years a hard word had hardly passed between Charleyette and her father; but he saw now that it was necessary he should be decided and determined. He accordingly embraced an early opportunity to say to her that she could not associate with Phillip Madden with his consent; that he felt it his duty to deny him the privilege of the house. Hence, if she insisted on receiving visits from him, as she now had a right to do, if she chose, she must do it outside of his premises; for he could not, with his present convictions, allow himself to be compromised by the matter in any way. But in concluding the announcement of his decision he did not fail to assure his daughter, in the strongest terms, that he took this course only from the best of motives, and from the most disinterested regard for her welfare.

Charleyette, for the first time in her life, since she was old enough to think, and judge for herself, felt her father to be exacting and unjust. She felt that in a matter of this character she was more deeply interested than any other person could be, and that she should be left to the free exercise of her own choice and judgment. She felt a little nettled, and rebellious; but controlled her feelings, so that she only replied:

"Dear father I have always tried to do right, and will try not to depart from my governing purpose in this matter: at any rate the object of your disapprobation shall trouble you no more *here*, if I can prevent it, whatever course I may think it right to take." And thus, with the usual seal of affection exchanged between them, they parted.

Charleyette spent the remainder of that day in busy thought, but the next day found her still undecided, notwithstanding she had been favored with a call from Zopher on the previous evening.

In the afternoon she saw Seth Madden ride by, and with him his cousin; and assuring herself that they would not incur the trouble of harnessing a horse unless they had some distance to ride, and that consequently they would be away from home some little time, the idea flashed upon her of running over to "Aunt Phebe's" — as Seth's mother was familiarly called in the village — and quiz her in regard to this newly arrived nephew; for her mind had reached a state where it would really have been a relief and satisfaction to her to have learned something to his disadvantage, sufficiently unfavorable to warrant her in "cutting" his acquaintance, as the easiest way out of her complications. Acting upon the spur of the suggestion, she was soon in the presence of "Aunt Phebe," engaged in earnest conversation concerning the

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subject of her thought and inquiries, earnest, and yet so conducted that the old lady suspected nothing beyond a young ladies natural curiosity concerning so spruce a young gentleman as was her nephew. His aunt knew but little of him, but that little was of the most favorable character, and so interested was the old lady in displaying her little information to the best advantage — for she was a warm friend of Charleyette's, and wanted to see her do well, had advised Seth to seek her hand many a time, but that was all over now, since he was engaged to another and as her next best chance she thought a match between her and Phillip would be capital — that her prosy story occupied a space of full two hours. So interested was her listener, that it seemed little more than two minutes; hence her surprise when the stamping of feet in the hall announced the return of the young men, whom she supposed miles away. She hastily arose to depart, but was met by Phillip at the door, who would not hear to her going until they had enjoyed a little visit together. Doubting the propriety of remaining, and yet deeply solicitous to learn all in her power of the object of her inquiries, she consented to resume her seat. Emboldened by every success, Phillip resolved now to make war upon her affections in earnest.

He began by a reference to the business which had called him and his cousin over to the county seat, viz: the execution and acknowledgment of a deed of conveyance which his agent had disposed of since he left home, for which he was to receive the handsome sum of eighteen hundred dollars. And this led him to speak in an easy careless way of the investment he intended to make of the money, of the investments he had already made, amounting in the aggregate to over fifty thousand dollars, and of his business prospects in general; all bearing upon the time he should be able to remain; adroitly reading parts of various letters from his agent to confirm these several statements.

Little did Charleyette dream these were all wiles of the deceiver; that his letters were forgeries, and that, though he had really executed the deed in question, it was only done in order that the story of his wealth might get into circulation through his cousin, for the very purpurpose of assisting him in entrapping the very girl he was then conversing with: yet such was the fact.

None but those who have been entangled in the meshes of love can understand how it was, that, while Charleyette resolved upon remaining but a few moments, she should have discovered herself still seated in an easy chair when tea was announced. Of course she could not be allowed to go until after tea, and then she awakened as from a dream when she discovered the curtains of night were rapidly enfolding them. In almost rude haste she threw on her shawl and bonnet and departed; but not until Phillip had tendered services as a gallant,

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which under the circumstances she could not refuse without inexcusable rudeness.

Scarcely had they reached the street ere he began to pour into her ear a tale of pent up love, so ardent that it must embrace the very first opportunity to burst forth in language of nervous earnestness. In this again the deceiver only manifested how well he understood his victim. She listened entranced; but when a response was required, mustered courage enough to assure him that she could not listen to his proposal, until her father was reconciled to his suit; that at present he entertained a very unfavorable opinion of him, which he must overcome by his persevering good behavior. Then, when she could act in harmony with the wishes of her best friends, she would consider his proposal and answer him.

This only added fuel to the flame, for Phillip knew that a little delay and all was lost. His experience with women had already been sufficient to enable him to so far read her secret thoughts as to know that she loved him; hence he knew he could make her an answer that would tell upon her decision.

Business, as he had already informed her, was pressing, and he must return, whether with her or without her. And then, with her father's opposition, she would probably never hear from him again. But if she would consent to disregard her father's prejudice — for certainly it was nothing else — he had means enough to make her happy, and even to provide for the old age of her parents if necessary. And when they were comfortably situated, and her father had come to realize his folly, under the keenness of his sense of loss when she was gone, they would invite him and her mother down, and in the happiness of the reunion all would be forgiven and forgotten, and harmony would reign supreme. Besides, he would make her so faithful, affectionate and provident a husband that all would be heartily ashamed of any feeling of distrust with which they had previously regarded him. They were near the gate, and he took her hand to say good night, not wishing to intrude where he knew he would be unwelcome, he knew by the tremor of her hand that he had won.

"You shall have my written answer in forty-eight hours; good night," was all she said, and they parted.

After pondering the matter over and over, so thoroughly convinced was she that her father misunderstood and misinterpreted him, that he was so good, and would prove himself so, that a reconciliation would soon follow between her father and themselves, that she wrote the fatal "yes," and sent it over to "Aunt Phebe's" by her little brother.

That evening brought both Zopher and Seth to her father's house; the latter not a frequent visitor. Little did the family suspect the object of his visit. Watching an opportunity he slipped into her hand a missive from Phillip. Excusing herself for a moment, she hurried

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to her room to con its contents, which read as follows:

"*My dearest Charleyette*— Now that you have committed your fortunes and yourself to my keeping, allow me to say that what we do must be done quickly. We can not be married quietly here, as would be most agreeable to both of us, you know; and delay would thwart our plans entirely. You know that if your father should by any means discover what he would consider disregard of his wishes, he would leave no stone unturned that would prevent the consumation of our mutual desire. And there is another who would lend him all the assistance in his power. Therefore we must fly, and that at once. Remember that whatever may seem wrong in this step now, time will speedily correct. I will call for you at three o'clock to-morrow morning, in time to take the early train for St. Louis. Seth will drive us to the depot. If you will be ready, write 'yes' on the back of this and return by bearer. Passionately yours,

PHILLIP."

Alas! she was too completely in the power of the tempter now to deny him anything that had a shadow of reason in it; so of course, with but a moments reflection, she wrote the fatal "yes" again, and returning to her guests, slyly slipped it into the hand of Seth, who excused himself soon after, and departed.

She tried to entertain Zopher, but her thoughts were too busy elsewhere, causing her to act so strangely that he thought her ill; under this suspicion she rallied and held him quite at his ease, until soon after he bade her good night.

Oh how her heart ached to tell him that she loved another, and for him to make no further reckoning upon her. But to do this would divulge all.

With conscience thundering its protest into the ear of her secret soul, and the endeavoring to quiet its voice by the argument of necessity and good motives, she sought her chamber but not her couch.

In wakeful, prayerful anxiety she waited upon the slow marches of the night until, when the clock struck three she listened in breathless anxiety for the coming of the conveyance. Bethinking herself that their success depended upon the noiselessness of their operations she stole down quietly to the door, upon opening which she met Phillip just stepping upon the stoop. Without saying a word he led, and she followed; was soon in the carriage and rolled toward the depot. But did ever vehicle bear such a heavy heart? With what self-reproaches did she allow herself to be borne onward. If left entirely to herself how gladly would she have turned back. But it was too late now, and the train soon arriving she stepped on board, praying for those she left behind and believing that her greatest happiness lay through this thorny maze she was traveling. Oh Charleyette! would that the veil might now drop from her eyes!

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CHAPTER FOUR, THE RESCUE.

A later hour of the same morning with which our last chapter closed found the Moyer family in a state of excitement and consternation. Failing to appear at the usual hour, or to respond when called, she had been sought in her room, which being found empty, and a search of the house, by the entire family, failing to lead to her discovery, had produced the state of feeling alluded to. While James Moyer and his wife were earnestly consulting upon, and endeavoring to ascertain the meaning of this strange state of affairs, a rap on the door announced the coming of Zopher McLane. A hurried explanation of the cause of their excitement, drew from Zopher a solution of the mystery.

"I can tell you," said that worthy young man, "that I have reliable intelligence of this Phillip Madden, and from what I now know of him, I have no doubt that he and Charleyette have gone off together. that she has been attached to him from the first, more than she was willing to own, has been apparent to all close observers. I have known it, and yet I tried to persuade myself that it was only a foolish fancy. And he is not the man to neglect any opportunity to drag a lovely girl down to ruin. He pretends that his home is in St. Louis, and that he has property to the value of fifty thousand dollars, there. It is all a hoax. You remember Andrew Lambert who formerly resided here, and removed to the village of Hotchkiss, in Missouri? well I have kept a correspondence with him ever since: and writing him immediately after Charleyette's birth-day party, I took occasion to mention this Phillip Madden and the impression he made on that occasion. I have just received his answer, and so much of it as refers to this worthy gentleman I will read to you, it is short but to the point, here it is: 'As to the Phillip Madden, to whom you refer, he is one of the most insinuating foxes that ever attempted to carry off his game, that he might devour it. He passes for the most perfect gentlemen wherever he is known, but he has already seduced some half dozen young ladies; some of them of the most respectable families; and he has beside, a wife and two children living in this place."

This announcement was followed by a wild outburst of grief on the part of the family, the members of which had been too anxious before to find vent for their feelings in tears. Mr. Moyer alone formed an exception, for even Zopher was so choked by his emotion that he could hardly finish the reading.

"This is no time," said James, "to give way to a fit of weeping; this is a time for action; what can be done, that is the question?"

"We must follow them" said Zopher, "for you may rest assured Charleyette is deceived, foully, wickedly deceived, and she will be as glad to see a true friend, as either of us will be to find her, by the time we can trace her out. With your permission, Mr. Moyer, I will assist

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in this search, and we will leave no stone unturned until we find her.''

His services were most gladly accepted, and leaving the breakfast almost untasted, they made their way to the depot, to endeavor to find some trace of the runaways. The ticket agents saw a couple get on board answering the description given, but he did not dream of its being Charleyette, whom he would have known, had she not been closely veiled.

As no other lady got on board, the pursuers were confident they were on the right track. They took the next train for St. Louis, though, as the parties bought no tickets, they had no clue to their destination.

It was soon agreed between them, that, Zopher should proceed to St. Louis at once, while Mr. Moyer awaited the return of the train in charge of the conductor who bore away their prescious charge in the morning, and having learned all he could from him, to telegraph, or come on immediately, as would best subserve their purpose.

Zopher did not arrive in St. Louis until late in the evening; too late to do anything that night, but he was astir betimes the next morning, and in consultation with the chief of police. He was assured by that officer that such cases were so common that he could not give much encouragement, but he would do what he could; Zopher assuring him in the meantime that the officer who should find the young lady should be rewarded with five hundred dollars.

Every hour during the day he repaired to the quarters of the chief of police, only to learn that nothing as yet had been discovered. In the meantime he pressed his inquiries during the intervals at the different railroad stations, connected with the road by which they must have come into the city, and the several roads leading out of it: but learning nothing to his advantage. In the evening he received a telegram from Mr. Moyer, announcing that he had seen the conductor in question; and that his impression was that the parties paid to St. Louis, and further that he would be in on the next train. This made him confident they had come to St. Louis, yet the whole day had been passed without tidings. What could he do more, and what should he do next.

A new idea occured to him: there might be a meeting of some Masonic body, and they might assist him. He sought a daily paper and in looking over the notices of meetings, found that Strict Observance lodge No.— met that evening.

He sought them out, made his application, was examined and admitted as a visiting brother. The lodge had convened for work, but obtaining permission of the W. M. he embraced the opportunity while the lodge was waiting the introduction of the candidate, to state the object of his visit, stating also that the young lady was the daughter of a most worthy Master Mason, who had been Master of his lodge for a number of years, and asking the assistance of the brothers, if in their

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power to render any, in ferreting out the hiding place of the lost one: and he further informed them that she was without doubt a prisoner, having been deceived by a wily libertine. He also described them both as accurately as lay in his power.

When he had taken his seat a brother arose to inquire whether the lady wore any jewelry, to his knowledge, and, if so, whether there was anything peculiar about it?

Zopher had forgotten to mention the pin; indeed, had not thought of it himself before: but now that his attention was called to it, he quickly arose, and with palpitating heart, gave a description of it. Oh what joy animated his bosom as the same brother again arose, and said, that while passing through ——— street the evening before he saw just such a couple as had been described, alight from a carriage in front of a popular, and quite aristocratic house of assignation, he was close to the lady when she stepped out to the sidewalk, and as the wind blew open her shawl he dicovered just such a pin as had been described. He thought he would not have noticed the pin, had it not been for its peculiar conformation.

Zopher was too excited to keep his seat, and he stood drinking in every word the brother uttered as though they fell from angel lips. Obtaining permission he sought the brother's side and besought him to go with him to the house at once, not only on account of his impatience, but because after the lodge closed might be too late; she might be removed to some other point where it would be impossible to trace her out. Of course he could not refuse, and taking with them a police officer they repaired to the house.

To their inquiries the lady of the house replied that there had been such a couple there; that they arrived on the night in question, representing themselves to be husband and wife, and wishing lodging for the night; that believing them, from their appearance, respectable people she had kept them, but that they had departed on the following morning saying that they were going to Leavenworth, Kansas.

Of course this story was not believed by the party for a moment, hence Zopher inquired whether they might visit the room they had occupied. She answered:

"I see, gentlemen, that you do not believe what I have told you. Well, you are not to blame for that, there is a great deal of lying in this world; yes, I am ready to gratify you in any reasonable request. I will show you up to the room, still it is not necessary that more than one should go unless you insist upon it."

"I prefer that my friend here, at least, should accompany me," said Zopher, which request was acceded to.

They repaired to the room, which they found unoccupied; but Zopher felt that they were being sold. Searching the room until satisfied that those whom he sought were not there, he began with a

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heavy heart to retrace his steps. When passing the door of another room Zopher imagined he heard a stifled sob. He listened a moment and heard it again. While he had halted, his friend, who was in advance of him, had passed on, following the woman who led the way until they were some distance before him. He called his friend to return, which attracted the attention of the woman and she returned also.

"Have you any objection to our seeing who occupies this room?" inquired Zopher.

"Only on one account, gentlemen," replied the woman. "That room contains a brother of mine who is raving crazy. No one can visit him in safety except myself. The sight of a stranger renders him entirely uncontrollable for several days. So you see what gratification of your curiosity will cost me, and even this conversation within his hearing will have its effect on him. I pray you to come away."

Zopher traced in the countenance of this woman such evidence of uneasiness as rendered it morally certain to him that he had discovered the place of Charleyette's concealment.

"Could I know your story true," said he, "no one would hasten from this door more eagerly than I, but knowing my anxiety, you must pardon my incredulity. I could not forgive myself for leaving this room unsearched without positive evidence that would warrant me in searching elsewhere, or that your story is true."

"I can prove my statement by every occupant of this house," said the woman. "Besides I have been accommodating and anxious to assist you, and it is ungenerous for you to insist upon this and I can not submit to it."

"Will you have the goodness," said Zopher to his friend, "to call up the officer; we must see the inside of this room."

The officer was accordingly called without more opposition from the woman, but here a new difficulty met our adventurer: The officer had no authority to force the door without a search warrant, and indeed, after a few words consultation with the woman, he seemed to have no disposition to do it.

"Remain here," said Zopher, "and watch this door, and I will hasten and get a search warrant, and my friend, here, will bear you company until my return."

"The lady you seek is not in that room," said the officer, "if she was I would cheerfully wait, but I have other duties and can not idle away time."

Zopher drew the officer aside and said: "See here, I am so confident that the object of my search is confined in there that I will give you one hundred dollars if you will remain and faithfully watch that door until I can obtain a search warrant."

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"What evidence have I of that?" said the officer.

"This!" answered Zopher, as he put two fifty dollar notes in his hand

"Well, she may be in there," carefully repeated the officer, "at any rate we will remain and see."

Zopher soon found the necessary officer and returned with his warrant which he placed in the officers hand. Seeing, then, that he was determined to force an entrance, the woman unlocked the door, and pronouncing them a "heartless set," hastened down stairs.

They entered the room only to find it without an occupant. Each looked at both the others in blank astonishment. They all not only expected to find an occupant but *the* occupant. But while they looked they all heard a suppressed moan.

"Oh," said Zopher, "she is not far off yet," and stepping to the partition he called the name of her he sought.

"Pray who are you?" came from the other side of the partition in familiar but timid accents.

"I am Zopher McLane," answered our hero with an almost choked utterance. "Where are you, and how can we find you?"

"Oh, Zopher! It is you; now I recognize your voice," came joyously from the other side of the partition. "Here, here is the door," and accompanying the words were heard gentle raps on the boards.

Just then a man appeared, sent up by the woman, who readily opened the door, when in rushed Zopher to find indeed his lovely Charleyette, leaning for support on the stand at the side of her bed, as beautiful as ever, only that she was as pale as the linen that encased the pillows. Zopher held out both hands to her in the gladness of his heart that he had found her.

She eagerly seized them saying, "Oh, Zopher, can you forgive me?" as she threw her head on his shoulder in a fit of passionate weeping.

"Forgive you?" responded the noble hearted man, as he too gave vent to emotions. "Most surely I do, and with all my heart! Do I not know that you have been deceived?"

"Deceived, oh, so cruelly deceived," sobbed the girl, "but yet as pure as when last I saw you. Oh, you came just in time to save me, I thought it was he when I heard you."

"We have time for no more of this now," interrupted Zopher, "let us get out of this foul place."

To reach the street and find safe quarters in a good hotel was the work of but a few moments, while the officer remained at the door to arrest the amiable Philip when he should come. How faithfully he discharged that duty can be attested by a certain individual by the name of Philip Madden, now serving his time in the prison of Missouri, for abducting and attempting the seduction of one Charleyette Moyer, of the village of Lovegood.

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Zopher yet had time to reach the depot in time for the train on which James Moyer was expected. He came and was conducted to the hotel where his daugther was quartered. After such a meeting as under the circumstances might be expected, full explanations followed and full pardon was granted.

Then said Charleyette, in the presence of her father [illegible]a, Zopher, I am so unworthy of you, but I am not ashamed [illegible]nfess that I love you passionately. You already have m[illegible] and here is my poor hand whenever it shall please you to cl[illegible]it."

And when Zopher had pressed it to his lips and held it while he related the whole particulars of her discovery and rescue, she arose and threw her arms around her father's neck in a delirium of joy, as she learned that it was the birthday present alone, the peculiar bosom-pin, which led to her discovery and recovery.

The first train in the morning bore the trio toward their home, where Charleyette was beloved as dearly as before, when full explanations of her conduct had been given.

And poor Seth Madden was almost heart-broken that he had been an unwitting party to such an infamous transaction, but Charleyette would not have been herself had she refused plenary pardon.

In due course of time there was another party at James Moyer's and it was again in honor of an event in the life of Charleyette; that event consisted of her becoming Mrs. Zopher McLane.

THE BULL OF POPE CLEMENT XII.

The Bull of Pope Clement XII., published April 28, 1783, the first forbidding and condemning Freemasonry, assigned five principal reasons for so doing: 1. That men of any religion or sect are admitted into the society, "which is sufficient evidence of the great prejudice and ruin it may cause to the purity of the Catholic religion." 2. Its impenetrable secrecy. 3. Its oath of secrecy, which is claimed to excuse them from confessing. 4. That these societies are contrary to the civil as well as the canon law. 5. "Because by the Roman law all colleges and societies established without the public authority are prohibited, as may be seen in Book xlvii. of the Pandects, title 22, *de collegiis ac corporibus illicitis*, and the celebrated letter of Caius Plinius Cœcilius the Second, the 97th of Book x."

As Ill. Bro Pike says, "We shall see in time what will come of the contest between Torture and Toleration, Infallibility and Reason, Manhood and the servility of the Intellect."

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HOME DEPARTMENT.

For the Mystic Star.

KATY KILMORE, OR THE MARKET GIRL.

BY REV. L. A. ALFORD, D. D.

Mrs. Murray shrieked out in the wildest despair, "Don't take her off, don't take her off!" but the hardened wretch had thus far succeeded in his base design, and his ears were callous to mercy's cry. And Katy Kilmore found herself in the power of this monster who loved the reward of iniquity more than the safety and happiness of the innocent little captive.

In a moment they were in front of Mrs. Blair's, and leaping into the covered sleigh that was in waiting for them Mr. Orrison, with the half frantic Katy in his arms, together with Mrs. Blair became the anxious passengers.

"All ready, Mr. Driver!" shouted Orrison. "Let them slide!" and sure enough the racers sped over the ground like birds, and were soon beyond the hum of the busy city.

Katy now found herself between Mrs. Blair and Mr. Orrison, with a heart so crushed that not a moan or tear could find vent. She had opened her eyes upon freedom only to see the chains of bondage more securely coiled around her neck. She dared not ask a question relative to their journey, or for what reason she had been the object of their fear and their hate, of intrigue and deception.

At times a tear would course down her cheek, or she would exert herself to suppress a sob, but sympathy she could not expect, and hope had fled. She thought of the deadly weapon she saw in Orrison's hand when she left Col. Murray's, and she dared not speak. Mrs. Blair she knew to be a cruel tyrant, but the stranger seemed almost a demon, and she knew not to what future suffering she was rapidly hastening.

It was now dark, and not a word had been spoken, nor a stop made, for the horses were urged furiously on, as the repeated crack of the whip indicated above the noise of the squeaking snow. Mr. Orrison placed Katy in front of them and entered into a conversation in an undertone with Mrs. Blair, who mentioned New York, which name Katy distinctly heard uttered several times, but the connection she

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did not understand, still she learned enough to know that she was to be taken to some far off city, where she could never see her dear uncle or Mrs. Murray. Sometime after dark Mrs. Blair took hold of Katy's shoulder and asked:

"Katy, are you asleep?"

"No, ma'am," answered the little captive.

"Are you cold?"

"No, ma'am."

"If you are tell me."

"I aint."

"We are going to stop a little ways ahead and I don't want any of your sniveling and crying, and if anybody asks you whose child you are you must tell them you are mine; do you hear?"

"Uncle Murray says you are no relation of mine at all, and if he lives to get home you'll suffer for the way you have treated me."

"Murray," remarked Mrs. Blair, with the utmost contempt: "old Murray! He's a miserable vagabond; he stole you from me and would have treated you worse than a slave if I had not got you away from him."

"You told him I might go with him, and he's my uncle."

"So am I your uncle, just as much; he only told you that to get you into his clutches, Mr. Orrison, here, is your true friend, he went and took you away from them."

"No person can be my friend who carries pistols and threatens to kill folks."

"You are mistaken — quite mistaken; Mr. Orrison is your best friend, and I shall leave you in his care after we stop, and I want you to do just as he tells you, and be a good little girl."

"O dear, oh dear!" cried the little sufferer, "must I be given up into his hands?"

"No crying about it, now I tell you," sternly remarked Mr. Orrison. "I'll treat you very nice, if you'll stop that sniveling, but if you don't — "

"Stop, Mr. Orrison, you are taking a wrong course; she is a little girl and you must indulge her a little. I could not think of your using any violent measures with her. Coax her, but don't threaten."

"Just as you say, Mrs. Blair; it may be that I have taken a drop too much, and didn't hit your notion that time; but I got her away from Murray, you see."

"I want you to treat her well; there's no use shedding innocent blood."

"No, indeed, Mrs. Blair, I don't kill nobody."

"Won't you let me go back and see my uncle?" asked Katy.

"Indeed not, you will never see that old codger again."

Katy dared to think differently, for she knew Col. Murray would

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ransack the earth over to find her, and that he had the disposition and means to do it, but this she dared not utter.

"Where are you going to take me, then?"

"Where you can enjoy your freedom, and no vile wretch like old Murray come and steal you away," remarked Mrs. Blair.

"I wish I wasn't with any worse folks than uncle Murray's."

"You must not be saucy."

"It aint saucy to tell the truth, is it?"

"You won't gain nothing," remarked Orrison, whose breath was as noxious as his grammar, "you won't gain nothing by your sneers at me."

At this moment the sleigh drew up to a large building, and Mr. Orrison and lady with the little captive girl were shown into the warm parlor of a magnificent hotel. It was late in the evening, so the landlord and waiters were in readiness to receive guests, and when Mrs. Blair made her appearance among the other guests, dressed in her richest, ah, what attention!

"Stand aside, gentlemen — let this dear lady to the fire — nearly frozen — ah, blessed little child, come right here — nearly frozen, aint you?" and so the waiter kept on till nearly all had left the parlor to the new visitors.

They were soon seated around a loaded table and Katy shared the peculiar attention that little girls of rich parentage are wont to enjoy, for all supposed that this must be a family group.

As soon as supper was ended, Mrs. Blair commenced to adjust the apparel of little Katy but made no preparation for herself for the cold, or for a farther journey at all. Orrison, too was in readiness before the whole truth burst upon the mind of the little captive; and when it did she burst into tears, crying,

"You won't leave me, Mrs. Blair, will you?"

"Hush! don't you know what I told you. You must go right along, I'll come in a few days."

"Why not go now?"

"O, I can't; I have some business to transact that requires my immediate attention."

"Then let me go with you, I don't want to go with that Orrison."

"Hush, you can go with pa just as well as not," remarked Mrs. Blair, turning toward the listeners.

"Orrison my pa? So is Satan just as much!"

At this moment Orrison came in and took up the little girl and carried her out to the sleigh, remarking as he did so: "Don't cry, little dear, ma will come along pretty soon; don't cry!"

In a moment the chargers were prancing over the hills and dales on their last ten mile heat at railroad speed. Katy felt more forlorn than ever now, being alone, for she thought that there was a kind of sympathy in Mrs. Blair's heart totally unknown to Orrison. She fully

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realized that there could be no tenderness or compassion in a heart so base and false to all the generous impulses of manhood.

At times Katy came to the point of leaping from the sleigh into the dreary snow-bank, but whenever she attempted anything of the kind Orrison would seize her by the arm and order her to be quiet. It was not long till the vehicle drew up before a large building, brilliantly illuminated, and Mr. Orrison took up the little captive and carried her into a large room; one glance and Katy realized herself at a railroad passenger house, and her utter loneliness found vent only in stifled sobs. She knew Orrison as a whiskey bloat, as an agent, as a kidnapper, and now she knew him as the only man she knew and whom of all others she thought least. She hated, loathed and despised him from her inmost soul; still she must go where he went and submit to be governed by him no matter what he might order her to do, and endure all the cruelties he might inflict.

But, hark! the very earth trembles as though its solid foundations were about to be displaced, and shrill scream pierces the evening air. The tempest is over, the train has arrived. It stops only a moment or two and speeds madly on, bearing the conqueror and the conquered, the captor and captive to some point of destination, who knows where?

CHAPTER VIII.

We will now leave them and return to the afflicted family of Col. Murray. As the cutter and agent turned the corner of the street bearing off the little orphan, Mrs. Murrray shouted:

"She must be found instantly! Call the police quick, quick!"

The children needed no urging in this matter, they nearly flew from house to house till quite a number had collected to learn the strange story of the kidnapped captive. All wondered and expressed great surprise and sympathy as Mrs. Murray related the facts in the case. A legal adviser was called and a warrant placed in the hands of the sheriff to apprehend the kidnapper if his whereabouts could be ascertained. All that was of avail in ferreting out the wretch, was the fact of the cutter, the man and the girl, but where from, whither gone were the things necessary to learn. All the public houses in the city were visited in vain. Not much stir had occurred in the city on account of the inclement weather; every vehicle had been driven fast, for it was indeed too cold to take pleasure even behind the gingling bells or prancing horses.

It was now thought best to issue a warrant for the arrest of Mrs. Blair, and retain her until Col Murray's return. Accordingly the warrant was placed in the officers's hands to arrest forthwith Mrs. Blair and bring her (and one Katy Kilmore, if she could be found) before the court. After considerable search the residence of Mrs. Blair was

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ascertained, but no answer to the call nor the least sign of an inmate appeared. An entrance must be had and the door was forcibly opened, but the house was tenantless — Mrs. Blair had gone. A messenger was dispatched to Mrs. Murray to learn of anything in the possession of Mrs. Blair that might be of service in showing her corruption and treachery in retaining the little orphan; and on search Katy's little rosewood box was found and conveyed to Mrs. Murray, which she carefully opened and found it to contain no gold or bank bills, but several daguerreotypes. The first were the likenesses of two aged people that Mrs. Murray had no recollection of ever seeing. The second was that of Joseph Murray and a beautiful woman by his side which Mrs. Murray believed to be Katy's mother, whom she had never seen; and the third was Katy herself, but much younger, only a little girl three or four years old.

But this was only confirmatory evidence. Katy had been stolen, and Mrs. Blair undoubtedly knew it, and was in some manner accessory to it, and neither she nor Katy could be found. So the night passed away. During the following day a gentleman chanced to mention the affair at Mr. Rostien's butcher shop, or meat-market.

"Quite a singular affair, that, at Col. Murray's?"

"Ah! what is it?"

"Well, I do not know all the particulars. It appears that Mr. Murray found, in the possession of Mrs. Blair, a little girl in a suffering condition, and most shamefully abused."

"That's a fact; I am knowing to that myself," interrupted Mr. Rostien.

"Ah, you are? Well, in bringing home the little girl he learned to his surprise and joy that she was really his brother's child."

"You don't say?"

"It's true, I suppose."

"I must go right over and rejoice with them, then. I think everything of Col. Murray."

"But you have not heard the whole story, Mr. Rostien. Mr. Murray's brother and his wife both died of cholera, among strangers, and left that little girl in Mrs. Blair's possession."

"I wonder if that's so? Katy Kilmore Col. Murray's niece; good, good!"

"But stop; Mr. Murray has gone to collect testimony against Mrs. Blair, and in his absence a man professing to be an agent for the American Tract Society, came to his house and forcibly took away the little girl."

"Impossible!" remarked Mr. Rostien, throwing his great knife down upon the block. "It can not be so!"

"Oh, sir, it is too true; and Mrs. Murray is almost crazy over it."

"I must go over immediately."

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"The officers have been on the alert all the past night, but can ascertain nothing yet, either of Mrs. Blair or Katy.

"Have they been to Mrs. Blair's?"

"O yes, the house has been searched, and everything done that can be, but without avail."

"Who did you say forcibly took Katy away from Col. Murray's?"

"That is the question, no one knows him."

"There, I can throw some light on that subject, and I'll go right over to Col. Murray's."

"This is Mr. Rostien, Mrs. Murray," remarked the gentleman before alluded to, as he introduced him to the lady.

"There was a sneaking acting fellow at my shop the other day, making sundry inquiries about that little girl, and I told him that Mr. Murray had gone to look after her welfare. He professed to be well acquainted with Col. Murray, but inquired very particularly as to the street and number of his residence."

"That may be the very villian," interrupted Julia.

"I'll venture anything it is the same fellow, for he said the object of his visit was to purchase a large quantity of steak, and when I told him where Col. Murray lived he forgot his errand, and left without purchasing."

"Do you know his name?" inquired Mrs. Murray.

"I can find out, ma'am, in a few minutes, for I chalked it down in my shop a few minutes after he left."

He soon returned with the name of Orrison. Search was made in reference to Orrison, but nothing definite could be learned. He had gone several days before to the East on a visit, and was not expected back for some time. This was all his clerk knew about it, and so the matter rested.

CHAPTER IX.

It will be remembered by the attentive reader that Col. Murray had left the city in search of evidence to criminate Mrs. Blair, that he had obtained the necessary testimony and was on his return when the train had been intercepted in its rapid flight by a snow drift, that they were within a few miles of the station when this singular detention occurred. The conductor had very courteously provided the passengers with conveyance to the station and became responsible for the expense during the stay, but the weather continued extremely cold and the efforts to release the engine, or to advance with the train, only ended in vexation and disappointment. Other trains due had been detained by similar hindrances, and for two days no trains had passed over the road, and everybody knows that two days are like years when waiting at a railroad station.

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Mr. Murray felt sometimes vexed at the detention, but the beautiful couplet

"Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face,"

greatly comforted him. No one could be more anxious to see the family group, and Katy in particular than Col. Murray, and these days to him were indeed long days. Sometime she would leave the hotel and go to the passenger house, and after looking long and listening with the greatest acuteness for the rumbling train, would turn away in utter despair.

Early in the morning they heard the shrill whistle of an approaching train. In a moment every passenger was on his feet, and, notwithstanding they all knew the approaching train was from the opposite direction, all hurried to the station to see the crowd. Mr. Murray was one of the number. After the bustle had a little subsided and the conductor had informed the passengers that the train would not leave till the opposite bound train, then froze up in the snow, had been brought in, and the weary passengers had hurried off for rest and refreshment, Col. Murray concluded to pass through the train and see if any one could give him any news from home. He had not proceeded far when his attention was arrested by a familiar voice — it was that of Katy Kilmore:

"Oh, uncle Murray, uncle Murray, save me!" shouted the little captive, throwing her imploring arms around his neck.

Col. Murray could hardly believe his eyes and ears when Katy called him to save her. But it was indeed Katy Kilmore — her for whom he had suffered so much anxiety — her for whom he was now absent from home.

"O, Katy! How came you on this train?"

"They stole me, Uncle; Orrison, that wretch that has just gone out, and Mrs. Blair, they took me away from aunt Murray."

"Is Orrison here now!" asked Col Murray.

"He has just gone out. He is armed, uncle, he drew a pistol on aunt when he took me by force away."

"Ah, I'll take care of him."

Col. Murray could find a brother as well in daytime as in the dark, as well away from home as at home, and soon he had a trusty sentinel to watch over Katy while he sought an officer to forthwith arrest Orrison. Orrison, during this time, had been regaling himself in a saloon and had become quite happy, for Mrs. Blair gave him a couple of hundred dollars to bear his expenses and he had a desire to lessen the pile. The officer in whose hands the warrant had been placed had been informed that Orrison carried deadly weapons, and had governed himself accordingly. As Col. Murray did not know the kidnapper it

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became necessary to look through the saloon for one bearing Katy's description, and soon they found their man. Mr. Orrison, stepping up to the bar, remarked:

"I say, mister, I keep a saloon myself when at home, and when away I always patronize the trade. I want a little O-be-joyful!"

He swallowed the accursed potation, and had just turned around, when a stranger accosted him:

"I believe, sir, your name is Orrison?"

"Well, yes, they call me that in the city, ha ha ha!"

"You have a little girl on the train in your care, I believe?"

"What business is that to you, sir?"

"You are my prisoner. I arrest you as the kidnapper of that little girl," said the officer.

Orrison attempted to make some resistance, but he soon saw that his life was in jeopardy if he did so, and being a great coward he thought prudence the better part of valor.

Katy was brought before the court and testified to her forcible seizure, and Orrison was placed under the care of a suitable officer to await the train to be conveyed where the offence was committed. Katy cried a little when she saw Orrison placed in "durance vile," but he deserved it, and she only thanked the great God who caree for her, and who had heard her prayers.

The snow-bound engine was soon down to the station and the frozen steam chest tnrown out, and soon the train was in motion. One long, shrill whistle told the villagers and passengers that the time to proceed had arrived, and none were more joyful than Col. Murray and his little niece. Col. Murray could not but thank God that he had been detained, and blamed and censured himself for so foolishly murmuring against a kind providence. He had now the wretch who for gain and gold bartered his manhood and sold himself for crime and its rewards. He also was in possession of the child so recently rescued from the cruelty of an aristocrat, and the only legal heiress of his brother's estate.

But the train has at length arrived at its destination, and Col. Murray and Katy are in the omnibus and have now arrived at Col. Murray's. We will not attempt so unreasonable a task rs to paint the feelings of Mrs. Murray as the coach drew up before the mansion, for she had a tale of woe to tell him, enough to break the strongest heart. She knew not that Katy had been found, or that Mr. Murray knew of her having been kidnapped. With streaming eyes herself and children awaited his entrance; when lo, to their joy he bore Katy in his arms. Had she been an angel just from the realms of glory, they could not have been in greater surprise or joy. Each had a long story to tell; each had passed through a similar ordeal of trial. Mrs. Murray and the family had scarcely ate or slept since Katy's arrest; Katy, too, had had her troubles, and so had Col. Murray, but it was

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now over, Katy was at her uncle's, and Orrison in jail.

Mr. and Mrs. Murray and Katy went down to the jail to see the gentleman and to ask him how he succeeded in his Tract Agency, and if he still loved the poor orphan on account of his own orphanage. Katy thought it was a gloomy place for a man to stay who had little girls at home as Orrison had, and wondered if they would not cry when they saw him there. Orrison could not endure the reference to his own children, and wept like a wild man as the arrow pierced his soul, and so he awaited his day of trial.

By the arrest of Orrison Mrs. Blair was cut off from all knowledge of him or Katy and she now fancied that this vile wretch, whom she had hired to carry out her base designs, had destroyed the life of the little Katy and dared not let her know it, and if so she herself was Katy's murderer. This thought haunted her soul night and day; she saw Katy's mangled body in her dreams, and heard her imploring cry when asleep. To live such a life as this was worse than death. She endured it a few weeks and then resolved to return and give herself up to the demands of justice and law. It was a long, hard struggle, but, worn out with remorse, she thought this her only remedy, and she had rather die than to live in such agony. Leaving the great city, she found herself making rapid flight to the scenes she had left; to prison or to death, she hardly knew which, the rapid train was urging her along. Arriving at the terminus, she ordered the coachman to take her direct to Col. Murray's.

Col. Murray and family were enjoying a pleasant chat in the parlor when a carriage halted at the door, and a fashionable lady was helped out of the coach and the carriage passed on. The lady looked friendless, emaciated and sorrowful, as she drew the bell at the door. A light trip was heard, and who should meet but Mrs. Blair and Katy Kilmore.

"Dear Katy, are you alive, and will you forgive me? Can I be forgiven?" cried Mrs. Blair, falling on her knees at Katy's feet.

"Don't feel so bad, Mrs. Blair; I can forgive you.

"Can I be forgiven? I have mentally suffered everything but death on accouns of my treatment to you. I saw I could not live unless I came and confessed my awful wickedness. Can I be forgiven?"

"O yes, Mrs. Blair, I remember how kind you were to my dear parents; you took them in when no other would. Yes, I can freely forgive you."

"Will you?" continued Mrs. Blair, looking Katy in the face.

"Forgive you? Yes, with my whole heart," and stepping forward, threw her arms around Mrs. Blair's neck and kissed her tenderly.

"Now I am satisfied," remarked Mrs. Blair. "I have received pardon of the dear little angel, I am willing to go to prison and to death," and she kissed Katy's hand with a shower of kisses.

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Seeing Mr. and Mrs. Murray she continued, "I greatly wronged you through this little girl, and I can not hope to be forgiven, but I think I can make amends to Katy, both in a moral and financial point, but to you I can not make amends."

"Ah, Mrs. Blair, your transgressions against me are no greater than mine against my God, and I trust in his forgiveness, and surely I can forgive you."

And so the Scriptures were verified: "Whoso confesseth and forsaketh his sins shall find mercy."

Mrs. Blair was indeed forgiven. All the funds in her possession were handed over in trust to Col. Murray. The nice residence on Lake street was now worth ten times its cost and Mrs. Blair cheerfully gave it all back to Katy Kilmore.

The court decided that Orrison must suffer confinement one year for his speculation, and that ended all suit at law.

Katy Kilmore desired her uncle to let Mrs. Blair occupy the house she had purchased as long as she lived, and there were none more happy in visiting together than Katy Kilmore and Mrs. Blair; for in Mrs. Blair's life there had been a positive reformation and the heartfelt forgiveness of the offender cements in indisoluble ties the offended. So let us forgive that we may be forgiven.

AN OLD MANUSCRIPT.

In Upsala, in Sweden, there is a curious and renowned old manuscript, commonly known as the Silver Handwriting. It is a translation of the Bible into the original Gothic, and the best authorities claim that it was written towards the end of the fifth or commencement of the sixth century. It was discovered in the sixteenth century at Verden, on the Rihr, and its authenticity was at once established. It was taken to Prague, but the Swedes took it away in 1648, and carried it to Stockholm; thence it was taken into Holland, and was bought back again for Sweden by the Chancellor de la Gardie for four hundred dollars. He had it magnificently bound in a solid silver cover, and in 1669 presented it to the University of Upsala. It is written in silver on crimson parchment. The headings and a few principal passages are in gold. It is rich in Byxantine tracery of symbolic devices. It numbers three hundred and thirty leaves, with twenty lines to each page. Only two punctuations marks are used throughout — the period and colon.

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EDITORIAL.

For the Mystic Star.

ANTI-MASONRY AND ANTI-CHRIST IDENTICAL.

BY M. W. ALFRED, A. M., M. D.

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CHAPTER VI.— THE BONUS AWARDED TO ACKNOWLEDGE TRAITORS AND PERJURERS BY THE ANTI-MASONIC BROTHERHOOD.

The identity of a tree, a man, or a community of men consists not in the name by which they may be designated, or choose to be known.

We have seen a salix more than two feet over, which a gentleman used as a riding whip through the day, and at night set it in the ground where it now grows. It differs in appearance from the little shoot stuck in the ground long ago.

So the identity of a man may be traced back to early childhood, and shown to be the identical person he was in the days long gone by. Or a corporation of any number of individuals may thus be identified.

Men claim that the church of to-day is that which was founded by the Apostles, eighteen hundred years since, and that Freemasonry is identical with what it was long years ago.

The identity of the tree alluded to, is in its life, or spirit of vegetation, (I know no better name.) The identity of a man consists in his spiritual nature, which all the mutations of the body can never change. The body changes in size, strength and figure, but the identity is in his mind, spirit, or soul.

We care not in this investigation what name the illiberal, persecuting Anti-Masons may assume, the spirit is that of Anti-Christ.

The Scriptures apply the title Anti-Christ to that religious, or politico-religious combination which assumes the name of "Christian Church," and where Infallibility, (?) Head, and subordinate Nuncios profess to hold the keys of the kingdom of heaven in their inexorable clutches, and excommunicate all Protestants and Freemasons from the church and consign them to a like interminable perdition.

The spirit which animates the Scriptural Anti-Christ is identical with Anti-Masonry. "By their fruits ye shall know them." And we add, we know them by their fruit, leaves, and *bark*.

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Could Anti-Christ decide by lot who should fill St. Peters Apostolic chair in heaven, methinks some of our American anties might chance to oust Pope Pio. Their right if not paramount to his, would at least be equal.

The identity of these parties is still further demonstrated from the following consideration: The Anti-Christians made use of the revelations of the seceding Christians, or Christian traitors, as a pretext for their persecutions and brutal murder.

"There were many who pretended to confess, or relate the ceremonies of this abhorred society. It was asserted that a new-born infant, entirely covered over with flour was presented, like some mystic symbol of initiation to the knife of the proselyte, who unknowingly, inflicted many a secret and mortal wound, on the innocent victim of his error. That as soon as the cruel deed was perpetuated, the secretaries drank up the blood, greedily tore asunder the quivering membranes and pledged themselves to eternal secrecy by a mutual consciousness of guilt." (Mosheim Eccle. Hist. Vol. 1, p 101.)

Against such accusations made by this army of seceders, Blandina, while her body was rendered by the tortures she endured, a mass of mangled flesh, exclaimed: "I am a Christian, and no evil is committed among us." This was insufficient to abate the malice of the persecutors. In a like extremity Biblias, a female martyr of the second century, with her dying breath inquired: "How can we eat infants — we, to whom it is unlawful to eat the blood of beasts?" (Milner's Christian History, p. 121.

Thus were the primitive Christians charged by seceding Christians with murder and canibalism of the most barbarous kind, and the drinking of human blood, and of pledges of "eternal secrecy" of guilt. But for the good of mankind these seceders made a nullity of this "pledge," and let the world know the hidden wickedness of Christianity!

"And Judas Iscariot, one of the twelve, went unto the Chief Priests to betray him unto them. And when they heard it they were glad, and promised to give him money. And he sought how he might conveniently betray him." (St. Mark xiv.)

Judas seceded and how glad the enemies of Christianity were and promised a bonus. He who betrays others is a traitor. Some men love traitors almost to adoration. What a pow-wow these anti-Christians made over the disclosures of "Br. Judas," the "Rev. Mr. Judas," "St. Judas the Apostle." What were the revelations of this reverend seceding traitor? Probably that Jesus and eleven unarmed and unpaid fishermen were about to overthrow the Roman Empire. And this came from one of the twelve who knew all about the matter and had taken all the degrees — an apostle. He felt it his duty to violate his pledge of secrecy. The poor execrable traitor!

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This seceding apostle who so conscientiously turned traitor to Jesus and his little band received thirty pieces of silver from the anties for this magnanimous act. They were glad when the traitor proposed to sell Christ and his cause. They had conspired against his life sometime previously. Christ had many enemies because he went about doing good without the pomp of the Pharisees and trumpet of the hypocrite to announce his acts of charity. He did not teach his disciples to spend more alms in publishing their charities in the missionary magazine than they gave to the poor, benighted heathen. These priests who loved Judas so affectionately were rigidly righteous at this time. They prayed till nearly exhausted and fasted till quite thin. Full of religion, brim full! but they loved a perjured traitor better than Christianity, and one who betrayed the innocent Redeemer better than Christ. They were never glad when they heard that Jesus had fed the hungry and proclaimed good tidings to the poor and restored peace to the troubled breasts.

These things were painful to them. But the proposition of the Reverend Judas Iscariot to act the traitor and betray Jesus of Nazareth into their hypocritical hands inspired the greatest joy. They were glad. They should have been ashamed and abashed that human nature could be so depraved as to make this perfidious proposition. Notwithstanding the pomp of their religious ceremonies and the breadth of their phylacteries and their austere piety these very priests had murder in their hearts.

"Then assembled together the chief priests and the scribes and the elders of the people and consulted that they might take Jesus by subtlety and kill him." (Matthew.) Their religion rendered their consciences so elastic that they could, in a national convention, decide on strategy as the best pretext for the murder of an innocent man. They had doubtless felt of the Rev. J. Iscariot and found him ready to divulge the Christian's secrets — a traitor to his brethren and his Savior.

We now are favored with several accessions to the apostolic line — the line of the apostle J. Iscariot.

The anti papers abound with notices like the following: "Elder Bedott, and Professor Penneywinkle, who have taken seventeen degrees of Masonry, will occupy the desk of Charity church next Sabbath, and divulge the secrets of the Masonic Institution."

This demonstrates Apostolic succession through the line of St. Judas Iscariot; but the present incumbents are so void of that manliness which he possessed that they cannot induce themselves to finish their career on a tight rope as he has done before them. The chargin, the untold remorse of Judas, who "betrayed innocent blood," so tortured him that he preferred an inglorious death to a life of mental anguish.

Behold how the successors of this Apostolic traitor have degenerated!

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In the absence of all moral sensibility, they without shame, make public boasts of their treachery, falsehood and perjury, with which they claim their souls are stained.

In the preface to the "Light on Masonry," the Rev. author says: "Am I justifiable in pursuing this course? Will the Law of God approve the violation of such solemn oaths? If the Institution is corrupt, has an evil tendency, is opposed to the order and well-being of society, and the glory of God, I am under a moral obligation to break my oaths," etc. By what a lying subterfuge has he attempted to prove that he is under moral obligations to commit perjury? "If, O yes, *if* ministers publicly avow, that perjury is a moral duty, which they owe to God, God pity their flocks."

"Lord who shall abide in thy Tabernacle, who shall dwell in thy Holy Hill? He that walketh uprightly and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the *truth* in his heart. He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbor, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor, in whose eyes a vile person is condemned, but he knoweth them that fear the Lord, *he that sweareth to his own hurt and changes not.* He that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent. *He that doeth these things shall never be moved.* (Ps. xv.) He who seeks to destroy the sacredness of an oath, and teaches that perjury is a virtue, strikes at truth and justice, and hurls himself against the ubiquitous Throne on which Jehovah sits.

He who betrays another is a traitor. These perjury advocating divines profess to out-judas Judas himself. In as much as he betrayed only one person, when they have professedly betrayed many thousands!

"Perjury is a sin of great deliberation. The person has the thought of God and religion on his mind at the time, at least there are very few who can shake them off entirely. His offence implies a disbelief or contempt of God's knowledge, power and justice, which cannot be said of a lie, where there is nothing to carry the mind to any reflection on the deity or the divine attributes. (Paley's Moral Philos.)

It is not in the heart of an upright, honorable man to respect the conduct of a traitor.

Though Benedict Arnold had great cause of dissatisfaction at the manner in which he was treated by his revolutionary compeers, yet his dark, base act of treachery forever tarnishes his name. Even those to whom he betrayed his country's cause could not respect him.

According to the statements of Anti-Masons, the present cause of opposition to the institution originated on their part in the vilest treachery, injustice, malignity and perjury imaginable. Their heroic chief commenced an unprovoked attack on a large community of men, for no fault nor crime whatever. He wantonly assailed tried friends, betraying all confidence, and seeking to consign their very names to reproach and infamy.

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With such a leader, such a master spirit, to plan schemes of treachery, what kind of persons should we expect to see rally around his standard? It is vain to claim him or Major Andre as martyrs, or Arnold as a benefactor.

Now that moral code that shouts with the mob, lauds treachery, and vindicates ministers in acts of perjury and falshood, is identical with that which caused the Anti-Christians to shout, "Give us Barrabas," and at the same time said of Christ, "crucify him, it is not fit that he should live."

(*To be continued.*)

THE POWER OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

We do not intend to use our columns in a sectarian manner, to create prejudice against any denomination. We repudiate the discussion of sect and party issues and desire to meet every true brother upon the broad platform of Masonry. We have quite frequently made allusions to the acts of some who try to draw their sectarian cords tight and shut their doors to Masons. Asserting that Masonry is incompatible with religion, and a pure religious life, the Romish Hierarchy have set their standard of purity, like every bigoted party, and have assumed that if any individual belongs to any organization which discards bigotry it must be corrupt and evil. That power is the sworn enemy of every liberal organization, and of every liberal government on earth, and if it forms any allienoes with any other power it must dictate how it shall be, and its type must be moulded after their intolerant spirit. Therefore that power is the secret inveterate enemy of our American government, and the Anti-Masonic movement in this country is playing a game into the hands of the Roman Pontiff to undermine this government, as far as it has any influence.

Masonry helped lay the foundation of this noble Republic, and so far has saved it from falling. Its principles have been brought to bear upon the minds of combatants and the sword and spear have fallen harmless at their feet, and hands of brotherly affection have been grasped, and enmity most effectively killed, while Anti-Masonry has been laying the foundation of discord, rebellion and evil. Where has been the sympathy of the Pope of Rome in all of the struggles of liberal republics? In every effort that has ever been made that power has been arrayed against the establishment of a government in the hands of the people, and as far as our own is concerned, we have a deadly foreign enemy at Rome, dictating to thousands of our citizens how they shall think and act, and that enemy rejoices when it beholds the movements of the Anti-Masons in this country, for it considers it

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an ally to eventually destroy Masonry and then accomplish the downfall of this hated republic.

Talk as much as we may about oaths, there are none more obnoxious than those which are dictated by the priests and communicants of this denomination. We herewith give our readers an oath which is taken by the Bishop of this church before they can be consecrated to their work of life. It looks to the supremacy of the one who assumes to call himself the "*Vicar on the earth of God and peace*," and one who declares himself, like God, "*infallible*." The Bishops and priests of this power at Rome are well educated, and are men who study to impress every mind favorably towards their church who come under its influence, or those who come in contact with any of its branches. They have an earnest purpose at all times in all of their doings and deliberations. That purpose is to eventually seat upon the throne of human government the Pope, this vicegerent of God, and all people bow to him. With the leaders of this church, under the influence of their iron-clad oaths, their object is the aggrandizement of the Pope, and that he is in reality on earth what God is in heaven. And all the means that can be brought to bear, whether fair or foul, to accomplish this end is, in their minds sanctioned by God, from the fact that God's agent here on earth dictates and sanctions it.

To bring this about a secret deadly hatred is cultivated by the spiritual guides of the church towards every government that seeks the welfare of humanity, an enmity is harbored in their breasts towards every organization which does not ackdowledge the same supremacy, consequently the downfall of all free institutions such as churches, schools, universities and parties supported and upheld by the people, is in the programme of this power. Therefore they institute their enmity to Masonry and rejoice to have help in this country among those who claim to love this government, let it be ever so feeble and weak. The Pope is well aware that the few institutions of this republic will stand as long as Masonry flourishes. The deeper the principles of this fraternity sink into the affections of the people the firmer will become the foundation of our government.

The fathers of this republic drew their plans upon the Masonic trestle-board for a nation, which should be the model for all the governments of the world. They endeavored to fit and prepare every rule, law and regulation by the *square*, *level* and *plumb*. And in the erection and completion of this stupendous edifice it was discovered that a block had been prepared to put into the walls that was neither square, level or plumb, and the people by the power invested in them have rejected it. That block was neither ingeniously wrought nor beautifully marked, like the keystone of the arch, which the builders rejected.

Slavery was neither square, level or plumb, it had no fit place in this

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free government, therefore as the American model nation was making rapid progress on its temple that institution has been thrown over among the rubbish. And as Masons we must yet meet the same question. The issue will come, and by the same instruments which are used by us to meet every case and prepare every ashler will decide this. All these grave objections by all our foes and enemies have got to be met; we can not maintain the real jewels of our Masonic fraternity and disregard them. The questions of a broad fraternal brotherhood demand an attentive ear, they will enlist the instructive tongue, and lay claims to a faithful breast. The immutable principles of Masonry that first laid the corner stone are invaluable in this magnificent work, therefore it behooves every true Mason to study well the rules, laws and objects of Masonry.

If free governments, institutions of learning, a free church and a free press are the best for humanity then Masons must put forth an energy worthy of these things. There is no neutral ground for them to occupy when the principles of Masonry are at stake, there is no half-way station for them to obtain refreshments while others who are internally as well qualified to enjoy as themselves. The door should not be closed by edicts, fostered by caprice or whims. Bigotry, intolerance and a sordid righteousness can never find favor with real and genuine Masonry.

The Anti-Masonic movement, whether it comes from the Pope or from Blanchard, Finey & Co., must be watched with eternal vigilance. Not that they can overthrow or do any harm to Masonry, but to watch the government under which we live that they do not take the advantage of the mysteries of some of our Grand East edicts, rules and laws and thereby with our own misdeeds and unmasonic regulations and legislation, bring a stigma upon Masonry and in the same proportion weaken the free institutions of our country.

As the priesthood of the Roman church are bound by solemn oaths to a foreign power, may we not fear that their allies here are bound by similar obligations to destroy Masonry? The Pope knows that if Masonry is destroyed the backbone of the free institutions of this government is broken, therefore he hails with joy and gladness the opposition of Blanchard & Co. The Anti-Masons may have only the overthrow of Masonry in view, and join with the Catholic power to accomplish that objeet, while the Pope looks far beyond and sees that when Masonry is out of the way the real blockade to his victory is raised, and in reality the principal work is done.

The oath of Bishops we publish for the perusal of our readers, and we wish that all Anti-Masons would carefully study its true import. At the consecration service of the new Bishop Borgers, in Detroit, the following oath was taken:

"I, ——, of the church of ——, shall be from this hour henceforth

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obedient to blessed Peter the apostle, and to the holy Roman church, and to the most blessed Father, Pope Pius IX, and to his successors, canonically chosen. I shall *assist* them to retain and *defend* against *any man* whatever, the Roman Popedom, without prejudice to my rank. I shall take care to *preserve, defend* and *promote the rights, honors and privileges of the holy Roman Church*, of the *Pope*, and of his successors, as aforesaid. With my whole strength I shall observe, and *cause to be observed by others*, the *rules of the Holy Fathers*, and *decrees, ordinances*, or *dispositions* and *mandates* of the *Apostolic See*. When called to a synod I shall come, unless I be prevented by a canonical impediment. I shall personally visit the Apostolic See once every ten years, and render an account to our most blessed Father, the Pope, and his successors as aforesaid, of my whole pastoral office and of everything in my way appertaining to the state of my church, to the discipline of the clergy and people, and to the salvation of the souls entrusted to my care, and I shall humbly receive in return the *Apostolic mandates*, and most *diligently execute them*. But if I be prevented by a lawful impediment, I shall perform all the things aforesaid by a certain messenger specially authorized for this purpose, a priest of the diocese, or by some other secular or regular priest of tried virtue and piety, well instructed on all the above subjects. I shall not sell, nor give away, nor mortgage, nor enfeoff anew, nor in any way alienate the possessions belonging to my table without the leave of the Roman Pontiff. And should I proceed to any alienation of them I am willing to contract by the very fact the penalties specified in the constitution published on this subject."

Here we have an oath taken by the high priest of Anti-Masonry, notwithstanding he may have taken the oath of allegiance to this government, who is sworn to *obey, defend* and *observe* all the *mandates* of a foreign power. A power that would destroy our republic and usurp the reins of government at any moment. And to this oath every Anti-Mason subscribes in some degree, and all the help that the Pope and priests can obtain from Anti-Masons to overthrow Masonry is hailed with delight.

We know that there are some who say that there is no danger. To which we reply there is danger, in more ways than one. Our enemies have no scruples of conscience to resort to any means to accomplish their end. They have their secret conclaves to mature plans, and a great fire is sometimes kindled from a small matter. Let Masonry be brought into disrepute, and the people would have no standard around which individuals of all sects and parties could rally, and demand peace, and bring deadly strife to an end. We know the Anti-Masoni say the standard of Christian religion is sufficient. But past experience proves to the contrary. When have we ever heard of an instance where two combatants in war, both belonging to the same Christian

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church, have dropped their deadly weapons and extended a brothers' hand? Their Christian obligations were ignored, and the fight and enmity went on, and cruelty, hatred and revenge settled the contest either one way or the other. But not so, thank God, with Masonry. In the late deadly struggle of this nation we have never heard of a single instance where a Mason violated his duty to a brother in the most trying time of battle. Why was this so? This is the simple solution to the inquiry. Masonry has never yet as a system been engaged in war. It has no issues to settle by the arbiter of deadly weapons. It does not, as an institution of moral ethics, resort to arms to produce friendship. Therefore, under all circumstances of life, a Mason responds to the sign of distress and is subdued by the friendly token. Not so with sect and party. So far in the morals of civilization nearly all sects and parties have entered into the strife of battle, and no religious ties have been sufficient to disarm the enemy. A last petition on the bended knee to the same God that both reverenced, only served to make the hatred more intense in the breast of the one who had gained the mastery.

Now, while this state of things exists is there no danger? We do not apprehend that there is any danger in overthrowing Masonry, but there is always danger of the destruction of some of the noble privileges that we now enjoy under a free government. Those privileges by the enemies of Masonry are being assailed, and intolerance is the rule applied by them to abridge what inherently belongs to every American citizen. As citizens and as Christians we have a right to be Masons, and no sectarian code has the right to dictate to us that we shall not be.

SAVED AND LOST.

As we are closing the last page we have a letter from Bro. C. W. Stevens, secretary Pacific Lodge, Knoxville, Ill., announcing the death of Bro. John A. Grimes S. D. of that lodge, July 15th. Bro. Grimes was born Oct. 10, 1811 in Chambersburg, Pa., where he resided until 1852, when he came to Illinois. He was an honored and worthy member of the Order; prompt and efficient in the discharge of his duties. In his death, Masonry sustains the absence of a true brother, and the bereaved family an affectionate husband and father.

We very much regret that a large number of interesting and timely articles are crowded out of this number.

That man lives, and is in command of himself, who, from day to day can say, *I have lived.*

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THE MYSTIC STAR.

OCTOBER——1870.

RELIGIOUS THOUGHT AND SYMBOLISM OF THE NATIONS.

BY REV. BRO. J. O. M. HEWITT.

Speculative Masonry makes its boast, and justly, that within its bosom are contained the most expressive symbols of thought. It also claims to be "a beautiful system of morality, veiled in allegory, and illustrated by symbols," and yet, while these words are often upon the tongue, and the symbolism itself presents its living picture to the eye, still we find too often that the words lack living force, and the symbolism, handed down through the years of tradition, has become a "dead language" and for lack of an interpreter has failed to convey to the mind its original idea. We often find many who are well versed in the ritual and at the same time, while contending earnestly, like the Knights of the Red and Blue Shield, for a word or a color, making manifest their entire ignorance of the *starting point* in the thought of the nations, and whence the word or the symbol had its origin. Their ritualistic faith has become too much a mere superstitious observance; and a fall from the heights of original conception has come to us when we see, as the poet has aptly expressed it:

> "An enrobed Ceremony lead her bigots forth,
> Prepared to fight for shadows of no worth;
> While Truths, on which eternal things depend,
> Find not, or hardly find, a single friend;
> As soldiers watch the signal of command,
> They learn to bow, to kneel, to stand;
> Happy to fill Thought's vacant place,
> With hollow form, and gesture, and grimace."

But by this I do not mean to pass a sweeping sentence of condemnation upon the mystic brotherhood who have for so many years held a name and place in the records of human society; honorable in association, honorable in the active deeds of charity that have descended like showers of blessing upon the suffering hearts of

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humanity. Indeed I believe that as large a proportion of earnest, thinking men as you will find in any society are to be found among us who would hail with joy any increase of "light" that may be diffused from the symbolism that already charms, though a partial obscurity rests upon its face, like as the rising mist, or the morning cloud half veils the radiant sun as it rises in the East to rule and govern the day.

It is, therefore, with this thought that I have presumed to occupy a space in the MYSTIC STAR, whose steady rays of light have cheered and encouraged, amid the sometimes gathering gloom that comes to every man, alike the entered apprentice, just learning to shape the rough ashler, the Mark Master of the quarries, or the Sir Knight who

"With banner, lance and sword,
Keeps guard o'er tomb of risen Lord."

I am well aware that speculative Masonry claims no domonition in matters of religious faith over its membership, yet at the same time, perhaps all will admit that one of its strongest bonds of living force is to be found in its reverential acknowledgment of religious thought and life; and every thinking Mason who has beheld

"——— That mystic light
Which none but Craftsmen ever saw,"

cannot fail to have impressed upon his mind that a proper observance of the rites and ceremonies of Masonry could only be carried out in such spirit of mind as should actuate true devotion.

The whole universe is full of symbols of thought, and it is this fact that renders science possible for man, and by this means of expressed or mental symbolism we have a basis or starting point in all knowledge. Symbols enable us to present thoughts in such concrete form that others can understand and make them their own. Viewed in this light, symbols become, so to speak, truths chrystalized into imperishable forms with every face glowing with brightness, and we behold this or that truth thus presented in the symbol as living as though we had taken it by the hand and greeted it as a person. The language of man, in the infancy of the race, was necessarily full of symbolism, abounded in figures, and we are frequently surprised as we look into the "root languages," or roots of words to find a familiar face suddenly confronting us where we had thought only to receive a stranger's greeting upon our pilgrim path.

Under the light of the advanced science of the present day, we are enabled to trace backward to the most ancient deposit the very elements and roots of the words that glide so flippantly from our tongues; and like some traveler amid the ruins of cities whose very names are forgotten, we pause and wonder, with feelings of awe

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stealing instinctively over our mind, as the spade or pick, or bar upturns something of the centuries ago that by its associations appeal to the most sacred thought that we had hidden from profane eyes in the *sanctum sanctorum* of our heart.

By thus reaching these elementary words and symbols we are enabled to discover also the primal thoughts of the race;—we come at the beginning of things in the history of man. As a recent writer has well observed, "What lies beyond the beginnings of language, however interesting it may be to the physiologist, does not yet belong to the history of man in the true sense of that word. Man means the thinker, and the first manifestation of thought is speech." But to this I will also add that it is amid the rubbish and ruins of the ancient temples of the race that the most excellent master of the science of language finds the most sacred word that unlocks the secret that we had supposed lost in the grave of the centuries, and we catch a glimpse of that treasure divine deposited in faithful breasts, the original dowry of man; the consciousness, intuition, of the God, the distinction between the evil and the good in life, and a hope of a "standing again," which indeed are, and must be, the foundation or basis of living in all religious belief.

Here, too, we observe that strange "eternity in time" that constantly reproduces itself and yet is never wholly alike, and in these "Religions of the Nations" we see the verification of the poets fancy thus expressed:

> "O, backward looking Son of Time!
> The new is old! the old is new!
> The cycle of a change sublime
> Is sweeping on; is passing through."

And the Craftsman in the school of Masonic charity, as he reads the record of these thoughts of the nations upon the most sublime things in human consciousness, is enabled to understand those words of St. Augustine which have puzzled so oft the brain of the bigot who cared more for his "creed" than for his "Lord of Living," where that old Christian Father has written: "What is now called the Christian religion has existed among the ancients, and was not wholly absent from the beginning of the human race, until the Christus came in flesh; from which time the true religion, which existed already, began to be called Christian."

And the words of Paulos in his Epistle to the Romans have a fresh interest as we read and understand the great truth respecting these nations, "That the knowledge of the God is apparent among them; for the God disclosed it to them; for his invisible things, even his eternal power and Deity, since the creation of the world are clearly seen, being perceived by the things created."

Taking, then, this broad, and yet emphatically Christian view of

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religious beliefs, we are Masonically prepared to examine the "base thoughts," the "foundation stones," in the various temples of faith that have arisen without the sound of the ax, hammer or any tool of iron, being composed of those squared and tried stones that were previously prepared so thoroughly in the quarries of the ever-busy human mind. And as I have before observed, in this examination of religious thoughts and symbolism, we may confidently expect to find treasure rich and rare with which to adorn the Mystic Temple whose principle supports are W. S. and B., and upon whose walls we have wrought with Companions tried, or amid the scenes of ruins we have wandered a Pilgrim, lo! these many years.

In the succeeding numbers of the STAR we shall follow this introduction of our subject by a series of articles upon the Religious Thought and Symbolism of the Nations, commencing with that land of the Orient so rich in the pearls of thought, the home of our Aryan brothers, distant India.

WAUPUN, WIS.

TRUE INTEGRITY, A VITAL PRINCIPLE OF MASONRY.

We republish the letter of Bro. Geo. M. Dallas, in reply to the committee appointed to act as inquisitors, during the reign of Anti-Masonry. It was a sword of flame then, in that period of fanaticism and madness, when men of some parts, that were Masons, quailed, and others threw themselves into the storm of opposition for the purpose of political gain. Their names live only in the history of the time, while his shines brighter every day in the annals of Masonry. Bro. Dallas in his political record was as conscientious in the discharge of his obligations to his country as this letter shows him to have been faithful to the grand teachings and principles of Masonry. It may be time well employed for the handful of public enemies of Masonry — that now hang around the edges of respectable society, and seek notoriety by warfare upon an institution that has for its membership the wisest and best of all nations — to read and reflect upon this manly and honorable defence of, and faithfulness to principle and profession. Geo. M. Dallas, while his name will ever be bright upon the pages of his country's civil history, this letter will graven it imperishably upon the monument of Masonry throughout the world.

"In January, 1836, George M. Dallas was summoned to Harrisburgh, to gratify the political animosity of certain political leaders in that state, by giving testimony regarding the secrets of the Order. He was detained and threatened with imprisonment, but true to himself and his manhood, made to the Committee the following protest, which will forever stand a withering rebuke to the disgraceful actions of that

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disgraceful body that sought to use the power of the state for the accomplishment of their own private ends.

"During this Anti-Masonic agitation and excitement, calling into action religious fanaticism to act in concert with political profligacy and political prostitution, the man who had the courage to stand up in the defence of Masonry, and bear aloft the banner of her undying principles, was a demi-god in comparison with the leaders of that foul persecution, that sought then, as it does now, the ostracism and destruction of all who oppose the interests of a class.—ED.

"GENTLEMEN OF THE COMMITTEE—I am a citizen of Pennsylvania by birth and constant residence. Having imbibed in early youth, I still retain a strong sense of the free spirit of her institutions; and am unconscious of ever having, directly or indirectly, intentionally or inadvertently, committed an act or uttered a sentiment repugnant to her constitutions, inconsistent with her laws, injurious to her morals, or derogatory to her character. My present purpose is to do that which under existing circumstances, best harmonizes with my past life, and with an unabated devotion to her highest, purest and most lasting interests.

"I am a member of the society of Freemasons. It is more than twenty years since I became so. At that period the example of the wisest and truest patriots, of Dr. Franklin, General Washington, of General Warren, of General La Fayette, and of many near and dear friends, were naturally alluring. Public opinion designated the association as alike virtuous, useful, and harmless; and legislation, which never discountenanced the connexion, subsequently and expressly encouraged its continuance by signal marks of approval. In passing through the forms of admission, I voluntarily assumed obligations and duties in themselves perfectly compatible with the paramount obligations and duties of a citizen to his country, and tributary to the pursuits of enlarged philanthropy. If in the spheres of the institution beyond what is termed the Master's degree—spheres which I have not entered,—or in other regions of its existence, there are, as I can not believe, practices or ceremonies opposite in their tendencies, they are irreconcilable with its essential aims and true character. Certainly of any such I am entirely ignorant. It is however not my design or wish to eulogize or defend Freemasonry—I am neither authorized or required to do so—my only object, is distinctly to explain and justify my own personal altitude and actions in regard to this committee.

"The main article of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, entitled a *Declaration of Rights*, sets forth, and unalterably establishes, 'the general, great, and essential principles of Liberty and Free Government.' It was intended by this article to guaranty the citizen against the inroads of powers, exercised from whatever quarters, and under

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whatsoever pretext — and it is formally declared, 'that everything in it is excepted out of the general powers of Government, and shall forever remain inviolate.' It is above the reach of legislation. We have no 'omnipotence of parliament.' Neither this committee, nor the House of Representatives, nor the General Assembly, nor all the organized Departments of the Government united, can touch, in order to evade or violate any one of its provisions. It is a sacred repository of the practical and substantial rights and liberties of the people, enumerated and reserved — inherent and indefeasible. When these shall be supinely yielded up, the freedom of which we now justly boast, must become illusory and vapid.

"As a private citizen of Pennsylvania, I claim, with especial reference to this Article of her Constitution, to possess and to enjoy rights and liberties which no earthly power can abridge or destroy — nor will I consent, when mindful of the gratitude I owe to the community at large, to be in the slightest degree, accessory to the mischief which a surrender or waiver of those rights and liberties, on an occasion so ostensible as this, might produce. I will not consent that human authority shall, 'in any case whatever, control or interfere with the rights of conscience.' I will not consent to discredit the declaration that 'the free communication of thoughts and opinions is one of the inviolable rights of man.' I will not consent to consider as idle and nugatory the emphatic precaution, that 'the people shall be secure in their persons, houses, papers and possessions, from unreasonable searches and seizures.' I will not consent to the validity of any '*ex post facto* law.' In a word, I will not consent to hold my rights and liberties of private intercourse, private sentiment, and private business, subject to the domiciliary visitations, the changeable majority, or the ideal policy of any body of men whatever.

"I understand this committee to be empowered by the House of Representatives to investigate what are called the evils of Freemasonry, and for that purpose to send for persons and papers; and I am summoned by subpœna, tested by Thaddeus Stevens, Esq., its Chairman, from my home, family and professional pursuits, to attend here, in order to communicate, as a witness under oath, what I may know in relation to the subject of inquiry.

"The society of Freemasons, is in this state, of a strictly private nature. It is not incorporated. Like other voluntary associations, it is neither formed nor forbidden by law. Without, therefore, pausing to illustrate and enforce the remark that it would be equally constitutional to investigate the evils of the Society of Friends, or other societies of religion, or societies of politicians, or societies of convivial gayety, or of any of the countless combinations of partnership by which men strive to realize calmness of conscience, the enjoyment of life and liberty, the acquisition and protection of property and

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reputation, and the pursuit of happiness, I respectfully affirm to this committee my absolute conviction, that the proceeding which attempts, under the forms of legislation and through my own agency, to pry into, expose, condemn, and ridicule my personal doings and relations with this body of citizens, is as utterly inconsistent with the tenor and terms of the constitution as its expansion to similar cases would be fatal to freedom.

"Superadded to the considerations at which I have thus glanced, it is impossible for me to be insensible to the just dictates of personal honor. Assuredly this sentiment should never restrain any one from denouncing what is criminal or dishonest, and were I acquainted with anything of that nature in the operation and tendencies of Freemasonry, nothing could bind me to silence. But I was received by this association into its own confidence, upon my own application. I have been allowed a knowledge of the modes in which its members identify each other, and avoid deceptions upon their benevolence. At a time when neither law, nor public opinion, nor my own conscience, suggested a doubt of its correctness, I engaged myself to secrecy, and I can not, without a sense of treachery and degradation which would embitter all my future life, prove false to my promise. Better, by far, endure the penalties of alleged contumacy, be they what they may.

"I have thought it due to the committee and to myself, to preface by these explanatory remarks, my refusal to be sworn.

"G. M. DALLAS."

NOTES BY THE WAY IN WISCONSIN.

Last winter when at Dayton, Ohio, we stepped into an Anti-Masonic book concern and bought a small tract which purported to be the confession of a man by the name of Vallance of the murder of Morgan. This revelation was made in 1848 and taken down by one Dr. Emery. Vallance was upon his death-bed, so the story goes, and lived in Racine county, Wisconsin. This revelation was made some twenty-two years after the murder, then twenty-one years before it is published. In 1869 it is given to the world in the pamphlet of about twenty pages.

While in Racine county lately we made diligent inquiries if ever a Dr. Emery lived in that county, and we were unable to find any traces whatever of such a man or of the man Vallance. We found old citizens who were living there in 1848, and those who knew all the inhabitants of the county at the time, and who would be very likely to know something of some of the parties acting in this part of the Morgan drama.

The narrative itself carries upon its face a forgery. The style of

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expression, the long interval after the murder, and then nearly a generation after the astounding revelation is made before it is published. Then there is no location given except the county, and at that time Racine county embraced what is now Kenosha county. We venture to say that the whole concern is a base fabrication.

While in La Crosse recently we were told that the Catholics would not bury a member of their church in that city in decent order because he was a Mason and adhered to it till death. The church was making preparations to bury him in what is called the "potter's field." But his widow appealed to the Masonic lodge to take charge of the remains. The request was complied with, and the worthy brother was buried with Masonic honors.

The Baptist church of New Lisbon, Wis., went through the simple farce of excommunicating one of their members because he refused to dishonor himself and disgrace his family by denouncing Masonry. He chose to remain with the true and let the bigots turn him out. They would not, as it is not their practice, grant him letters to join, if he should wish to, any other church, therefore he must submit to their black mark of excommunination. But instead of its being an injury to his character or a compromise of his honor, it elevated him in the minds of the good and the great, and the black mark stands before heaven and earth against that church. For a body of fanatics to demand that a man shall degrade himself by renouncing, to him, the sacred ties and obligations of humanity that Masonry requires, is a black deed against them, if so be that anything black can be placed to their credit, for when they live and exist in bigoted darkness a black mark against them cannot be well seen.

Masonry can never be overthrown by such acts of narrow-mindedness. The only way that Masonry will ever become unnecessary, will be by the churches becoming so pure, liberal and benevolent as to cover the broad ground of brotherly love and affection that Masonry does, and cease the intolerance practiced and fostered by their members. When a church rises upon that beautiful eminence and practises a tolerant spirit and will allow members to have free thought upon all matters, while at the same time holding the good of humanity sacred, then we will have a church that will supersede the necessity of other outside organizations. But it can never be accomplished by proscription, revenge and denunciation.

We do not make this record accompanied with our remarks as being against the Baptist church particularly, but merely to set the bigots of New Lisbon in their true light, for to the credit of another church of that denomination in a neighboring town for taking this excommunicated brother into their communion and Christian fellowship.

This jurisdiction can boast at present of having the patriarch of Masonry. Undoubtedly the oldest living member of the Masonic

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fraternity in this country is Brother David Styles of Prescott, Wis. He is now in his one hundred and fifth year and was brought to light in Masonry on the 21st of May, 1797, over seventy-three years ago. He still enjoys good health and has ever esteemed Masonry as one of the best institutions of the world and has always taken a large interest in its welfare.

TIMES GO BY TURNS.

The following choice production is from the pen of Southwell, written three hundred and ten years ago, its comprehensive beauty, and terse minglings of the vicissitudes of time, that regulates all mortals and determines at last all human actions, together with its truths, and rarity, especially renders it worthy of reproduction. To the young Mason, it will be prophetic of the future, and arm him with consolation in the trials of life; and to the old Mason it is a bright line that leads his memory backward, and enables him to see the *dark* and *bright* squares on the Trestle Board of life. C. C. P.

The lopped tree in time may grow again,
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower,
The sorriest wight may find release from pain,
The dryest soil sucks up some moistning shower;
Times go by turns, and chances change by course,
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.
The sea of fortune doth not ever flow;
She draws her favors to the lowest ebb;
Her tides have equal times to come and go;
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web;
No joy so great but runneth to an end,
No hap so hard but may in fine amend.
Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring;
Not endless night, nor yet eternal day;
The saddest birds a season find to sing;
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay;
Thus with succeeding, God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.
A chance may win that by mischance was lost;
That net that holds no great, takes little fish;
In some things all, in all things none are crossed;
Few all they need, but none have all they wish.
Unmingled joys here to no man befall;
Who least, have some, who most, have none at all.

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IMPEACHMENT.

BY REV. WM. RICE.

Did Wm. Wadsworth, Matthew Brown, and Robert Fleming, place their names to a libel by signing the address of the Leroy Convention of 1828? and are our modern enemies giving their influence in supporting and circulating that libel, by misrepresenting, either ignorantly or maliciously, Freemasonry? This is a question that is forced upon the mind, when we read what they publish against Masonry. Now let us examine carefully, the theory and the practice of Masonry, and then compare the statistics of 1828 with those of 1870 and see what is the verdict of the people.

Some persons judge of, and appreciate an institution according to its theory, and some according to the practical workings of its principles; while others are careful to scrutinize both the theory and practice, and form their judgment accordingly, and all who are acquainted with the institution of Masonry are well pleased to have it pass the most rigid investigation, both in regard to its principles and practical application, but not from a wrong stand point, or from false statements. Some of its advocates may have been a little to extravagant in extolling the institution, especially when they view it from the inner court of the temple. Yet I am willing to let it stand or fall upon its own intrinsic merits, and to let an estimate be placed upon it according to the good or evil resulting from an application of its principles.

An institution may be beautiful in theory, like the government of China, but deleterious in its practical operations, and if such was the case with Masonry, I think that there are enough wise men in its ranks to see it, and enough honest ones that would seek a change or else abandon it altogether. Masonry has been in existence and in operation long enough to give an opportunity of judging correctly if they but investigate and judge without prejudice, but there are some persons who appear determined not to examine the basis on which it stands, and consequently can not be convinced that the institution is sound in theory, and useful in practice. When our Masonic temple is beheld from every point of observation, it will appear beautiful in its symmetry, permanent in its own foundations, and indescribable in its moral grandeur, and when its enemies mark well her bulwarks, and tell the truth, examine her moral teachings and see the effects produced they will be constrained to exclaim: "Here is an asylum for the distressed and a home for the stranger." Here the great principles of benevolence which must have originated with God, is not only taught but it finds lodgement in the repository of faithful breasts, and is made essential for the full exercise of all the cardinal virtues of our natures.

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It forms the basis of all our social, intellectual, and religious enjoyments. It advances civilization, equalizes human society, cultivates the arts and sciences, and enjoins upon all friendship, morality, and botherly love. It removes the midnight darkness that broods over the mind of man, and brings him to the brilliant, heart-cheering light of heaven.

Without benevolence all governments and all associations formed for man's enjoyment would crumble into ruin; but with it comes stability, prosperity, and joy. Without it, our pilgrimage through life would be dark and dreary. With it we have a hope like an anchor to the soul, sure and steadfast. Benevolence bestows her rich benefits like sweet tones of harmonious music, that reaches the ear of the storm-tossed mariner, and rears a beacon-light on every hand to guide him into the haven of rest and safety. Benevolence must not remain passive in our breasts; it must be cultivated, strengthened and developed, by active service. Passiveness enervates its powers, drives it from us; while active service accelerates its force, and reaches the object of its mission. To illustrate: In order to produce light, fire must be kindled, to kindle the fire, oxygen must be applied; to send forth the stream the fountain must be opened; to gather a harvest the seed must be sown. So with benevolence, liberty of action is its native element, it carries on its banner, freedom of thought, speech, and action. It posesses an exhaustive power equal to the wants of suffering humanity, and it requires the whole universe of God as its field of operation. If sent forth on errands of mercy, with angel speed it rushes on, seeking out the dark and wretched homes of the disconsolate, and pouring into their bleeding hearts the oil of joy, and the wine of consolation. Here is an organization of principles, drawn from the highest sources of reason and revelation; principles profoundly philosophical, and in their practical influence are of untold value to a suffering world.

Masonry is an institution that takes a lofty position among the benefactors of our race. Its resistless power has been felt already by millions of human intelligences, and its morals are destined to move and transform the government of the world throughout the globe. Already the banner of Masonry proudly floats over land and sea, and all along its pathway the widow, the orphan, the innocent and suffering rise up and call her blessed; and while the church and other associations are accomplishing their appropriate work, I say let this brotherhood perform the work that others have neglected without slander or misrepresentation. We do not rely upon the outward ceremonies, the signs and emblems of our fraternity, but the living spirit, the active principles that burn upon her sacred altars. The Bible, being one of its great lights, ever shines on the Masonic altar. Here is a power that will, when properly applied, purify and elevate the suffering and degraded conditions of mankind. Masonry unites

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and obligates kindred hearts to aid in carrying out the principles of charity and benevolence so forcibly taught and enjoined in the Bible. Being pure in motive, harmonious in theory, and practicable in the application of its principles, Masonry is destined to wave its banner in triumph over a suffering world. Such is its theory and its influence. How different from the statements made by Wadsworth, Brown and Flemming, or those of Finney, Blanchard & Co., and finally all of its fanatical opposers. Now what is the popular verdict of the good and true of this nation concerning their statements of the institution? I find it in the careful study of its statistical records, and in the comparison of them with the records of the institution when these men signed that address of the Leroy Convention. Let us look at them for a moment as I have been able to gather them from different Grand Lodge reports and other sources:

In 1828, at the time of the Morgan troubles, every lodge in the state of New York was closed, save one, and I believe there was one working lodge in Vermont. There are now over two hundred thousand members, and it must be remembered that these are men above twenty-one years of age of good report. This comprises the pure and true of all societies, giving their testimony in favor of this institution and against our opposers and deceivers. Now it seems to me that here is a clear case of impeachment, and the question forces itself upon the mind: Did Wm. Wadsworth, Matthew Brown and Robert Fleming sign a libel? And are the statements made by the opposers of Masonry true; and is the testimony of the two hundred thousand men false? Judge ye, the fact that those who know well the principles of the order, and have drank the inculcations of its spirit of love, are its warmest friends, and their testimony ought to be taken as an argument in its favor, and the argument is very much strengthened when it is found that sound men of all sects, religious men and true philanthropists, have always given their testimony in its favor whenever they have become acquainted with it, and it is not to be supposed that such men as these would continue to attend its meetings, to pay into its treasury, to give it the support of their influence if it was not worthy of them and the characters which they sustain before the world.

Such, in brief, is the true statement of the case, and such I believe to be the duties, tendencies and results of Masonry. As its principles are so admirably concise with those upon which our government is founded, and the inculcation of its precepts teach us to be grateful to our Creator, faithful to our country, and fraternal to our fellow-men, we do entertain the belief that we are doing something in our associated capacity to preserve and perpetuate the glorious blessings of a free republic, and under this belief we meet in our lodges to kindle the fires of brotherly love in our bosoms, and to dwell near the altar which pilanthrophy has reared, where men may come up to worship

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in security and peace. From the earliest time men have felt the necessity of associated action and interest, to ameliorate the condition of man in this vale of tears. The temple of Solomon, though a wonder of the nations of the earth, was but a type of that better moral temple which his wisdom erected. The massive stones, which with such persevering toil he laid upon each other, the beautiful courts where the favored of heaven might offer their devotions, the *sanctum sanctorum*, into which none but the priests of the most high God might enter, these have long since been destroyed by the tooth of Time and are now but dust, but the principles upon which this moral edifice was founded, the precepts, the goodly stones in that temple of human duty are as intact and shine more brightly to-day than when the cap-stone was reproduced and fixed in its appropriate place.

Brothers, have I too strongly presented the influences that surround our Masonic temple? Have I placed the standard of duty higher than our laws require — higher than we ought to attain to preserve it from the false charges and misrepresentations which our enemies are daily making against it? Not one of you, I know, will say I have. Then, brothers, companions, and Sir Knights, let it be your care to illustrate our principles by purity of life and conduct; remember you are to be grateful to your Creator, faithful to your country, fraternal to our brotherhood. Consider what is implied by these requirements and see to it that you are Masons in spirit and truth. And if you do this the glory of our fraternity shall be like the pathway of the just, shining brighter and brighter as we journey through life. So mote it be!

RICHLAND, MICH., OCT. 1870.

A "DEFENCE OF MASONRY."

An address delivered in the Congregational Church, Oberlin, Ohio, by Rev. Bro. G. W. Scott, of Bedford, Ohio.

"Here, then, we stand face to face with any one who feels disposed to combat the facts stated. With the Bible for our guide in faith and practice; our object, the care of the body: to feed, clothe and warm the destitute; the cultivation of man morally, intellectually and spiritually, with the study of the arts and sciences; fidelity to government and man without meddling in either sectarianism or politics. Now the question is this, from whence or where is the producing cause of such a science, with such objects in view. What chain ever invented by man has held thousands and thousands of men, in every age and clime, as firmly as the grave holds her dead? Religion, the science of heaven, has divided into a thousand and one different societies, all claiming to be the right one, and having the truth as taught in the

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Revelations of God. What is the matter? Are they not all honest in their views? Surely charity would dictate that they are? Is the Bible at fault? No, for if it were, we should feel the effects as well as they. Where, then, lies the difficulty? It lies just here; that while Masons see the revelations of God directing them back to first principles, and believing that God made man just what he should be at first; and having fallen from that condition, revelation is simply to lead us back to that forfeited state or condition; and that the duties taught therein, and revered by Masons, are simply those first natural duties created in the constitution of man at first, and all that has ever been done for the human race has been done with this object in view. They, forgetting this center, or holding it too loosely, or in admitting innovations to creep in from time to time, have split the center into a thousand parts, each holding on to the particles of truth as he sees it. Innovation has been the curse of the church, hence the fearful consequences. In Masonry it is a stranger. Having established, as we think, the first point, let us turn to the second.

"How are Masons taught those principles and truths? This the public have a right to know, as it is no secret with us at all. We answer, that she acts in this as in all else of her labor — in strict harmony with the God of nature's teaching, viz: by symbols, analogies, figures, &c. For whether heaven, earth or hell, the living or the dead,, this same law of symbolism holds good. If God would teach us any thing of heaven, we are called upon to behold a city, hills, plains rivers, trees, fruit, gold, precious stones, fountains, harps, songs, crowns, armies, palms, victory, white robes, swords, brass, burning coals, clouds, thunder, and many other things. And why? Heaven is a great lodge, hung full on every side with the symbols of her order, laws, principles, &c. Men stand and gaze and wonder, and still eye hath not seen nor ear heard the wonders taught as they will after awhile.

"But why is heaven so secret? Why not roll back those emerald gates, and let the world gaze in on its worth and beauties? 'If there is any good there, let us see it,' as we hear you say of the Craft of Masonry. But as thou art perched on the battlements of heaven, wrapped in silent wonder at God's manner of teaching, angels fold their wings and drop downward past the star-lit plains of God's fair heavens; and thou shalt hear them sing in thy flight, 'the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork. But linger in the light of those lamps a moment, and, 'behold he maketh the clouds his chariot,' and the deep bass voice of the thunder is but the rumbling of its wheels, driven on with steeds of lightning through the quaking air. But drop still lower down to old earth's sin riven mountain tops, and as their fiery thunder wake earth like the artillery of the heavens, they will teach thee the wonders of God, and thine own insignificancy. Roam over earth's wide field where you will, and you hear whisperings from every leaf borne on

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every breeze, that 'from the creation of the world his invisible things are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead; so that they are without excuse.' Nor are the dead any more than the living exempt. Why that tall monument, or that modest little stone at the head of that little mound what, pray, is there beneath that cold clod? Or, yonder, see that lonely widow in her weeds. Why gazes she with tearful eyes upon that broken column? Who does it represent? Ah! what peaceful hours, now forever fled, does it call up to her mind. What loss does it suggest to her broken heart? and if so why have it there where it meets her eye every time she enters this solemn place? Simply that the pain it gives is so mixed with a sweet, that while she bows in anguish, she loves the lessons it teaches. But turn now to the church of God. Why the holy eucharist, her paptism, and yon bleeding lamb or bird; that scape-goat, that burnt offering, show bread, mercy-seat, with angels; that mitre and breast-plate with twelve stones. Yea the Temple itself? Thus you behold that heaven, earth and society — yea all things, have their symbols. In short, what is the langnage but the symbols expressed? And what figure or symbol that has not its lesson of instruction to man? This is the work of our Order, teaching things unseen by the things that are. Is it wrong? Then heaven errs, and we would rather err on heaven's side than to be thought right on the other. Is it not wisdom to see God in nature, leading us up to nature's God?"

JURISPRUDENCE OF WISCONSIN.

No subordinate Chapter shall surrender its Charter, except at a regular Convocation, after due notice to all resident members, of at least thirty days, and in all cases a two-thirds vote shall be required to effect the surrender of a Charter.

When a Charter or Dispensation shall be surrendered, or become forfeited, or expire by limitation of time, the property of the subordinate Chapter shall be vested in the Grand Chapter, and subject to the order of the Grand High Priest.

Each and every subordinate Chapter under this jurisdiction, shall hold at least four regular Convocations in each year; and should any Chapter fail to meet for one year, it shall thereby forfeit its Charter and be struck from the list of Chapters.

No Chapter under this jurisdiction shall receive the petition of any Royal Arch Mason for affiliation, or of any Master Mason for the degrees, who is not a member of a Lodge of this, or some other recognized jurisdiction.

No Master Mason can be advanced in any Chapter without being

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proposed by petition, presented at a regular Convocation thereof, which petition shall lie over from one regular Convocation to another.

Should any petitioner for the Chapter degrees be rejected, he shall not apply again to any Chapter before the expiration of six months from the date of his rejection, nor then to any other Chapter than the one in which he was rejected, without the unanimous consent of said Chapter.

All applications for the Chapter degrees must be made by petition to the Chapter nearest to the place where the candidate resides; provided that any other Chapter may receive and act upon a petition, by and with the written consent of such nearest Chapter; provided further, that when two or more Chapters are located in the same city or town, they shall exercise concurrent jurisdiction over their appropriate territory.

No person having been a member of any Chapter, shall be admitted a member of any other Chapter until he produces a certificate from the Chapter to which he last belonged, that he was in regular standing and as such, has, at his own request, been dimitted, unless the Chapter of which he was last a member is no longer in existence, and a dimit cannot be procured. After a petition has been received by a Chapter and entered upon its minutes, it shall be referred to a committee of three Royal Arch Masons, after which it shall not be withdrawn.

No Chapter under this jurisdiction shall confer the Chapter degrees upon any Mason who has not the requisite physical qualifications which will enable him to comply with all the ceremonies of our order, and the use of substitutes in conferring the Royal Arch degree is absolutely prohibited.

Candidates for advancement shall pass an examination in the proper degree as to their proficiency in the preceeding degree, which examination shall be satisfactory to the three principal officers of the Chapter.

Any Companion suspended or expelled, who shall by this Grand Chapter be subsequently restored to the rights and benefits of Masonry, shall not by such restoration become a member of the subordinate Chapter to which he formerly belonged, without unanimous consent.

The so called "Barney work," as given to us by Comp. Lawton, is adopted as the standard work for this jurisdiction.

The Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons of the State of Wisconsin acknowledges and recognizes no degree of Masonry or order of Knighthood to be regular or legitimate, except those conferred by, or under the authority of the following constituted authorities in the United States of America, and those of corresponding rank in foreign countries to wit: The Grand Encampment of the United States, the Supreme Grand Council of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite, the General Grand Chapter of the United States, the Grand Council of Royal and Select Masters, and the Grand Lodges of the several States and Territories.

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All persons claiming to be Royal Arch Masons who have been made in so called Army Chapters, are hereby declared clandestine.

Every Companion who is a member of a subordinate Chapter in this jurisdiction, shall record his mark in the mark book prepared for that purpose, within six months from the adoption of this resolution.

Every brother who shall be advanced to the Degree of Mark Master shall select and record his mark within six months after such advancement.

It is irregular and contrary to the principles of Masonry that Royal Arch Chapters should meet or do work as such, unless the several officers of the Chapter are clothed and wear the appropriate jewels and regalia appertaining to their several stations.

A verbal protest against the admission of an applicant should be respected until withdrawn, and should meanwhile be allowed preventive effect to the same extent as a rejection by ballot.

When a Master Mason resides within the concurrent jurisdiction of two or more Royal Arch Chapters, he may apply to either of such Chapters for the Degrees conferred therein, and on making such application, the Chapter to which he applies shall thereafter have exclusive jurisdiction of the applicant.

When a member of a Chapter is suspended for non-payment of dues he is thereby suspended from all rights and benefits of a Royal Arch Mason, for the time being.

If a member of a Chapter, under sentence of suspension, enters the room of a Chapter before it is open, it is the duty of the High Priest to request him to withdraw; if he refuses to do so without using force the High Priest may refuse to open the Chapter and the refractory member should then be tried for insubordination and unmasonic conduct. If he applies for admission after the Chapter is open, it is the duty of the Guard to prevent his entrance.

If a member of a Chapter is suspended for non-payment of dues, and for no other cause, by payment of dues he is restored to membership without a vote of the Chapter.

Hereafter no Chapter or Companion in this jurisdiction shall admit to a Chapter, or hold Masonic intercourse with any Companion who has been suspended by a Blue Lodge, for any cause, while resting under such penalty.

The Craft at Green Bay have taken a lease of the upper story of one of the new buildings being erected there, size 100x44 feet, to be used for Chapter and Lodge rooms, committee and ante-rooms. It is to be occupied by them in about a month, and will be formally dedicated. May success attend them.

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AFFILIATION FEES.

It is an ancient regulation of Masonry, that every Mason should connect himself with some lodge. Modern Grand Lodges have sought to enforce this regulation, by attaching penalties to its non-observance — penalties which amount to suspension from all the rights and privileges of Masonry. But while they enforce the observance of this regulation, they countenance another *modern* regulation which amounts in many cases to a prohibition of compliance with the regulation they seek to enforce, by providing for the payment of an affiliation fee which bars many a worthy brother from connecting himself with the lodge under whose jurisdiction he happens to sojourn.

Affiliation fees are not only of very modern date, but totally wrong in principle, and anti-Masonic. Our ancient brethren aspired to the advanced position of Master Mason, that they might travel in foreign countries, for the purpose of work in operative Masonry. Did ever anybody read of our ancient brethren being circumscribed by affiliation fees from connecting themselves with the lodges wheresoever they might sojourn? Is it not plain to the most simple that such a tax would have worked the same evil in ancient times that it has worked these modern times, that of filling the land with non-affiliated Masons! Is it not an injustice practiced upon the traveling or nomadic brother, grievous to be borne? Especially is this the case on the Pacific coast, where so large a portion of the population are continually moving about from one section to another. Every good Mason not only is in duty bound to be connected with a lodge, but *it is his privilege*, and anything that serves to debar him from this privilege is wrong. It is the desire and wish as well as duty and privilege of every good Mason to connect himself with the lodge under whose jurisdiction he is sojourning, and the door of the lodge should not be barred with this onerous fee. If lodges retain this fee as a source of revenue, they not only perpetuate a wrong for the sake of gain, but defeat the very object they have in view, for the monthly dues of those who would affiliate were it not for this grievous affiliation fee, would largely overbalance all the receipts from affiliation.

We are glad to see that the Grand Lodges of this country are expunging this modern innovation from their regulations. The matter was brought before the Grand Lodge of California at its last communication, by the Grand Master and had the Committee, to whom the matter was referred, reported a resolution, instead of a *recommendation*, the wrong would have been righted in this state a year ago. But the Committee simply left the matter where they found it, and they might as well have not considered it at all. The action of the Grand Lodge merely amounted to a recommendation to the Lodges to

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change their By-laws in this respect, that the subordinate lodges should receive nothing, or in other words, should charge nothing for affiliation, but retaining a provision, that the Grand Lodge should still block the doors of the lodge with the same obnoxious fee of one dollar for all who obeyed its other injunctions by connecting themselves with some lodge. The ridiculous position is too manifest for comment. Many of the lodges of the state have stricken out the clause in their By-laws providing for an affiliation fee, and assume the one dollar fee of the Grand Lodge which is still in force. If the Committee who acted upon this matter found the principal of affiliation fees wrong, why trifle with the evil? Let it be expunged root and branch! If it is wrong for the lodge to tax the brother who desires to affiliate, it is wrong for the Grand Lodge. Providence permitting, at the next session of the Grand Lodge we shall seek to cure this whole evil, and place the Grand Lodge of California with her sister lodges on this coast and at the east which have expunged this parasite from their regulations.— *Masonic Mirror.*

CUBICAL STONE.

At the building of the Temple of Jerusalem, an unexpected and afflicting event occurred which threw the Masons engaged in the work into the greatest confusion. The G. M. (H. A. B.) had sent to certain F. Cs. thirteen stones, and directed that with these they should complete a small square near the cape-stone, being the only portion of the fabric which remained unfinished. Every stone of the temple was formed into a square, containing five equilateral triangles, each equilateral being equal to a cube, and each side and base of the triangles being equal to a plumb-line. The space, therefore, which remained to be completed was the last triangle of the last stone, and equal to the eighth part of the plumb-line, or one-eighth of the circle, and one-fifteenth of the triangle, which number in Hebrew is the great name of the Almighty. The thirteen stones consisted of all the fragments which remained from the building, and comprised two cubes in two divisions. In the first was contained one cube in an entire piece, and in the second a cube in twelve parts: viz., four and one-half parts in one piece, two parts in four pieces, one part in one piece, and one-half part in six pieces; total twelve pieces. The F. Cs. carried the broken cube to S. K. I., who in conjunction with H. K. T. directed that they should be placed along with the jewels of the Craft, on a cubic stone encrusted with gold, in the centre of a deep cavern within the foundations of the temple, and further ordered, that the door of this

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mysterious court should be built up with large stones, in order that no one in future should be able to gain admission into this mysterious apartment. At the re-building of the temple, however, three F. Cs. lately returned from Babylon, in the course of their labors inadvertently stumbled upon this mysterious recess. They discovered the fractured cube, and carried the pieces to Z. J. H., who recognized in the four pieces the XXXX., and accordingly advanced the F. Cs. to a new order in Masonry for having acomplished this discovery.— *Tytler.*

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

We frequently hear brethren spoken of as being "live Masons," "bright as a dollar," "admirable workers," and all that kind of thing; and as convincing proof of possessing these high qualities, wonderful stories are told of the convivialities and lavish expenditure of money in getting up festive demonstrations for the enjoyment of the Craft. There is nothing particularly wrong about this, so long as the limits of propriety are not trespassed upon; and we do not write for the purpose of finding fault. But our experience has revealed the fact that sometimes the liberality of these brethren is grounded deep in selfishness, and that the same hand which scatters dollars broadcast for sensual gratification, closes firmly on pennies when charity makes an appeal to it. A needy worthy brother is too often turned empty away, and the woes of the widow and the orphan touch no responsive cord in their worldly hearts. Legally a brother has a right to do what he pleases with his own, but morally and Masonically he is bound to do his part in ameliorating the suffering condition of those who by right are members of his mystic family, or lawful heirs to his mystic, material sympathy.— *Landmark.*

Man must have occupation, or be miserable. Toil is the price of sleep and appetite — of health and enjoyment. The very necessity which overcomes our natural sloth is a blessing.

Where the heart is past hope, the face is past shame. The enemies of Masonry verify this in the bright colors of their banner which they hang upon the outer wall.

In Prussia, while the men are at war, the women perform field and farm labor, and are gathering the crops, guarding the flocks, and doing field work.

The panacea for to-morrow is to shun the evil of to-day.

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HOME DEPARTMENT.

OPENING FLOWERS AND WITHERED LEAVES.

BY C. ESTELLE TRYON.

Beaming, graceful, full of life,
Decked in garments of a wife,
Thus a lovely form arrayed
Forth into the morning strayed.
Moved by thoughts of olden times,
Swayed by sweet poetic rhymes,
Weaving gems of brilliant thought
Till a castle she had wrought —
Castle where a king might dwell —
King who to her soul should tell
Legends of the olden time;
Tales of bells of silvery chime;
Bells of music, bells of story,
Mystic bells all chiming glory —
Glory that should come of love
Changeless as the realms above —
Love which earth can ne'er alloy;
Love which reaches to the skies;
Love on earth that never dies;
Love which twines around the soul,
As the gilding round the bowl,
Clinging closer e'en the while.
Sitting there on yonder stile,
Thinking of the youth and lass,
Thinking of the days that pass,
Thinking of the happy time
When they gathered mint and thyme;
Thinking of the golden grain
And the sheets of silvery rain;
Thinking of the flowers in bloom
As they sprang from soft light loom;
Thinking of the dear hushed voices —
Of the weird and mystic voices

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Of the creaking lattice blind
When there moved no breath of wind;
Thinking of that long sad story
When the night shut out the glory;
When the silent room was dim;
When the pastor read the hymn;
When the doleful chime went rolling
From the church bell's measured tolling;
When the solemn hymn was sung;
When the child around her clung;
When the earth on coffin fell;
When the sad lips ne'er could tell
All the heart-life of that day,
When the loved was borne away.
There she sat in silent thought,
Filled with musings sadly fraught,
Till the dawning sunlight's gleam
Woke her muse to gentler theme —
Woke her hopes to love supernal
In the realms of the eternal.
Slowly night passed into day,
As hushed voices seemed to say,
Though all earth blooms, fade and die,
Still their perfumes fill the sky.

THE INDIAN BRIDAL.

Gen. Abercrombie, with several regiments of English troops, arrived in Albany, in the month of June, 1756, for the purpose of contesting on the disputed territory, the claims of the French, against whom war had been declared by Great Britain.

The English officer had been directed to open a campaign against the French and their Indian allies immediately on his arrival in America. But finding his forces insufficient for successful military operations, he deemed it expedient to remain inactive until the Earl of London should arrive with reinforcements. This occasioned a delay of several weeks.

Among the English troops was Lieut. James Morely. He was twenty-five years of age, gentle in manner, and kind in disposition, thus commanding the love of the men under his direction, while his clear, active mind and dignified deportment secured him the esteem and friendship of his superiors in military rank.

The young officer had been in Albany but a few days, when, at a party given by her father, he made the acquaintance of Miss Marian Ray.

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Marian was young — little more than seventeen — but her fair face and graceful form, together with her unaffected good sense and womanly dignity, completely won the heart of the handsome young English lieutenant, and before many weeks had elapsed he had obtained from her a promise that upon his return to England she would accompany him as his wife.

Soon came the call to arms and Lieut. Morley bade the beautiful girl adieu with a promise to return at the earliest possible time.

Marian in her loneliness betook herself to exploring the fields and woods about the city, and, being an excellent horsewoman, often penetrated the forest for miles, always attended by a faithful negro servant.

On one of these occasions, lured by the beauty of the scenery and the fragrance of the wild flowers, thinking of her noble English lover, and sometimes brushing away the tears that would spring to her eyes when she remembered that she must soon bid farewell to these wild but beautiful haunts, Marian had ventured even farther from the city than was her custom; and just as she was in the act of turning her horse's head homeward, something whizzed past her, and at the same moment her attendant fell from his saddle, pierced to the heart by an Indian arrow.

Marian seized the pistols which she always carried at her saddle-bow, and which she well knew how to use, and as three stalwart savages sprung from behind the tree which had concealed them, she met the foremost with a well-directed shot, and with a fiendish yell he fell forward on the ground. But before she could raise and discharge the second weapon it was stricken from her grasp, the reins of both horses were seized, and the two Indians stood regarding her, one with his hand upon his tomahawk, and the look of a demon in his eyes; but his murderous purpose was evidently held in check by a fear of his companion, wose rich blanket and waving plume betokened him to be a chief in his tribe. For a moment the latter looked at Marian with a savage admiration, then with his foot he turned over the body of his fallen comrade, as if to satisfy himself whether any life remained; and glancing again at the defenceless girl, he said, "White maiden good brave," and springing into the saddle of Marian's fallen friend, and still holding the bridle of Marian's horse, he directed the other Indian, whom he called Tewano, to lead the way. Tewano obeyed, but not without a look at Marian, which told her that, were her life in his hands alone, her fine black steed would soon bear another rider.

The path which had lured Marian from safety, with the luxuriance of overhanging foliage and its rich bordering of flowers, was in reality an old Indian trail. Half an hour before she had wished that she might with safety explore it still further in its winding course; now, as she moved with her captors along the same beautiful way, the charm that had invested it was gone. She no longer saw and admired the

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tall, stately trees, the trailing vines, the rippling streams and bright colored flowers. She thought only of the tangled underbrush, and the falling of the deeper shadows as lower and lower the sun descended in the western sky, and the narrow path wound around the eastern base of a high hill. Noisome vapors appeared to take the place of the sweet perfume of the flowers; the rustling of the leaves, to which she so used to listen, seemed to have increased with an ominous roar; the road before her appeared to terminate in darkness, misery and death. Thus ever do our mental states cast their potent influence over everything around us, and all nature, animate or inanimate, is beautiful or unlovely, as seen by eyes brightened with pleasure or dimmed by grief.

As Marian was borne deeper and deeper into the forest, and realized her horrible situation, a deadly chilliness crept over her; it seemed that her blood had ceased to flow in its usual channels; her whole body was nearly paralyzed with fear, and her brain reeled with faintness. But she strove with all her power to overcome these sensations, feeling that should she become an impediment to the progress of her captors, her life would be of little value.

For more than an hour they rode forward, during which time no word was spoken, but now and then the quick twang of the bow and the speeding arrow arrested some luckless bird in its flight, and it was secured by the foremost Indian and placed in a rough game pouch which he carried at his back. Then it grew suddenly darker as the sun sank lower in the horizon, and halting the young chief dismounted and lifted Marian from the saddle, seated her upon the trunk of a fallen tree, and secured the horses where they might crop the wild herbage. This done, he proceeded to gather dry boughs and twigs, and light a fire, while Tewano dressed the game and prepared it for cooking. In less than half an hour some corn bread and wild fowl were placed before Marian, and pointing significantly thereto, the chief walked away, seated himself on the opposite side of the fire, and proceeded with his companion, to satisfy his own appetite.

When their repast was finished they arose, and bending the tops of three small trees together, they tied them with strips of bark, and cutting maple boughs from a tree near by, placed them upon and around these natural supports in such a manner as to form a miniature bower. Then they laid smaller boughs thickly on the ground underneath, and upon these the chief spread his blanket.

All this time neither of the Indians had appeared to even glance in the direction of Marian, but now as they turned toward the fire, and Tewano added fresh fuel thereto, the chief approached his captive, and said in a kindly voice,—

"White maiden no fear. Mohega good." and he struck his breast with his brawny hand. "Eat and sleep. Mohega keep fire and watch."

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And he pointed again at the food, then at the couch they had prepared for her, and turned away.

Marian's eyes had followed every movement of the savages from the moment of halting in this wild place. Eagerly she sought to frame in her mind some plan of escape. Would the Indians but sleep she thought she might steal away in the darkness, fly swiftly as possible along the path by which they had been traveling, and which she knew led toward her home, and when her strength was exhausted secrete herself in the brushwood and perhaps elude their search. Or, could she, unobserved, succeed in mounting her horse — in an hour there would be moonlight — the animal was fleet of foot, far more fleet than the one which had been ridden by her servant — perhaps she might in a wild race for life and freedom, be successful. Then she thought of the Indian arrows, swifter by far than her quick-footed steed, and she knew that flight by the latter method would end in death.

A still bolder plan was to secure her pistols, which she had seen Mohega cast carlessly at the foot of the tree against which he was now leaning; but one of them had been discharged and she carried materials for reloading it in the pocket of her riding-dress. With these, could she obtain them unobserved, she might destroy the lives of her captors, should their viligance relax, mount her horse, and ride away in comparative safety. But Marian's gentle heart revolted against this premeditated murder, even in self-defence, and the plan was abandoned almost as soon as formed.

Her final conclusion was to secure the weapons if possible, appear to submit patiently to her captivity, and, watching for the first opportunity, steal away alone, trusting to her own strength and the thick, wild shrubbery, with her fire-arms for protection in case of discovery.

Tewano had already thrown himself upon the ground and appeared to be sleeping soundly. Mohega stood with his arms folded, motionless as a statue; but Marian felt as though he was watching her closely. Undoubtedly he reasoned that she might try to escape. She must mislead him as to her plan. She would make him believe she looked to her horse to aid her in her flight, and, also, deceptions must be resorted to in order to obtain possession of the weapons she was so anxious to secure. Her horse was tied to a tree but a few feet from her, pawing the ground and occasionally neighing, as if ill pleased with his unusual fare. Now he seemed a nearer and a dearer friend than ever before. She arose, stepped to his side, and taking his face between her hands, looked into the eyes of the animal as if half believing he would comprehend their mutual situation, and offer spmpathy and counsel.

"Alas, poor Charley! when shall we see home again?" she said in a tone of inexpressible sadness. "Cannot you take me back?"

The animal laid his cheek against her own, as if in mute sympathy and affection.

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The Indian, as Marian had intended, had heard her every word though uttered scarcely above her breath. In a moment he was at her side and said:

"The white maiden can not escape. She must go with Mohega to his tribe. The old men and women will love her, and the young Indian maidens shall serve her. Mohega is her friend, and no evil shall befall her."

Turning towards him Marian said:

"Mohega, secure my horse to yonder tree, beside the couch you have prepared for me. Then I will eat as you desire and try to sleep."

For a moment Mohega hesitated, then, evidently desirous of pleasing her, he began to undo the knot that secured the animal, while Marian turned, took the food which as yet remained untouched, advanced to the fire, and seating herself beside the tree against which Mohega had leaned. she quickly secured the weapons she so coveted, and secreted them in the pocket of her robe. She had succeeded in diverting the attention of the Indian, and inwardly praying that he might not miss the pistols, she turned her attention to the food, thinking rightly that if she would escape she must preserve her strength by eating, even though she ate without reliah. She found the humble fare more palatable than she had expected.

Mohega, after securing the horse where she had requested, came and stood beside her, and although he said nothing, Marian felt that her slightest movement was carefully noted. When she had finished her humble meal and rose to her feet, he laid his hand upon her arm, and pointing first to the spot where he had left the weapons, then to the very place where they were concealed, he said:

"The white maiden would kill Mohega and escape. She is very brave, but she is not wise. Tewano would like her scalp to wear at his belt, but Mohega would save her life. Tewano cannot be trusted to watch the white maiden, but even Mohega would kill her before she should escape." And he glanced down at his tomahawk and quiver of poisoned arrows. "Give the weapons to Mohega, then go and sleep."

Without a word Marian placed the pistols in his extended hand, tottered toward the rude couch, and casting herself upon it, burst into tears. Hope had deserted her just as she was dreaming of freedom and home. Oh, how bitterly did she reproach herself for her folly in venturing so far from the city! She pictured the agony of her parents and the grief of Lieut. Morely, who was expected in Albany on the morrow. That Mohega would do her no present harm she felt assured, but for what horrible fate might she not be preserved?

Finally, exhausted by the torrent of her grief, Marian grew more calm, and lifting her head stealthily she saw Mohega leaning against the huge trunk of the tree. The fire sparkled brightly, the red flame

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flared in the night breeze, which had grown cool for the season.

Unconsciously she fell to watching the play of the firelight on the foliage over head, and the stars peeping down through the swaying branches, like the eyes of angels watching over her in tender mercy. Then the moon rose in unclouded splendor, and the tree tops glittered as if dipped in a sea of silver. The thick darkness fled away as the light grew stronger, and gave place to deep shadows flecked with shifting gleams of light. How gracefully the branches waved; how softly the leaves whispered to each other; how the silvery lights quivered and danced amid the luxuriant foliage.

The calming, soothing hand of Nature was thus laid upon the weary maiden, and when the moon was so high in heaven that its beams could penetrate to her humble bed, they rested on the form of an unconscious sleeper.

The sun was shining brightly when Marian awoke. Her horse was quietly feeding upon wild grass which had been placed before him; his saddle had been removed, and the saddle-cloth spread over her own sleeping form, yet so gently had it been done that she had not been awakened.

A little prayer of thanksgiving arose in her heart as she noted this evidence of the thoughtful care on the part of Mohega. She looked out from behind her screen of leaves, and saw the two Indians busily engaged in preparing their morning meal.

The rich floods of sunlight pouring in among the branches, the freshness and coolness of the air, together with the few hours of sleep she had obtained, served to nerve the heart of the captive girl, and she arose, sought the little brook, from whence she had seen Tewano fetch water on the previous evening, bathed her face and hands, brushed her curling tresses back from temples and brow, and mentally resolved to be brave and patient, awaiting events. That she should be sought for in the forest she well knew. The tracks of the horses would serve as a guide, and the discovery of the body of her servant, with the arrows still in his breast, would show at once into whose hands she had fallen. But might not her friends, while prosecuting a search for her, also fall into the hands of the savages and become victims to their cruelty? She shuddered as she thought of this, and again determined to be watchful for an opportunity of escape. As Marian approached the fire Mohega said:

"The white maiden has slept long and well. She is wise. Mohega can be trusted. He has not slept. Now she will eat."

Marian received the proffered food from his hand, together with a cup of fresh spring water, seated herself upon the blanket spread for her, and began to eat.

"Surely," she reasoned, "there is some humanity in the composition of this savage. I will appeal to him for mercy."

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"Go, Tewano," said Mohega, "and prepare the horses." Then as Tewano departed in obedience to his command the chief continued, addressing himself to Marian, "The maiden rides far to-day."

Marian was about to implore him to release her, to name the price of her liberty if gold would procure it, when Mohega said:

"The white maiden is very brave. She has not asked for quarter; she should not dwell with the cowardly white men. She shall be the flower of the Alleghanies, and the bride of Mohega. She shall dwell in his wigwam, and Mohega will bring her rich furs from the hunting grounds, and many trophies from the war path. And the young men and maidens shall call her the 'Star of the Morning.' Let the pale-faced maiden say whether she will not be happy with Mohega."

Marian had risen to her feet during this address of the young chief. Drawing herself up to her full height she said:

"Mohega, the white maiden can never dwell in your wigwam. She loves one who is your enemy. And he is not a coward. He is very brave; and he will seek the white maiden in your forests, and secure her from your power. And he will burn your wigwams, and kill your braves, and carry your maidens into captivity."

Mohega looked sadly into the eyes of Marian, and said:

"The Star of the Morning shall think better of Mohega. He will be bravest among all the warriors of his tribe."

"But even then she would die before she would dwell in his wigwam."

The Indian did not reply, but in his steady dark eye Marian read the fixedness of his purpose.

Tewano now appeared, leading the horses. Mohega lifted Marian in his strong arms and placed her in the saddle. Handing her the reins he said:

"The white maiden will ride more easily if she guide her own steed. She is wise and will not try to escape."

Then he sprang upon the other animal and led the way, Tewano keeping in the rear.

For hours they journeyed thus, and no word was spoken. Once they halted beside a spring of pure water, for an hour's rest and another rude meal, then forward again, through valleys and over streams, under the shadows of towering hills, and along the shore of a beautiful lake. Then as the night shadows fell they stopped, and as on the previous night, a fire was lighted, food prepared, and a place arranged for Marian. Again Mohega directed Tewano to sleep and the chief kept watch. Soon after sunrise they were again on their way, but now Tewano rode and Mohega strode behind them in silence.

Thus many days were passed in marching and halting and camping; sometimes Mohega rode, sometimes Tewano, but one of them was

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always behind Marian, one in advance. Of Tewano she felt always a fear. She had seen his eyes gleam upon her in deadly hatred when Mohega's face was averted, and his fingers tightened convulsively upon the handle of his tomahawk. She had, too, seen the same look directed toward Mohega, and she felt certain that though they might unite to subdue a common foe, Tewano was by no means a friend of his chieftain. That the savage could not be trusted Mohega had once told her; that he was still deemed unworthy of confidence was demonstrated by the fact that he was never allowed to keep the night watch.

Marian wondered how Mohega could endure such constant labor without sleep. That he was weary she knew, for he often leaned heavily against anything that offered itself as a support, and she had even seen him nodding as he rode. Once she had heard Tewano say:

"Mohega sleep to-night; Tewano will keep the watch."

And Mohega had replied:

"When Tewano is worthy then he shall keep watch."

Tewano had walked away without a word, but as his face was turned from Mohega the expression was horrible; and, unaccustomed as was the captive girl to the nature of the red man, she felt that Mohega had reason to fear Tewano. This conviction occasioned her much anxiety. Should the savage steal upon the chief in an unguarded moment and destroy him, she felt that her own life would also be quickly taken.

Besides, she could not but feel some gratitude to her captor for his kind treatment since she had been in his power, and so she came to watch Tewano's every movement, even as closely as she believed he was watching Mohega.

It seemed to Marian that this journey would never end. Day after day she had been early and late in the saddle. Mountains and streams hills and valleys, intervened between her and home. She had abandoned all thought of escape, for even did she fly from her captors and elude their search, what could she do in this wilderness, infested as it was with savages and wild beasts? She could only pray for deliverance through some heaven-appointed means.

At the close of a dull, cloudy day the little party halted as usual for the night. The wind sighed heavily through the trees, and a light rain was falling. Marian drew near the fire to warm her chilled body and dry her wet robes. The humble fare was more acceptable than usual, and the rude couch, placed this time where the thick foliage of a large tree would protect it from the falling rain, looked even comfortable and inviting. She soon laid her exhausted frame upon the yielding branches, drew the insufficient covering around her closely as possible, and fell to watching Tewano as she had done many nights of late. As usual he laid himself down upon the ground on the side of the fire opposite her station, and soon was, or appeared to be sleeping soundly.

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Mohega seated himself at the foot of the tree that stretched its branches above her head, first casting his game pouch, which she knew contained her pistols, on the ground almost at her feet. For an hour Marian lay with half closed eyes, but fully conscious of all her surroundings. Then she saw Mohega's head droop upon his breast, and she knew that the physical power of the Indian chieftain had been overcome at last. He was sleeping. Soon after she saw Tewano raise his head stealthily, and look in the direction of Mohega. His countenance glowed with fiendish exultation in the firelight; then like a serpent he glided away into the shadow, and beyond the circle lighted by the waning fire. What could be his purpose? Did Tewano wish to take her own life, or that of Mohega? or did he wish to destroy both? Or had he simply gone out into the forest on some secret mission of which he wished his chief to know nothing? To say the least, his conduct was sufficient cause for suspicion, and her first impulse was to waken the sleeper, scarcely fifteen feet away. But another thought occurred to her, and gliding noiselessly from her sleeping couch, she secured the game pouch, and with it crept again behind her screen of leaves. In another moment she held in her hands the weapons it contained. She murmured to herself:

"Mohega has watched that I might rest in safety; now he shall sleep and I will watch." She examined the pistols, and finding one was still loaded, and apparently in good order, she laid it beside her, and proceeded to reload the other. This done, Marian lay down holding a weapon in either hand, but no sound escaped her ear.

Soon she heard a low rustling of the dry leaves in the shadow of the wood, opposite the side of the little camp from which Tewano had disappeared, and even as she bent her ear more closely to the sound, a dark form glided from behind the great trunk of the tree against which Mohega leaned, and she saw that it was Tewano. He stood between her and the chief, who was still sleeping. Should she cry out now, her cry, though it would waken Mohega, would be the signal for his death, for he was in the power of Tewano. With a prayer to heaven for a strong and steady nerve, Marian covered the savage with the newly-loaded weapon, and in a half reclining posture awaited his next movement.

Suddenly he drew his tomahawk from his belt and whirled it in the air.

There was a loud report — a yell of rage and pain — and as Tewano fell to the ground, Mohega sprang to his feet, a battle cry upon his lips. His wild glance swept the circle around him in search of an enemy for he believed he had been surprised in his camp.

Marian had sprung to her feet immediately upon discharging her piece, and now stood before the chieftain, a pistol in either hand. Mohega frowned upon her, and put his hand to his belt. Perceiving

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his mistake, Marian cast the weapons from her and said:

"Mohega, the white maiden has saved your life."

The Indian looked at Tewano, who had fallen with his face toward the light; then he noticed the tomahawk which lay at his own feet and after a moment's pause he said:

"Mohega has slept, and the Star of the Morning has saved his life. He is disgraced. He is not as brave as a white squaw." And he covered his face with his hands, hiding it in shame.

Marian stepped forward and laid her hand upon his arm.

"Do not so, Mohega, Tewano was the one who was not brave. He dared not meet his chief in open battle. He stole upon him like a wild beast. He was a coward and unworthy of the slightest thought of Mohega. The white maiden saw him look with hatred on his chief. She has watched him many days and nights. She saw his murderous purpose, and saved the life of the tired and sleeping Mohega. He is not angry?"

"No, Star of the Morning, only with himself. Tewano would kill Mohega that he might be chief in the tribe. But he was base and not to be trusted. Had he slain Mohega he would have slain the white maiden also. But both may rest in safety now. Sleep, and to-morrow our journey will end."

Marian again sought her couch. Mohega carried the body of Tewano a few rods away, and returning, heaped fuel on the smouldering fire and lay down beside it. In a few moments he was sleeping heavily. Marian did not sleep at once, the excitement of the last hour had been too great. Not until the gray light of the morning was peeping in among the branches did she forget herself in slumber.

A sunbeam shining in her face awoke her. Mohega still slept. The air was damp and cold. Marian arose, and with a dry stick began to stir the ashes to see if any fire remained. The slight sound awoke the Indian, and springing quickly to his feet he said:

"Again the Star of the Morning rebukes Mohega. Let her sit down upon his blanket, and she shall soon have fire to warm her."

Marian did as she was bidden, and as the chief moved about lighting the fire and preparing the humble breakfast, he could not but feel a sense of relief at the absence of Tewano.

In an hour she was again in her saddle, remembering that Mohega had told her this was to be the last day of their journey.

Just as the evening shadows were falling, they came in sight of the principal village of Mohega's tribe. The present town of Kittanning, the county seat of Armstrong County, Pennsylvania, occupies the site of the old Indian village, and from it takes it name.

No one seemed to notice Mohega and his captive, as half-concealed by the darkness, they entered the village. Riding directly to the front of a wigwam a little larger than those in its immediate vicinity,

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the chief alighted, lifted the tired Marian from her horse, gave the reins to a young Indian who had been sitting by the open door, and with a gesture for Marian to follow him, entered the rude dwelling.

An old woman arose from a seat of skins, and although Mohega addressed her in the Indian dialect, from his manner and gesture Marian understood that he was giving directions for her own disposal. Then he left the hut, and the old woman approached Marian, untied the weather-stained hat, removed the long riding skirt, soiled and torn, and by signs and a few words in broken English told her to rest upon the soft couch.

Soon a warm and really inviting supper was placed before the captive girl, and she did not hesitate to partake thereof. She reasoned rightly that in her present situation food was of more value than tears, and beside she felt greatly relieved at having the companionship of one of her own sex, even though that one was of a savage tribe and her words almost unintelligible.

Just as she had finished her repast Mohega entered, and pausing abruptly before her he said:

"Star of the Morning, Mohega goes to meet his warriors. To-morrow, when the sun has set, he will return to the beautiful white maiden, and then will she not go and dwell in his wigwam?"

Impulsively Marian drew from her bosom a small locket which was confined at her neck by a delicate chain, and touching a spring, disclosed the features of Lieut. Morely.

"Mohega," she said, "a cunning artist pencilled here the features of the pale-faced warrior whom the white maiden loves. The red chieftain has been very kind, but his love is not returned."

The Indian fixed his eyes upon the picture for a moment; a frown gathered on his countenance and turning suddenly he disappeared from the hut.

No sooner had he gone than Marian found herself regretting that he had seen the likeness of Lieut. Morely. Might not Mohega seek the young officer's life, since she had declared her love for him? Whatever kindly feeling the Indian might entertain for herself would probably serve only to intensify his hatred of her betrothed; and should Lieut. Morley by any chance fall into the power of Mohega, Marian felt that his death would be certain.

She passed a sleepless night and arose more despondent, and more thoroughly wretched than she had been at any time since her capture. The old Indian woman and an attendant watched over her with the strictest surveillance. Worn as she was by the toil and privation of a long journey through the wilderness, half crazed with anxiety for the safety of the friends whom she knew would not cease to search for her so long as any hope of her discovery could be entertained, and filled with apprehensions lest Mohega should carry into execution his avowed

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purpose of making her his wife. Marian passed the day in a state of despondency bordering on despair.

"Mohega has returned to the star of the morning."

Marian started violently at the sound of the voice she so dreaded to hear. So noiselessly had the Indian approached her that she knew not of his presence until he had spoken.

"The white maiden does not welcome Mohega; but to-night she will be a bride, and the time will come when she will love to hear his voice, and will thank him for her happiness." And casting some strings of wampum and bright beads into her lap, he departed as abruptly as he had entered.

Marian clasped her hands above her bosom and uttered a groan which was freighted with agony.

This state of excitement and fear which she had so long been under, was more than she could bear and soon after Mohega left she dropped on her couch in a half sleep, half swoon.

When she awoke to consciousness the Indian had disappeared, but the old woman and her attendant was beside her, and her clothes were wet from the water that had been dashed into her face. She seemed to be in a mental stupor from which she tried to arouse herself in vain.

As her breathing grew full and steady, and the color came back to cheek and lips, they raised her to a sitting posture, removed the wet clothing, and proceeded to array her in a most fantastic robe. Then they plaited the luxuriant hair and allowed it to fall behind her shoulders, painted her face and hands, wound the chains of wampum and beads, which Mohga had brought, about her head and neck, and encircled her wrists and ankles with the same gaudy ornaments.

Passively Marian submitted to this strange proceeding. She seemed to be in a troubled dream. When all was arranged to their satisfaction the two Indian women seated themselves beside her, and appeared to be awaiting the movements of others.

Meanwhile a wild and fearful scene was being enacted about the great fire in the centre of the village. The party of horsemen just in had brought with them two white men whom they had encountered with five others in the forest. Only these two had survived the fierce conflict they had sustained with the Indians, who much exceeded the whites in number, and they had been preserved only to meet a more horrible death by burning and torture.

The elder of the two men was tall and stately in person, and wore a suit of black, soiled and torn in many places. The white neckerchief denoted what was his profession in civilized life. He belonged to that class of men who, at their country's call, left the sacred desk to battle in the cause of freedom. His eye was steady, his step was firm, his brow serene.

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His cempanion was much younger than himself, and wore the uniform of an officer in His Majesty's service. Blood flowed slowly from a wound in his right shoulder — a wound received in the encounter of a few hours previous, and after he had stricken down five stout Indian warriors.

The young officer dropped upon his knee before his companion and besought his benediction. Soon the two white men were torn from each other's embrace and dragged to stakes prepared for them. Mohega stood with folded arms, looking sullenly upon the scene, but took no part therein. The savages proceeded to bind them with strips of bark. The elder of the two suffered his limbs to be bound without opposition, but his lips moved continually in prayer. The young officer too exhibited no disposition to resist his tormentors, but oh! how dear life seemed then. He thought of home and friends; of the many ties that bound him to earth; and as his feet were firmly bound, and two of the painted demons seized each an arm for the purpose of securing them behind him, he wrenched them suddenly from their grasp and threw them wildly upward, exclaiming —

"O Lord, my God, is there no help?"

Mohega started slightly, took a step forward, and then appeared to hesitate. In a moment the unwilling hands of the victim had been secured, and some of the Indians were fetching brands to light the fagots. With a single gesture the young chief stayed the proceedings. The Indians ceased their demoniac cries, and stood still as so many statues, while all eyes turned upon Mohega.

"The pale-faced warriors must not die," he said. "See! they do not tremble. They are very brave. They shall live and join our tribe. They shall be our white brothers." Then leaning forward he added a few words to the young officer in a low tone, and walked away.

What those words were no one knew, save his for whose ears they had been intended; but the face of the young man grew gashy pale, his breath came quick and fast, and though the dry wood about him was speedily scattered, and his bonds severed, he seemed to welcome life less than death; and as he walked away in company with his companion, who had also been released, he trembled violently.

Soon they were left alone in a miserable hut, but a strong guard was placed around it. Then the young officer told his companion of the last condition of their release, as it had been whispered him by Mohega, and which he believed the chieftain meant to exact.

There was a silence of several minutes, then the elder said,—

"My son, I advise you to appear to bow to the will of the Indian chief in this. It will give us present safety, and perhaps the purpose for which we penetrated the forest connot be better served than by the very step you are required to take. Indian customs, and their barbarous laws and cermonies, are not binding in civilized life. Appear then

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to be submissive, and before the sun has thrice set I doubt not we shall find opportunity of escape."

The two captives lay down to rest, but the young man sighed deeply; and when, half an hour later, two stalwart savages entered the hut and bade them rise, he obeyed in a state of mind whose wretchedness cannot be described.

Marian Ray sat between her guards for at least an hour after being prepared for what they told her was her marriage with the bravest warrior of their tribe. Overcome with grief and fear, she had lost all power of resistance. Even the thought of self-distruction had left her. She heard the yells of the savages as they danced about their victims, but the sounds, though terrible, came to her ears as from far distance.

Suddenly the cries ceased, and, more affected by the unexpected stillness than she had been by the sounds of savage glee, she started, looked wildly about her, and then became a statue as before. Half an hour and longer, and the silence was not broken; then two Indian maidens, arayed as fastasticaly as herself, entered the hut. They took each an arm of Marian; and half leading, half carrying her, they bore her out into the open air. Other maidens joined them and followed closely, chanting a wild Indian melody. The flames from a dozen large fires shot upward toward the sky, and around the central one many warriors were seated in a circle.

Toward Mohega's wigwam, larger and more comfortable than the rest, they led the hapless Marian. A bright light glowed therein. It was ornamented with many trophies of war. There were bunches of gay feathers suspended from the ceiling, strings of bright beeds and belts of wampum.

As Marian entered the wigwam she gave a quick, half-frightened glance about it. In the center sat Mohega, with a painted but unarmed warrior at his side. Behind him stood two tall savages fully armed, while beside a door in the rear of the dwelling, was a tall, dark figure, without weapon or plume, but closely wrapped in a large blanket. The poor, captive, half-crazed Marian saw only Mohega. The Indian girls led her directly toward him and made her kneel before him. Then they bade her remove the chains of beeds and wampum from her head and neck, and cast them at his feet. This done, Mohega laid his bow upon her shoulders three times, which her attendants told Marian indicated that she was his slave and must be obedient to his will. Then they clapped their hands together several times and glided from the hut, followed closely by the two armed savages.

Scarcely had they done so when the tall Indian who stood beside the chieftain grasped Mohega's hand, seized that of Marian, and clasping them together, said in a voice tremulous with excitement, but in perfect English,—

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"In the name of God, and by the authority of the Church of England, I pronounce these two husband and wife; and may the Almighty add his blessing!"

"Great heavens! what have you done?" exclaimed the chief, springing to his feet.

"Lieut. Morley," returned the other in a not less excited tone, "do you not see that this is Marian? No disguise could conceal those glorious eyes; I knew her the moment she entered."

Marian had clasped her hands wildly before her, and looked in a bewildered way from one to the other. Surely she had heard the voice of James Morely, and that of her beloved pastor. Now her hands were seized by him whom she had supposed to be Mohega, and a voice husky with emotion, but nevertheless familiar to her ears, said hurriedly,—

"For the love of heaven, speak! Is this Marian Ray?"

"I am Marian," called feebly from the quivering lips.

"Great God, I thank thee!" And clasping her in his arms Lieut Morely kissed the painted cheek and brow.

The dark form from the rear of the wigwam came slowly forward, and standing with folded arms, the real Mohega looked upon his white captives in indian garb. Without a trace of emotion in his voice he said,—

"Star of the Morning, did not Mohega say the white maiden should be a bride to-night, and she would thank him for her happiness? She saved the life of Mohega when Tewano sought it; in return, Mohega has saved the life of her pale-faced warrior. But Mohega loves the white maiden, and his life is worthless. Star of the Morning, adieu. White brother, farewell."

He glided out into the darkness, and Mohega was seen no more. Whether he destroyed his own life, or made himself an exile from his tribe, was never known.

Ten days later Gen. Abercrombie marched against the Indian village with three hundred men, destroying the wigwams, killing the principal chiefs, and rescued eleven prisoners, among whom were Lieut. Morely, Marian, and the good pastor.

As we have before said, a thriving town now occupies the site of the Indian village, but the name is retained. Young lovers wander through its pleasant streets, beneath the same stars that looked down upon the youthful pair, a chapter in whose lives has been here given; but we doubt whether a happier marriage than theirs has ever been consummated in Kittanning.

MRS. M. A. H.

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EDITORIAL.

LOOK WELL TO THE EAST.

In the month of November last in answer to an attack previously made upon us by the *Trowel* we excited the ire of that sheet to the highest degree. We had no intention of offending any one in said article, but great offense seems to have been taken to our remarks. We did not consider said article as *first* published in the *Trowel* of great importance, because we knew that the *nominal* editor of said sheet was a mere boy, but when said article was republished with the full knowledge and consent of the Grand Master, we began to feel that said article in the *Trowel* was *official*, and entitled to some consideration.

What we seriously object to in the *Trowel* article, is the charge that there was "a *clique*" in Chicago who were endeavoring to get control of the Treasury of the Grand Lodge, which the writer of said article knew, or ought to have known, was false. We here assert, without fear of contradiction, that no "*clique*," and no brother in Chicago, has any such intention as said article implies; and we *challenge the proof* of said assertion.

We wish right here to state that the Grand Lodge proceedings show the following facts: First, that in the year 1868 Most Worshipful Brother H. G. Reynolds received from the Grand Lodge the sum of $8,364.65, which was about thirty-five per cent. of all the monies paid into the Grand Lodge. Second, that in the year 1869 Grand Master Reynolds received $5,217 out of the Grand Lodge funds, which would pay him his salary of $1000, the *donation* of the Grand Lodge of $500, and about $25 per day for every day which he spent in and about the Grand Lodge business. In addition to this he received a donation from the Grand Chapter of $1000. At this rate of pay for services any man ought to be *satisfied*, and willing to retire.

Now we wish it to be distinctly understood that we make war on no man, and war in favor of no man; but we object seriously that any brother of this city be charged (by *implication*, even) with a *conspiracy* to defraud the Grand Lodge, particularly as no one in this city lives out of the Grand Lodge fund. But we do wish to say, in the language of a distinguished brother of New York, at the last

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meeting of the Grand Lodge of that state: "We have conferred upon the M. W. Grand Master the highest honor that can be conferred upon any man. *Let him now retire gracefully with the laurels on his brow.*"

Our present Grand Master has received all the honors that have ever been conferred upon any Mason, (twice elected to the highest office in the gift of the Grand Lodge,) and we now ask that he shall give way to others equally as "worthy and well qualified," and that he shall not insist upon being a candidate again for the *sole* and *only* purpose of defeating some brother who is obnoxious to him. This is Masonry, and we shall insist that our chief officer set a proper example to the Craft. *M. W. Bro. Reynolds, you have received your wages; stand back until others are paid.*

M. W. H. G. Reynolds was Grand Secretary for *eighteen years*, which was the only paying office in the Grand Lodge. Since then he has been Grand Master for *two* years at a large income. Is it not about time that other worthy brothers were advanced to the positions that they are entitled to?

It has been said that R. W. Bro. Cregier, if elected Grand Master, would "interfere with the work of this jurisdiction." We are authorized to say that Bro. Cregier is well satisfied with the work of this Grand Lodge, and as a good and true Mason he will enforce said work. We pledge our Masonic word, based upon his Masonic integrity, that such will be the case if Bro. Cregier is elected Grand Master. Let him who urges that Bro. Reynolds shall be elected for the third time, give the brotherhood a reason why.

Who knows or dare say that Bro. Cregier will not do all in his power to perfect the work as ordered by the Grand Lodge, and fixed by law? We are permitted to say to the entire fraternity of this jurisdiction that he will, for he is wholly in favor of it; and is not his word, as a Mason, as good as any one can ask?

We are assured, on such authority as we can not doubt, (and we pledge the brethren of this Grand Lodge that we *know* the same to be true,) that brothers Cregier, Hawley, Lounsbury and others of the Grand Lodge are firm friends of the work of this jurisdiction, that they are all *true Masons*. We know that either of these brothers will strictly and honestly enforce the work of this jurisdiction; and there are an abundance of brethren who will vouch for this. We know that none of these brothers will interefere with the work of this jurisdiction, *except to enforce it*. Will any one who contends that M. W. H. G. Reynolds shall be the perpetual Grand Master, give us a convincing argument in his favor over many others who have worked as early and as late, even without wages only such as a Mason is entitled to receive?

When a distinguished Mason says that he is not and will not be a

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candidate for an office, (as Bro. Reynolds has *repeatedly said,*) are we not warranted in giving the Craft this intelligence? We have been informed by good authority that M. W. Grand Master Reynolds has repeatedly pledged himself that he would not be a candidate for Grand Master again. Therefore, if we take him at his word, we confidently expect he will withhold his name as a candidate for Grand Master and will not take the office again. It is a rule long established and well understood, that a Master or Grand Master who holds or attempts to hold over for a series of years, utterly demoralizes his lodge and defeats the objects for which the same was organized.

The brotherhood throughout the entire state have seen and have known that there has been an influence in Springfield that has manipulated Masonic affairs. It is known that worthy Masons have been used as long as they would work in the "ring" and serve the "clique," and when they perceived that the designs were not for the good of Masonry then the power that managed the "ring" would drop them. How "long shall these things be?"

For years Southern Illinois was deprived of holding any important office in the Grand Lodge, but at last Northern Illinois came to its rescue, and R. W. Bro. Lounsbury was elected G. J. Warden, which could not have been accomplished without this just and Masonic movement.

There are people uncharitable enough to insinuate that the funds of the Grand Lodge have been used for several years to keep up and sustain a printing office, belonging to a distinguished brother, more than for the good of the order. And others unkindly suggest that the offices of Grand Master and Grand Secretary were created "for a more noble and glorious purpose" than to be used as an advertising medium for a Masonic journal, or for Masonic goods sent C. O. D., at high prices. If such things have been done in our Grand Lodge a change of officers ought to be effected.

Apollo Commandery of Knights Templar.— After nearly two years absence we had the pleasure of being present a few evenings since at a reunion of this truly Knightly conclave of Masons. We found the spirits genial and the armors bright as of yore. We failed to see many familiar faces, their places being filled with new pilgrims; but the uniform courtesy so characteristic of Apollo, shone so brightly we soon felt, as all visitors can not help feeling, *entirely at home.* It is our intention to drop in some evening on Chicago Commandery and see what the West side Knights are about. They are an active army, and when steel meets steel in work the sparks fly.

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FEMALE, OR ADOPTIVE MASONRY.

There is considerable being said, and some written, upon the topic of "female" or "Adoptive Masonry. We wish to say in the first place, that we take no stock in this kind of Masonry. Neither are we opposed to any order whatever, having the moral elevation of any class of humanity in view. But merely opposed to engrafting any thing upon Masonry with a name calculated to deceive the credulous. We are not in any way opposed to giving, and awarding all the requisite benefits, arising out of Masonic organizations, that legitimately belongs to woman. But to talk or write about such a thing as female or Adoptive Masonry, is a species of Masonry that is beyond our knowledge or comprehension. and not in harmony with truth, as taught to every Mason as he crosses the threshold of the temple until its Keystone is placed in the arch of the master builder, and the temple finished and dedicated.

We have a distinct recollection of a great excitement a few years ago (and the sounds of that battle have scarcely died away in echoes,) about the clandestine feature of conservatism, which denunciation was true. It was an organization, or the construction of a wheel within a wheel, of the machinery of Masonry, and was clandestine. From the fact that it produced confusion and discord, it was not a true element of Masonry. The cogs in that new wheel, in its evolutions, did not fit with those of the old superstructure. It was impossible to "meet upon the level and part upon the square;" consequently it was properly denounced as clandestine. May the ashes of that war rest in oblivion, and never be resurrected by any side innovations.

An organization of atheistic or idiotic Masonry, would be as much in harmony with real, true Masonry, as an organization of female or adoptive Masonry. Either would be clandestine as far as its claims upon the organized system of Masonry is concerned. It must be of this character for it must exist outside of true Masonry, and cannot be brought inside and adopted. When a family adopts a child, it has *all* the rights of the children of that family. So when a citizen of a foreign government is adopted, he must have bestowed upon him all the rights of citizenship. The adoption would be a deception and mockery if the government did not protect him in these rights, and give him the benefits and enjoyments of a native citizen.

Now apply this to female or adoptive Masonry. Every Mason knows that in the adoptive system, females are not introduced into the mysteries of Masonry. Nor are they allowed to come near the mystic temple. But away in some remote spot or corner, in a by-path that may lead to some outer court of the temple, she is allowed to stop and sport, thinking she is to receive something of great value about

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Masonry. The spot upon which she may be permitted to stop, is beautiful; tales that may be told her of the fidelity of some ancient Jewess, it may be sublime, and she may be impressed with the idea that it is a portion, at least, of the great work of Masonry. But every Mason knows full well that it is not. Neither can it be. For the very moment that this is done, Masonry is no longer Masonry. From the fact an element would be introduced that would derange the whole organic structure, remove landmarks, and destroy the identity of the fraternity. It would be something else.

Again what purports to be given to woman under the name of female or adoptive Masonry, is a nondescript calculated to deceive. And no Mason should ever be engaged in any sham work that carries deception upon its face. We hold that no Mason is justified in vamping over or patching up any system, and call it Masonry, for the purpose of gratifying the curiosity of any one.

If a set of men should bury the great light of Masonry deep in doubt and unbelief for the purpose of admitting atheists, and then to gloss it over should call it atheistic adoptive Masonry, every true Mason would condemn it and would have no mental hesitation in denouncing it as deceptive and clandestine.

We would not lay a straw in the way to prevent women from enjoying all the rights and benefits of Masonry that they are entitled to, at the same time keeping every landmark in its proper place, when the removal of them would tend to weaken the superstructure. Masonry stands upon a peculiar foundation that cannot be weakened without ruin to the walls of the temple. It was constructed for the moral and intellectual improvement of man, to remove rough and unsocial corners of his nature, to fit and prepare him for a higher aim than brute selfishness, and in order to more effectually accomplish this work, it was, and is necessary, that he receive his lessons alone, with those of his own sex. Masonry, therefore, is designed for men independent of women. It rests upon a foundation which she cannot approach. The edifice thereon she cannot enter, but not because there is any enmity existing towards her.

We are in favor that the good and wise of our women in the country learning the great benefits of Masonry among men from its exoteric teachings have an institution of their own. Let them organize one adapted to their wants and needs, independent of men, and as rigid in excluding men from an esoteric work as they are themselves forever debarred from the esoteric teachings of Masonry. We are totally opposed to having a system under the control and manipulation of men and the power in their hands to say what women shall have for her moral and intellectual improvement and who shall be the members of the order, and who shall be her associates or who shall be her custodian, just as much as we are that women should have the say what

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Masonry shall be and who shall belong to it. We firmly believe that each possesses the ability and have the requisite wisdom to create and control an institution adapted for their respective sex.

How would it look, and moreover how would it tally with Masonry to see a woman occupying the East, using the gavel to strike off the rough corners of man? to fit and prepare him to become a master builder? Or to make a smooth ashlar out of the rough one, that he may be placed into the walls of our mystic temple? Does any well informed Mason believe that the work would be more substantially made and better done? that the walls of the temple would be on a more level and square foundation and go up more perpendicular than now? When we behold the grandeur of Masonry, we are unable to discover the necessity, the utility, or the moral fitness of this modern new-fangled adoptive system, which may in time destroy or very much derange and confuse the work of the Masonic Craft.

So, on the other hand, we believe we can behold the incompetency of man as a Mason to control and superintend a system, calling it female or adoptive Masonry, occupying the East, (and sometimes the Grand East) and using the gavel on woman, to fit and prepare her for Masonry. And then how can it be exclusive female or adoptive Masonry when every Mason is entitled to exactly the same? As we have said, we believe it to be a gross deception, and every well informed Mason must acknowledge it.

We are aware that our remarks will come in contact with the ideas and practice of some who officially stand high in Masonry, and are using their popularity to deceive innocent females of our country who have a good opinion of Masonry, which opinion is founded upon the good effects they see produced upon the mass of its members. Because there is a sickly anxiety among some curiosity-seeking women to find out the secrets of Masonry, shall we as Masons attempt to satisfy that curiosity by giving them scarcely a perceptibly decent shadow of Masonry, and then by deception christen the thing by calling it "Adoptive Masonry?" When we look at the farce in its true light not anything can be more ridiculous.

But some will plead by saying that it is "very beautiful," and that "the women admit it." To which we inquire, Is that a sufficient guarantee for Masons to engage in the farce? Odd Fellowship is very beautiful, but is that a good reason for us to dabble in it and attempt to make anything ont of it, and because of its beauty call it adoptive Masonry? The Christian church is beautiful, is good, and of practical utility for the spiritual elevation and and improvement of humanity; but would Masons be justified in attaching it to Masonry to benefit females? There are a great many beautiful things in our world, and good in their place, but to graft them on to Masonry would mar the symmetrical beauty and harmony of the whole system of our fraternity.

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It would be neither the one thing or the other. Masonry as an identity would be lost and buried in folly and modernized innovations.

Masonry has stood and blessed humanity for a long time. We find its adaptability for man in fitting and preparing him for higher aims than a morbid selfishness. It directs his footsteps to a greater good than sensual pleasures. It cultivates purer motives than those which arise from injustice, deception and brute power. And if we have made the discovery that this moral and social institution is so well adapted for the wants and needs of man, and that it would destroy its identity by engrafting another element into it, let every Mason stand true to his integrity and reject all the schemes to destroy it. Let us keep Masonry in its proper orbit where our ancient brotherhood placed it that it may give true Masonic light the world over.

And if it is discovered that woman needs an institution for her improvement, let one be organized that will harmonize with her nature, her habits, and her capacity, independent of man. Let the good and true women have a language that can be spoken among all the good and true of their sex throughout the civilized globe, and let the door be forever closed and carefully tyled against the admission of man. And if its good and beauty should be discovered, so much so that every Mason would greatly admire it, we would say *open not the door of the secret workings of the order to the best of men on earth*, unless they come in by the carefully tyled door.

Let Masons be content in their admiration by seeing the good effects that is being produced. On this principle let women admire Masonry by beholding the noble effects growing out of the organization, but not by attempting to become a part and parcel of it. This is what we would recommend, for it is the best method to perfect our race.

THE SACRED TEMPLE.

This society of ladies, composed of the near relatives of Masons, is in a flourishing condition in this city. It is the only association of the kind that has ever been introduced that promises to be practicable and serviceable to the sex. There is an independence about it based on common sense that can not fail to establish its position at once among the most worthy associations formed for the benefit of woman. There is no pretended Masonry about it, only so far as to blend in one degree worthy Master Massons, that they may be enabled to recognize a brother Master's wife, sister, daughter and other kindred, that are entitled to the protection of Masons. We welcome this new order to the fraternal ranks of the prosperous associations of the world, and can regard an intelligent Freemason as decidedly ungallant who would interfere with its progress.

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The sisters of the Sacred Temple in this city desire to express their thanks to Bro. H. R. Caberry, who furnished them with a hall free of expense, during the time of organization; and likewise to announce that they have been successful in securing the Oriental Lodge Room for their future meetings. This hall is acknowledged by all traveled Masons to be unrivaled in beauty and appointments, and no better evidence is needed of the good taste of the Oriental brothers than the admission to their hall of the sisters of the Sacred Temple. We wish the society success in their field of usefulness.

AN INQUIRY.

As an inquirer after truth and having a desire for light permit me to ask the editor of the MYSTIC STAR a few questions. in reading the report of the committee on the Most Worshipful Grand Master Reynolds address on pages 104, 105 and 106 of the Grand Lodge proceedings of 1869, we find the following doctrine inculcated.

"We are taught that to relieve the distressed is a duty incumbent upon all, and believe that the true interpretation of distress, as here and elsewhere in our rituals used, is physical and not financial distress. Interpreting our duty as Masons, then, by these rules, your Committee are of the opinion that no man or body of men have a right to approach a Mason or a lodge of Masons, in the holy name of Masonic charity, and ask assistance to build mills, stores or lodge halls, even though a similar article of property may have been lost by fire, tornado or other casualty, and that such acts ought to subject the brother or lodge guilty of it, together with all accessories, to the most rigid discipline."

Now, brother editor of the MYSTIC STAR, I am of the firm opinion that this is a true exposition of Masonic charity. If a brother is hungry, feed him; if naked, clothe him, if sick administer to his wants, if in prison unjustly (or even justly) visit him and labor for a reform, but to pay a brother's debts which have been contracted to keep up extravagance or speculation is all unmasonic.

Having thus briefly defined my approbation of the sentiment of this report, which was adopted as we find recorded on page 107, I would now inquire if I should, for the purpose of relieving myself of some financial embarrassment, send out notes to brothers throughout the country, with my signature and ask them for any sum that they should feel willing to loan me and have the notes without interest, would I not violate this Masonic law made by the Grand Lodge as published in this report? Would I not come directly under the censure of the penalty of a "most rigid discipline?" The report reads that "no man or body of men have a right to approach a Mason or a lodge of Masons

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in the holy name of Masonic charity." Asking a Mason to loan money to me, "without interest," to help me through some of my wild cat schemes or to relieve me from some past mis-moves that I have made upon my chess board of life, is asking "Masonic charity" which is holy, and is pleading for help to be extricated from a casualty of some kind which the Grand Lodge of Illinois pronounces crime that should subject the guilty one "to the most rigid discipline." How does this look to the editor of the MYSTIC STAR?

Fraternally yours, FIDES.

It is not necessary that the editor should go into a labored disquisition of the question that brother Fides has propounded. The case is very clear, therefore, no labored argument need be made to take up the space of our journal. If you or any other Mason is guilty of soliciting aid in the manner that you have stated in the above communication you have subjected yourself "to the most rigid discipline."

AN OBJECTION.

The New York *Independent* has hit the nail on the head. It can not believe that Masonry is totally bad, so long as upon its rolls are recorded so many noble names, illustrious in arms, in statesmanship and literature, in morals and religion, but it is deeply impressed with the conviction that too much time and money are spent for the accomplishment of so little good.

If it were true, this would be a just and valid objection. But what does the *Independent*, or any man outside of the order, know of the amount of good accomplished by it? How will they measure the value of that charity which "vaunteth not itself," whose influence is felt through all the ramifications of Masonry? What do they know of, and how will they estimate the value of that sentiment of fraternity which pervades the order and binds it together in a compact mass, actuated by the sublime feeling of love to God and man? What know they of the value of the timely word of caution whispered in the ear of a falling brother — of the relief to his necessities — of the kind words and gentle hands which bear him up in his affliction — of the sympathy in his sorrows, more precious than gold — of the patient and tender watching at the bed of death — of the solemn services at the place of sepulture — of the care of the widow and orphan following them through life? These are not presented to the eye of the public; no long columns of statistics, showing the number and extent of these charities, are paraded in the columns of the press. Sufficient for Masonry that they are remembered and treasured in the hearts of the recipients, that they are entered upon the imperishable records of

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the Supreme Grand Architect of the universe, whose Omniscient Eye can penetrate where the *Independent* would but grope in darkness.

Much time and money are indeed spent in the service of Masonry. Is it a waste of time to withdraw for a while from the cares and follies and frivolities of life, to gather around a common altar where all bickerings of sect and party are forgotten, to illustrate the wisdom and the works of the Great Architect, and to bow in adoration before him? In the light even of merely a healthy recreation of mind and body, a release from care and anxiety, in an hour of social intercourse, the time is not misspent or wasted.

"Who art thou that judgest thy neighbor?" To him alone whose benificent hand has bestowed upon us these talents of time and money are we answerable for their use. In the eyes of the world they may be wasted, and our sacred rites seem foolishness, but we are content that the right and the wrong, the wisdom and the folly, shall be passed upon in the great day of account by our Supreme Grand Master.

GOSHEN, 1870. E. W. H. E.

MORE CARE NECESSARY.

The committees appointed by lodges and the higher bodies of Masonry to investigate the qualifications and character of applicants, can not be too careful or exercise too much discrimination. In the entire course of duty and labor in Masonry there is no greater responsibility or more sacred trust than that confided to a committee appointed by a lodge to take the soundings of an applicant. That committee is the same as a picket guard around a military camp in the midst of war, they are the custodians of the honor, the safety and the purity of the temple.

In social life there are distinctions which guage and level and draw the lines of society, and they are inexorable in their operations, and a Masonic committee that merely glances at the discharge of the duty put into their keeping by a lodge are committing a great wrong against Masonry if they recommend a man as worthy when it may be that there are many Masons who would not recognize the candidate in the common walks of life on account of moral obliquities. It is not too great a length of line, Masonically speaking, to surmise that there are many acknowledged Masons in this country who fled other countries to escape transportation to Botany Bay in consequence of little irregularities in character. Such material had better, for the honor and dignity of Masonry, be whitewashed in some other way than that adopted by committees whose duty it is to see that no unworthy timber is brought into the temple of Masonry.

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THE PROBLEM SOLVED.

Last November the *Trowel* accused us of being connected with a clique who were after the Grand Lodge treasury, &c., "thereby making a fat thing for the ring." In that answer we desired to have a simple problem solved: How other states, with a smaller constituency and less dues, could have large amounts of money, while Illinois is poor, and has been obliged to hire money to meet expenses. We were told by the supplement issue of the *Trowel* for January, that we would find our problem solved by consulting the reports of the finance committees. We have done so. The result of our research discloses that over eight thousand dollars was received by the Grand Master, and much more by the Reynolds family for 1868. For 1869 the Grand Master received over five thousand dollars. We want no better evidence; it is good, but the money is missing. There is no wonder that this Grand Lodge is poor. Our problem is solved, why sister jurisdictions have a large fund at interest. And this shows why it is necessary that the brothers of this jurisdiction are required to pay higher Grand Lodge dues than in other states.

CHICAGO CONSISTORY PIC-NIC.

At the first regular rendezvous of Chicago Consistory 32° S., P. R., R. S., August 27, 1870, a vote of thanks was unanimously tendered to Harman G. Reynolds, Grand Master of Illinois, who was the orator on that interesting occasion. We had not the pleasure of hearing the gentleman, but we have the assurance of Illustrious Princes, capable of judging, that it was in every particular worthy of the chief of Masons in the state. This turn out was the first public demonstration of this young, active and prosperous body of Masons. It was in its success not only a credit to them but to the great city in which they hold their councils. By order of Ill. Bro. J. D. M. Carr, Commander in Chief, the Grand Secretary, James Stewart, transmitted in proper form, the action of the Consistory. We are pleased to learn that the body are now taking active steps to secure a more eligible hall, the one now used by them, over Ill. Bro. McVicker's Theatre, being too small.

APOLLO COMMANDERY.— On the 10 ult. this body gave a drill picnic, they were joined by Chicago Commandery and St. Bernard Commandery, forming into line in front of Masonic Temple they presented a fine appearance and drew a large crowd of admiring spectators. Their evolutions attracted the notice of several military experts, the whole affair passed off pleasantly and from legal information we know the refreshments at the grove were in every particular worthy of true knighthood.

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MONUMENTAL.— The Masonic brotherhood of Neenah and Menasha of Wisconsin have erected a fine marble monument in memory of the Rev. Bro. and Companion C. S. Hussey. This is worthy of note, for it is in honor of a true man and a Mason. In every time and place where it became necessary to vindicate Masonry he stood as firm as the hills. When he was called upon to defend the principles of this time honored institution he was bold and fearless. The brothers, companions and friends who knew him, do not need this beautiful monument that points out the place where his earthly remains are deposited in order to perpetuate his memory, for that is already engraven upon faithful hearts, but like him, in a few more revolutions of the earth, a few more setting suns and a few more calls of the roll, the brothers who with him bowed around the Masonic altar and offered up their devotions to the great I Am will be no more on earth. But to perpetuate his memory, his name and his virtues to future generations they have caused this monument to be placed at his grave. May every brother and companion so live that a monument of love and affection will be erected in the hearts of all who are left.

In September number of the *Trowel* Bro. Reynolds says he appointed Bro. Bailey on the Committee of Foreign Correspondence "*because he was an honorable man.*" Is this a sufficient reason for the Grand Master to do an unconstitutional act? Our former remarks did not call in question the honor of any man, but the *legality* of the act upon the part of the Grand Master; and Bro. Bailey getting the appointment on the ground of his "honesty" implies that all the constitutional members of the Grand Lodge were destitute of this qualification.

CHICAGO G. L. PERFECTION.— A pleasant visit was made to this body of Masons on the evening of Sept. 3d. There was a large number present and good feeling, mingled with zeal in the work, prevailed among the Craft. It was a pleasure to meet the G. S. Bro. J. B. Schlichter active on duty, Bro. Cleveland, a veteran Knight Templar and a valiant Prince of the tribe, and Bro. Austin robed in office, his white locks crowning many years in temple labor. It is refreshing to meet old friends on such occasions, the visit strengthens our faith in the prosperity of the order.

IOWA.— We have received from Bro. T. S. Parvin, Grand Secretary of Iowa, "Annals of Iowa Masonry for 1870," with full proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Iowa, and Report on Foreign Correspondence. This is a neat volume, the correspondence especially clear and rich with Masonic information from all the grand bodies of the United States and Canada, and almost the balance of the world. Without disparagement to other jurisdictions, we feel proud of Iowa as a state, and value her Masonic zeal and progress.

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THE MYSTIC STAR.

NOVEMBER——1870.

WHO IS A MASON?

BY W. ROUNSEVILLE.

Not many attendants of the lodge have failed to notice the blank astonishment when the candidate is told he is not a Master Mason. Neither have they passed over the alacrity with which he confesses his belief that he is one after the ceremonies have been performed. And those who are well posted often laugh that he should so quickly draw conclusions. But it is just possible that there may be some of the old members who stand in a similar predicament.

Who is a Mason? What makes a Mason? When does a man arrive at a true condition of a true Mason? When a candidate has passed through the first degrees of the institution we say he is a Mason, but does it follow that he is one, really and truly? Suppose he has passed all the degrees, and can repeat the lectures, the charges, the lessons? Suppose he can prove himself the most skillful adept in the work of Masonry, does that make him a Mason? I know of one such, who can confer a degree with force and expression. He never misses a word of the charge. The signs and grips are all familiar to him as the knife and fork with which he takes his daily food. He talks loudly in the praise of Masonry, in season and out of season. Is he necessarily a Mason? He is not really if he is necessarily so. He is a drunken, profane wretch, who abuses his own physical and moral nature, and is a burden upon the family that he has sworn to protect and support. With a good trade at which he makes high wages he fails to provide the common necessaries of life because he spends a great part of his earnings for drink, and drink often keeps him idle. No Mason does this. It is contrary to the spirit of every lecture and charge from the first to the last degree of Masonry.

Masonry condemns these vices and crimes, hence he who commits them is no Mason. A Mason is one who acts according to its principles; who is governed by its laws and pays strict heed to its precepts; who is virtuous, honest and truthful; who, professing to be a Mason, demonstrates by his actions what Masonry teaches — what it is.

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Masonry teaches a man must be sober; if he is not sober, to that extent he is no Mason. Masonry teaches to use no blasphemous language; then he who uses such language is to that extent no Mason. And as he allows these and other vile habits to get a mastery over him, he becomes less and less a Mason, until he has only the form without the spirit of the order. This is what makes a true Mason; not rite and ceremony; not lecture and obligation; not the grip and sign; but the practice of those virtues that the system of morality enjoins.

A man does not arrive at the condition of a true Mason at the moment when the secret ceremony ends and the mysteries of the fraternity have been committed to his keeping. He is no more a true Mason than the candidate before his novitiate is closed, although we fear that many make the same mistake that he does in thinking so. When the man, with soul imbued with the divine principles of Masonry, with intentions permeated by its spirit, with his life constantly showing that his whole being is actuated by fraternal feeling and affection, then he is a true Mason — then he may be permitted to claim the name of Mason. But until he cleanses his actions from evil, puts a curb on his tongue that it shall not blaspheme, controls his appetites that they shall not render him neglectful of the duties he owes to his family, lives such a life as shall compel every one with whom he has intercourse to acknowledge his moral worth, his claim to the title is void, is a libel upon the fraternity, a fraud upon the public, and a living lie upon his profession.

He only is a Mason who lives as the grand principles of Masonry require. Thus we answer the question that stands at the head of this article: Who is a Mason? Let no one pretend to be a Mason who can not thus prove his title.

LEROY, NEW YORK.

Olive Branch Lodge of Leroy lately celebrated its centennial, and Bro. John R. Anderson was the orator of the event. The place reminds us of the past. We well remember the "Round House," so called. In our younger days we lived in that vicinity, and heard much about the Morgan tragedy. We attended church many times at the Round House. It caused many remarks, as it was one of the monumental landmarks of Masonry during the anti-Masonic tornado which swept over the country. Notwithstanding the enmity that existed in the hearts of our vile foes at that time, and is still lurking in the bosoms of some renegades, Masonry lives in that section as a benefactor of humanity. It shines in its glorious deeds of love, while blackness and shame are in the footprints of the unscrupulous bigots. We

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present the following extracts of the address, taken from the *Masonic Tidings:*

"The Masonic history of the late war, were it possible to write it, would abound with the most thrilling instances of fraternal recognition and brotherly intervention when the fallen brave have been left to die, but have been rescued for decent burial, or for a final recovery, and a happy restoration to the fond endearments of home. Members of the fraternity, whether in the Union or Confederate cause, have been equally true to their Masonic obligations and teachings wherever they have recognized evidences of distress. This has been done in a thousand ways, and in entire harmony to real or supposed duties to which allegiance may be due.

"You will pardon me in giving you an example to illustrate the wonderful power of the principles of Freemasonry, so far as it relates to the nature and charms of the Masonic obligation, when exercised over the baser passions of the human heart, even when charged with the bitterest hatred and violence. It occurred in a seaport town in Florida, in 1863. An officer in the Navy of the Union had died — he was a Mason. His brother officers desired to bury him with our solemn rites of burial. One of the officers, an intelligent Mason, landed on shore, and soon entered a Confederate town in search of a place of burial, and being guided by a rebel brother, he soon found a cemetery, but he was informed that there was no spot of soil in Florida vile enough to receive the brother.

"'You are here to destroy our property, burn our homes; you are our enemies, and we will not grant your request.'

"The brother replied, 'I am a Freemason; I am your brother, and as such we can not be enemies, for we are brethren, and as such I come to you to discharge a solemn vow made to him who can no longer plead for himself.'

"They received that brother into the tiled precincts of their lodge, where a proper and most scathing examination satisfied them of his Masonic claims. Reason and the noble dictates of conscience resumed their rightful sway in the minds of these excited brethren, and his request was granted. The grave was dug in their burial grounds, the body landed, attended by the officers of the ship. But ere those loyal soldiers reached the spot of earth, they were met by a Masonic procession composed entirely of rebellious Masonic brethren, who united with them in their march to the grave, and the Master of their lodge performed the Masonic burial services.

"In this instance, as in thousands of others, how completely did brotherly love overcome and disarm political hate. How beautifully did the enemy disappear in the brother. What a sublime illustration of the power and purpose of Freemasonry! A parallel cannot be found on the page of history.

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"Again, as citizens, and as the sons of one common country, who are decreed henceforth and forever to live under the same laws, and to work out the same destiny, it is of the first importance that we set about to restore completely the old feeling of comity, which will unite us as one people throughout the length and breadth of our country, in sentiments of filial affection and kindness. One of the noblest and most valuable lessons which the impressive rites and traditions of our order teaches, is the lesson of the brotherhood of men, and one of the most common and frequent results of Masonry, is the active practical acknowledgment of this brotherhood in the ordinary tranactions of every-day life.

"It needs no exhortation from a voice so humble as mine to urge you to the exercise of this duty. A voice more clear, distinct, and potential is ever falling on our listening ears. The solemn, stately tones of tradition, coming down in slow, measured, and far-off but eloquent accents, from the dim-vailed hight of the remotest ages, is with you constantly wherever you go, silently, but powerfully, impelling you to the performance of quiet but noble deeds of brotherly love and kindness.

"It is not of our obligations to these duties that I would speak, but I would call the attention of the world, outside of the walls of our Mystic Temple, to the silent, unostentatious, but powerful auxiliary which Fremasonry is to civil society and to the National Government, in bringing about a return of kindly and brotherly feeling between all the people of these states. Words are inadequate to express the important and beneficial effects of an institution like this of ours, at such a time as this, upon society at large, in circumscribing and keeping in due bounds the angry passions of the hour; in inculcating forbearance and moderation, and in reviving old ties of brotherhood.

"Brethren, when the people of the true God were released from captivity by Cyrus, and returned to Jerusalem to rebuild His Temple, many of our ancient brethren, actuated by the same spirit of piety and zeal for their art, which has governed the order, went up with them, and voluntarily contributed their skill and labor in that glorious and noble undertaking.

"That piece of work was not for them, but for the whole people of the children of Israel. Their work was unselfish, and performed without the expectation or hope of reward, and when the magnificent structure, decorated with the choicest works of Masonic skill and art, raised its sublime proportions to the approving heavens, amid the grateful rejoicings of thousands of the worshipers of the true God, and was again dedicated, with solemn ceremonies, to his service, they quickly returned to their accustomed associations in other departments of their art.

"As our ancient brethren did then, so we are now called upon, at

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the return af our "kindred and kin" from the Babylon of civil war, which has laid in one utter and complete ruin the finest portion of our land, to go up with Masonic implements in hand, to aid and assist in rebuilding the social, political, and moral temple of American institutions, like those of old Freemasonry, comes to this work disinterestedly and unselfishly.

"They ask no reward, but the consciousness of having done their duty. They seek no personal renown or publicity. They bring to the work the invaluable treasures of skill and science, with which a knowledge of the mysteries of our art has endowed them, and of which they alone are the possessors. And, as it was before, so it will be again, when the glorious structure of American Nationality shall tower in unequaled splendor to the heavens, and as the Temple of old excelled in beauty and magnificence all other structures, so this shall excel all the nations of the earth in the strength and majesty of its dimensions, the excellence of its design, the purity and justice of its proportions, the beauty and magnificence of its decoration, and when the eyes of the whole world shall be turned to look upon it with admiration and reverence, and the children of every clime shall come to dwell under the protection of its triune flag, it shall again be recorded that the strength and solidity of its workmanship, the rectitude and uprightness of its angles, lines and columns, and the beauty and splendor of its ornaments, were due to the quiet, noiseless labors of the noble Giblamites of our order."

LODGES OF SORROW.

BY LEON HYNEMAN.

In all the works of God there is no more important, necessary nor interesting phenomena than the passing out of this life, which people call death, except the primal birth into objective being. It is, rightly considered, the most grateful of all the kind and good blessings of the ever loving Father. It is indeed a wise provision that when the aged, the weary-worn, the invalid on his couch can no longer perform life's duties, can no longer be useful, that the functions of the physical organism gradually ceases to act until the vital powers become extinct and the sleep ensues that knows no waking. What is that which we term death? The physical body is subject to nature's limitations, the same as all of nature's phenomena. Death is incidental to birth, and of the material of the organism the constituents of which unceasingly necessarily change, until the ultimate of vitality is reached, the life force expended. But the physical man is not the real man, not the

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individual entity, not the conscious intelligence expressed through the exterior form. Flesh and blood have no consciousness, no intelligence, and when nature has reached its limitations, the blood ceases to flow, and the entire body of flesh, sinews, muscles and bones, in consonance with the harmonies of nature's unintermittant life of change, enter into affinities to form combinations of other material forms in God's ever varied and varying universe. Nature is ever active in formation and reformation of material forms, is never at rest; its life of change, like the planets in their courses, can not be at rest in the most minute atom in the universe, the millionth part of a second, nor can the vital force in any form, for the briefest moment, exceed its limitations.

The infinite wisdom of God is apparent in all of the phenomena in the universe, and in no way is that wisdom more manifest than in the workings of nature in its gradual movements in preparation for the final separation of the soul from the outward material form. We have attended the sick and watched at the bedside of those "passing away," of those in childhood and in old age, and in all cases have always seen nature true to itself, in that, as the angel messengers were waiting for the new birth, to guide the spirit to its new home in the bright summer land, for hours and days before the final separation there was neither pain nor suffering, notwithstanding there may have been convulsive movements. But to the watching eye the features gradually assumed that pleasing, happy look, and at the finale a glorious divine expression ilumined the countenance as if the spirit at parting rejoicingly bade adieu to the no longer useful body, henceforth relieved from its earth-life miseries. But to our view the divine halo which overspreads the countenance, and which phenomena occurs in most cases of those on the dying bed, is caused by the recognition of loved ones who had gone before, invisible, it is true, to the physical eye, but consciously perceptible by the interior senses of those nearing the boundary of the earth-life. Beautiful phenomena, wonderfully beautiful and far transcending the joy of the sea-lost mariner as he nears the land, or that man on the earth-plane can conceive of; the unspeakable happiness, the realization of those nearing the spirit land, cognizing mother, father, husband, wife, sisters, brothers, children, friends, who have passed away before them, and whom, as they believed according to theologic teachings, had been lost to them forever.

It is lamentable to think how the general mind has been perverted by theologic teachings, and it is surprising that people professing to be intelligent have become so imbued with its tenets and creeds as to ignore the revealments of God through the manifestations of nature and their own consciousness. To conceive of a God of infinite love getting angry with his children and reserving punishment, and everlasting punishment, in the future life for deeds done in ignorance or

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weakness. Is that consistent with infinite love? Is the infinity of God bounded? Can infinite love be angered? Is a revengeful God, as all theology teaches, consistent with infinite love? God can neither be revengeful nor become angry, and the only way that man is, or ever can be punished, is through the instrumentality of immutable law, and the punishment follows, is consequent in the offence, as nature teaches and illustrates. Fire will burn and pain, the punishment results if it comes in contact with flesh. If we eat or drink to gratify any desire, to excess, the punishment is inevitable. The punishment is in the law of excessive indulgence or whatever the offence may be. It is the same in the moral as the material world. If we steal, or think to steal, the offence is in the intent, as impure, unjust thoughts have their source in an impure, unjust state, or condition of mind. The consequences inevitably follow, and will follow until the state or conditions are changed, and the individual comes under other and better laws. Man needs to study his own nature; he needs no other teacher. As sure as human beings are born, so surely will they die; such is God's immutable law. And all the unmeaning ceremonies of the church or the priesthood, at the birth, marriage or decease of human beings, are only for effect to enslave the mind more completely to theologic creeds and dogmas. And strange to say, but true as strange, there are no people more completely bound by theologic teachings than Freemasons, and through the instrumentality of the clergy and appointed chaplains the creeds and dogmas of theology have been introduced into every department of their several organizations. A chaplain must have his say at the initiation or birth into Masonry, and at every step in his progress to the top of the ladder; at all feastings of the Craft, and at the interment of a Mason; and so that his dues are all paid, notwithstanding what his outer life may have been, how true to his conjugal relations, or his integrity in his dealings with his fellow men, he died in good standing in his lodge, and that is sufficient merit to overlook all other deficiencies to be buried with Masonic honors and the blessings of heaven vouchsafed to him through the prayers of the chaplain.

The evils of theologic teachings is the strong tendency to sectarianize the Masonic institution, and this is manifested in a growing custom, of European origin, of holding "Lodges of Sorrow," after the decease of a member. This usage, so supremely ridiculous and inconsistent with every principle of Masonry, if we did not know of its performance we would not believe that an intelligent people was capable of such mumery. Such hypocritical parade is only intended to delude vulgar minds. The decease of a human being, in place of manifesting great grief and making a display of sorrow and mourning, as though body and soul and spirit were dissipated in the universal ocean of elemental materiality, it should rather be a cause of rejoicing of the birth into

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the higher life. The black drapery and solemn ceremonials, prayers and preaching, with all the dark surroundings, are all out of place, and such would the released spirit declare if it could make itself heard to sensuous ears. That Freemasons should adopt, in this age of progressive enlightenment, the unmeanining and ridiculous performances of creedal sectarianism, and seriously give their time and attention to the silly, puerile ceremonials observed on holding Lodges of Sorrow, or on funeral occasions, is a march backward into the past centuries. Progress is the life of Masonic principles, and in the march of science Freemasons ought to be in the front rank, investigating, analyzing, and by clear logical deduction arrive at a knowledge of divine unfoldment through nature's uniform manifestations for the use and benefit of mankind, and not devote their talents and energies in participating in, and upholding trivial and obscure observances which an effete theological system adheres to, to hold sway over the minds of the ignorant and unthinking.

THEY REST FROM THEIR LABORS.

BY J. EMMETT BLACKSHEAR, M. D.

We find the following in the report of the Committee on Foreign Correspondence of Georgia. It is seldom that we find a more touching tribute to the worthy who have finished their earthly labors:

They rest from their labors. How sweet their repose,
How gently they sleep after life's peaceful close;
No cares to molest them — to mar the delight
Of their slumbers; their dreams are all joyous and bright.
Ah! laborer ne'er from the toils of the day
Yet rested as calmly, as sweetly as they.

They rest from their labors. Well skilled in our art
Each true to his duties, performed well his part,
In the quarries without, or our sacred retreat,
No design left unfinished, no stone incomplete.
Their toils are now ended — from earth they have passed,
Yet bright were their working tools kept to the last.

They rest from their labors. Their wages are due,
Their work by the Grand Master's test is found true —
True to the plumb line of justice and right,

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To the level on which all good Masons unite —
To the square of morality, virtue and love,
And the wages are paid in the Temple above.

They rest from their labors. Farewell, for a time!
Through the last ceremonials, solemn, sublime,
Of that Higher Degree ye have now passed before,
We too, must soon follow — must pass through the door
Of death, into scenes most enchantingly bright,
To the throne of Jehovah, whose presence is Light.

O then may we all be permitted at last,
When prepared, we the Grand Tyler, Death, shall have passed,
To join in the rites of the Grand Lodge above,
Whose degrees are the essence, perfection of Love;
With archangles to unite in thanksgiving and praise,
To the Holiest of Holies — the Ancient of Days.

DECISIONS AND ANSWERS OF THE M. W. GRAND MASTER METCALF, OF MICHIGAN.

Can we make Masons of ministers of the Gospel without fee?

See Sec. 10 of Art. 5, of the Constitution of our Grand Lodge, which reads thus:

"No lodge under this jurisdiction shall confer the degree of Entered Apprentice, Fellow Craft and Master Mason, (*unless the candidate be a clergyman,*) for any less sum than twenty-one dollars."

Can a W. M. of a chartered lodge be elected from the floor, or must he be a Warden at the time of the election?

To be elegible to the office of W. M. the brother must have served one year as Warden of a chartered lodge. He need not be Warden at the time of his election.

Can an elected candidate be initiated, when the initiation of said candidate is objected to by a member of the lodge?

It is the duty of the Master of a lodge to suspend the advancement of a candidate at any stage of his advancement, when it shall come to his knowledge that such candidate is unworthy to receive Masonic light, regardless of the source or channel of such knowledge. [See Trans. G. L. 1869. Stad. Order No. 21.] The Resolution contemplates initiation as well as advancement.

Has a brother the right to inform a rejected candidate that he voted

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for him; or to inform who were present at the meeting when he was rejected?

It is held to be unmasonic for one brother to be allowed to know how another voted on the petition of a candidate. The secrecy of the ballot must be kept sacred and inviolate. And if one brother is not allowed to reveal to another how he voted on a petition, what possible excuse can be made for revealing Masonic secrets to a profane, which is not allowed to be revealed to a brother and a member of the lodge? All the business of the lodge, and especially that connected with the *admission of candidates*, must be kept secret. To inform a rejected applicant who were present when he was balloted for, is an offence which calls for discipline.

Can a W. M. postpone the ballot for an indefinite period on a petition that had been reported upon; or should he order the ballot to be spread the same evening?

The ballot is usually spread upon a motion of some member of the lodge. There is no doubt that, on a vote of the lodge to postpone the ballot upon a petition of an applicant, it can be postponed, but the postponment should be till the next regular, or to any specified regular meeting. The W. M. has undoubtedly the right to postpone, but I think not *indefinitely*.

Can a candidate for advancement be balloted for at any other than a regular communication?

Yes, at any meeting called for that purpose.

Is a member of a neighboring lodge, living within the jurisdiction of another lodge, subject to charges by the lodge within whose jurisdiction he resides?

Yes; but where charges are proven, it is better that the penalty should be inflicted by the lodge of which he is a member.

Is a brother Entered Apprentice entitled to a dimit?

No brother below the degree of Master Mason can receive a dimit.

A brother Entered Apprentice or Fellow Craft removing into the jurisdiction of another lodge than that in which he was elected, can not be advanced in any other lodge, except by permission of the lodge in which he was so elected and initiated. In other words, a brother Entered Apprentice, initiated in Lodge A., cannot be advanced by Lodge B., unless by permission of Lodge A.

Can a ballot be recinded at a subsequent communication of the lodge?

No. If reconsidered at all, it should be at the same communication at which the ballot was had, and before any brother has left. To reconsider at a subsequent communication, emphatically *No!*

Does it require a majority, or a two-thirds vote to convict?

In the absence of any Grand Lodge regulation, I think that a majority vote would convict; — the same that is required to inflict the

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highest penalty, and that, I think, everywhere requires but a majority vote.

Was the W. M. right in advising the council of an accused brother to retire when the ballot was being had?

No. Every member of the lodge, except the accused, has the right of voting on the question of guilt or innocence.

Has a lodge, working U. D., a right to receive members by dimit?

I am not aware of any special edict of our Grand Lodge authorizing lodges U. D. to receive members by dimit; but as brother Coffinbury has decided that they have such power, (by virtue of a special edict,) and as his decisions have received the sanction of the Grand Lodge, it is law for the present, and lodges U. D. can receive members in that way.

The ballot is passed to confer membership on Bro. A. when two black balls appear. A brother thinks he made a mistake, and the ballot is spread again, when one black ball appears. Is the brother elected?

Yes. For membership it requires three black balls to reject. [See Const. G. L., Art. 6., Sec. 2]

A ballot is taken for Bro. B. for membership, and two black balls appear. The ballot is spread again and four black balls appear. Does this reject the candidate?

The candidate was elected on the first ballot, and should have been so declared. But as the ballot was again spread on the same petition, and four black balls having appeared, the candidate is rejected. The W. M was wrong in ordering the second ballot.

When a brother simply objects to the initiation of a candidate, and does not state his reason, what is the duty of the W. M. in the premises?

I would refer to page 142, paragraph 77, of Look's Digest, and in addition would say, if a brother simply objects to the initiation of a candidate, and does not state his reasons, I think it the duty of the W. M. to refuse to initiate. If the *reasons* for such objection are given to the W. M., he is then the judge whether the reasons are good or not. If they are given to the lodge then they become the property of the lodge, and by a vote, they may decide whether the candidate shall be initiated.

Can a lodge exact dues from a non-affiliated Mason?

No. A lodge has *penal* jurisdiction over non-affiliated Masons, and can try them for unmasonic conduct. But when a Mason voluntarily remains unaffiliated, a lodge is under no obligations to him. Of his own accord (remaining unaffiliated) he virtually says: "*I ask no Masonic favors.*" He is still a Mason, however, and in one sense, in good standing; but while he contributes neither pecuniary nor personal support to our institution, we are under no obligations to him.

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Is it good policy for a Masonic lodge to take part in the procession and ceremony of laying a corner stone, when the laying of the stone is to be done by some other society?

That is a matter for the W. M. and his lodge to determine. See Const. G. L. Art. VI., Sec. 10.

The objection to Masons joining in such processions *as Masons*, is this: The laying of a corner stone is strictly and purely Masonic, and of *right* belongs to no other body or society.

Has a lodge, or a W. M., a right to refuse admission to a visiting brother?

Yes. Either the lodge or the W. M. can refuse to admit visitors.

Can an officer of a lodge resign his office?

No. It is the prerogative of the W. M. to fill temporary vacancies that may occur.

Is the W. M. justifiable in refusing to put a question which is regularly before the lodge?

The W. M. would not be justified in refusing to put a motion regularly made and seconded, when such question, if carried, would not conflict with any of the general regulations of the Craft, or the By-Laws of his lodge.

When a ballot is pronounced clear, and the candidate declared elected, but the W. M. refuses to initiate, should the Secretary return the fee?

Yes; and inform the candidate that objection has been made to his being received. Contiguous lodges should be informed the same as in cases of rejection by ballot.— *Michigan Freemason.*

ELECTIONEERING FOR MASTER.

If there is any one thing to be protested against in a Masonic Lodge, it is the electioneering for the succeeding Master, a practice, we are sorry to say, that has gradually crept into many, if not all lodges — a practice that engenders feelings of bitterness among the brethren, which, perhaps, does not come to the surface at the moment, but now and then crops out, and leaves a feeling which should not exist among the members, and which is, year by year, becoming more apparent. As the annual election approaches, we find already the lodge divided into parties, and these parties possessed of as much wire-pulling as could be found among the politicians of our city primaries.

The objective point is the Oriental Chair. Many of the brethren do not stop to think whether they are peculiarly fitted to fill that station, (the highest honor that can be bestowed in a Masonic Lodge,) or whether their election would add weight or influence to the lodge;

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this is of little thought to many so long as the object is attained.

We have known instances where the election of Master has been accomplished by these means; a man, perhaps, who has committed parrot-like, to memory, the ritual and work of the lodge, but outside of this is as ignorant of the duties of the station as the youngest Entered Apprentice. By these means many brethren, who would add honor to the lodge, are deprived of rights which would naturally fall to them, simply because they would not condescend to electioneer for office.— *Landmark.*

We endorse every word of the above from the *Landmark*. There is a growing evil fastening itself upon our fraternity. Plans are drawn, and wires are laid, and brothers are buttonholed in our temples. All the political chicanery is resorted to, to secure an election.

Not long since we received a letter informing us that a Master of a lodge had been carried home drunk. If this is true it is a greater crime and injury to our order, than many other acts for which suspensions and expulsions are meted out to the transgressors.

It is very often that a parrot memorizer is considered to be a bright Mason, and qualified to hold office, when he is not fit nor worthy to have his petition taken by a Mason. Let every true lover of Masonry spurn with contempt all overtures of this kind. A reform is very much needed.

ES-SAKHRAH.

Every reader of Holy Land literature, and few there are at the present day who do not give some attention to it, has read of that mysterious rock, called by the Mohammedans *Es-Sakhrah*, ("the rock") that rears up its head in nature's own assumption, in the very center of Mount Moriah at Jerusalem, marking out, it is justly thought, the central point of the Temple of Solomon. A Masonic myth embodies the history of this mysterious stone.

The rock, Es-Sakhrah, is sixty feet in length, in the direction of the mountain (North and South) and fifty-five feet in breadth. From the level of the ridge it rises about fifteen feet. Its northern end is scarped or smoothed artificially as if it had once sustained and formed part of a wall. In the estimation of the Jew, this venerated rock is the most hallowed spot on earth. The Mohammedan tradition concerning it, is the strongest imaginable. It affirms that the Meccan prophet, having fastened his mule here, ascended to heaven and the stone after him, nor could it be stayed in its upward flight until an angel had grasped it and retained it by his best strength.

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In confirmation of this fanciful flight, the Moslems still exhibit the ring to which the mule was fastened, and point out the impress of the angelic fingers, and the footprint of Mohammed, upon the surface of the rock itself.

The *Masonic myth* refers only to the existence of this rude, unsightly ashlar at so conspicuous a point. No visitor to Mount Moriah can avoid an expression of surprise when entering the splendid Mosque of Omar, and admiring its matchless porcelain, its rich marble veneerings of various colors and devices, its fifty-six elegant windows of stained glass, its four doors and corresponding porches, and its noble dome and circular shaft, when seeing and admiring these architectural beauties, he observes that the whole noble structure is evidently built merely to enclose, and honor this rude rock! The thoughtful visitor will naturally inquire what there is about so unsightly a mass as to merit such exercise of skill and expenditure of treasure.

The original eminence, entitled *Moriah* could never have been called a *mountain* except as the English translation of the Bible adapts itself to Hebrew notions. When the small fresh water Lake of Gennesareth receives the title of *Sea of Galilee*, it is allowable that a narrow, low ridge, honored to be the most renowned locality upon earth, should be designated *mountain*. It was a sharp hill, full of prominences of caves and of ravines, and *made* chiefly by the hands of men, what we now see it.

Tradition informs us that the architect Hiram only yielded his judgment to that of his royal master Solomon in adopting this as the site of the Temple; *his* choice lay upon the noble invitation East, now called *Olivet*, and second to that the fine eminence North, since termed *Scopus*. Either of these, without so great an amount of preparatory labor would have afforded a firmer site. But the will of King Solomon prevailed.

When this point was yielded, the next question involved the *preparation* of the hill. Viewed from the summit of Olivet on the East it descended rapidly from North to South, exhibiting knobs or protuberances every little ways Hiram was preparing his directions to have these all leveled so that the top of the ridge might present a smooth incline, on which the quarry stone could be closely and firmly laid, when he was surprised to receive from his royal master special directions in relation to the largest and most southerly of these knobs.

The two were viewing the whole work from their favorite point eastward, two thirds the way up the slope of Olivet, when King Solomon thus addressed his skilful companion:

"Upon the crown of that hill, where the descent from each side is the steepest, there once ocurred one of the most remarkable instances of trust in God that human history affords us. More than nine

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centuries ago, there came across those hills to the southward, an aged man leading an only son. Three days before the pair had left their home near Beersheba to visit this place upon a divine mission. Leaving the servants and beasts in yonder deep ravine, the father and son clumb up to that steep detached rock, to which I have called your attention, the son bearing a load of fuel, the father a knife, a firebrand and a cord.

"Arrived at the summit, the two united to build an altar of unhewn stone, from the loose material which lay around. This being done, the wood was laid in order upon the altar. Then the son was bound and laid on the altar upon the wood, and the father stretched forth his hand and took the knife to slay his son. At this supreme moment a voice from heaven stayed the strong hand, a victim was provided and the human life spared. Those men were my ancestors.

"Only a few years since, the God whom we worship, had laid a destroying hand upon yonder entire city, and for the sins of our people had threatened to destroy it. But at the earnest prayer of David, my father, and for the great mercy wherewith God had ever viewed us; he commanded the destroying Angel to stay his hand. Upon that isolated rock which was the threshing floor of Ornan, the Jebusite, stood the Angel of the Lord when the command came to him to stay his hand. For this reason King David bought the land of Ornan and built there an altar unto the Lord and offered burnt-offerings and peace-offerings.

"A rock thus consecrated by two of the most important events in our national history, must not be hewn away, but rather honored as the central spot of our constructions. Build you, then, your surrounding walls, and lay down your hewn stone in such a manner that this great rock shall form part of our foundations. So when the dark days shall come in the latter ages of the world, that our Temple shall be destroyed, this great creation of Jehovah himself, this Divine Ashlar upon which Abraham stood and where the destroying Angel turned the *curse* into the *blessing*, will point out the future ages, our care for the preservation of divine landmarks."

Bowing submissively to these commands, the expert Tyrian hastened to record them and so alter his directions and shape his plans, that when the work was completed no misfittings would appear to pain the eye.

It cannot positively be known how this was accomplished, but the best theory is that the surrounding walls were built sufficiently high so that when the platform was filled up and levelled off, this rock Es-Sakhrah was *out of sight*. At the destruction of the Temple by Titus, this pavement and the upper parts of the great wall for several tiers were displaced and thrown into the valley, thus bringing again to light the *Great Ashlar* as had been predicted.

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The present disposition of the buildings over and around it exposes the rock, sixty feet in length and fifty-five feet in breadth, to the height of five feet above the marble floor of the mosque or ten feet above the original crown of the hill. On the South the ground falls rapidly away from the great rock, and the same on the North, as has been discovered within two years by the accidental caving in of some vaults immediately North of it. There is no doubt but what Hadrian's splendid Temple of Jupiter Capitolimes stood here. In the south-eastern part of the rock, Es-Sakhrah, is a room irregularly square and roughly finished, about eight feet high and fifteen feet square. This is called the *Noble Grotto*. It was unquestionably pierced to be a receptacle and conduit of the blood of the sacrifices in the great Feast Days of the Hebrew Nation. The ceiling of the rock above it is from four to six feet thick, pierced with an oval-shaped hole about three feet in diameter.—*Evergreen.*

CHAPTER WORK.

BY JOHN P. LITTLE, GRAND HIGH PRIEST, GRAND CHAPTER OF VIRGINIA

The Council Degrees.

In many jurisdictions these degrees, strange to say, are conferred in separate Councils without any authority from the Grand Chapter of the jurisdiction, and always after the Royal Arch Degrees. This is not as it should be. Every Grand Chapter should at once claim these degrees from Grand Councils, (so called,) and place them in subordinate Chapters, next to the Past Master and before the Most Excellent Master's Degree. I know that this is in opposition to prejudice and general opinion; but prejudice is never right and common opinion often wrong. The history of these degrees proves that their usual place is erroneous. Every one who has taken them knows that they belong to an era of time which preceded the completion of Solomon's Temple. "The Select Masters' Degree rationally accounts for the necessary concealment and preservation of those essentials of the Craft which were brought to light at the rebuilding of the second Temple, and which lay concealed from the Masonic eye for the space of four hundred and seventy years; and displays in an eminent degree the consummate prudence, wisdom and foresight of our illustrious patrons in Masonry."

Now, if the degree dates from the first Temple, before its completion, and explains the concealment of what was brought to light when the second was built, four hundred and seventy years after, why

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should they be delayed until after the Royal Arch Degree, which is fundamentally based upon the erection of this second Temple? Can any Council Mason give a rational answer to this question?

The history of the degree in this country shows the reason why they occupy the place they now do, and why Councils exist as distinct and separate from Chapter authority. Jeremy L Cross is to be blamed for it all; and had it not been for his love of money, these degrees would never have been dislocated, as they have been, from their proper place in the Masonic order. The only Mason who possessed them in this country was a distinguished chief of our Order in Maryland, who coferred them gratuitously on others, and, in 1824, delegated this authority to the Grand Chapter of Maryland. Cross, however, had received them and imparted them wherever he went for a stipulated price, and, exceeding his commission to impart them, authorized the organization of Councils, and charged a sum for this authority. This he did in Richmond, Virginia, and in other places.

The chief of whom I have spoken, whose name was Philip P. Eckel, gave his consent to the Grand Chapter of Maryland in 1824 to take charge of these degrees and confer them before the Most Excellent Master, where all intelligent workers in the Royal Art will at once perceive the propriety of their location. [See proceedings of the Grand Chapter of Maryland, pages 16 and 17, of the year 1824.]

Cross had visited Richmond, Virginia, in 1822, conferred these degrees on John Dove and others, charging them two dollars apiece for each degree, and thirty-five for a dispensation to open a Council. This he did, also, in four other places in Virginia, and in 1824 delegates met and organized a Grand Council, and, of course, published their proceedings. This caused an explosion. Comp. Eckel indicted Cross before the Grand Chapter of Maryland, and he was suspended by their action. As soon as the true history of the degree was made known to the Masons of Virginia they gave up their usurped authority (derived from Cross) to the Grand Chapter of Virginia, and these two degrees, Select and Royal Masters, have ever since been conferred in Chapters before the Most Excellent degree, where they rightly belong.

I repeat my opinion, no Council other than one holding authority under a Grand Chapter and in a subordinate Chapter has any right to confer these two degrees. If any Council will look back to its origin it will find that it has no real authority to act except such as was first derived, either directly or indirectly, from Jeremy L. Cross. Power can not rise higher than its source; he had no authority to exercise the power he professed to exercise. It was a usurpation on his part, and the degrees were conferred and Councils formed by him solely that he might make money thereby.

I am more particular in tracing this genealogy because the mass of

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the Craft are ignorant of the origin of these degrees.

I, therefore, deny the authority of all Councils to confer these degrees that do not act under a Chapter warrant. It will be found that none or them are older than 1823, and all of them derived their power, directly from Jeremy L. Cross or from some Council which he had founded.

I do not even discuss the existence of a degree called Super-Excellent Master, which is sometimes conferred in Councils. It is so entirely out of place that its introduction is simply amazing. Referring to an event that took place after the destruction of the Temple, it is placed in the Council with events which took place before the Temple was completed. There is no connection of circumstances, and there is a difference in time of four hundred and seventy years.

I do not deny that Councils should exist, or that Philo P. Eckel did not authorize Jeremy L. Cross to confer them for money, or institute Councils for money, or dislocate the Council from its proper place in the Chapter, and make it to be a separate order for all time, with degrees to be conferred after the Royal Arch.

At first they had to be conferred on Royal Arch Masons, because they had not received; their Masonic education was incomplete. But when they had thus received full knowledge they were to put the Council in its proper place in the Chapter, and impart these degrees before the Most Excellent Masters' degree as preparatory to the Royal Arch. This it is that I accuse him of, and I urgently advise all Grand Councils to give up these degrees to Grand Chapters, and let them hereafter occupy their proper places.

Now, let us look at the degrees themselves. We do not have lodges of Select or of Royal Masters, the two are under one organization; together they constitute a Council, and when this is properly opened the two are conferred in order — the Select Master always having the precedence.

The members are called Companion Council Masons, and they are taught a peculiar way and manner of making themselves known to each other, separate from the various signs which distinguish each degree.

"The Select Masters' Degree shows the skill, virtue and inflexible fidelity of those who were chosen to complete an important part of King Solomon's Temple, and beautifully exemplifies an instance of justice and mercy by our ancient patrons towards one of the Craft who had been led to disobey their commands, through an over-zealous attachment to the institution.

"It ends with a description of a particular circumstance which characterized the degree."

The Royal Masters' Degree should follow the Select, because, in

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point of time, it refers to a period subsequent to that of the Select, and because in working it that which was done in the Select Degree is pointedly referred to, as already accomplished. It shows forth beautifully the devotion to the Craft by one of our Grand Masters.

We are taught many lessons in these beautiful degrees. Justice and purity should mark the conduct, and fervency and zeal stimulate all Council Masons in the discharge of every duty incumbent on them.

They should never suffer idle curiosity to mislead them, but study to acquire and possess both silence and secrecy, being voluntarily deaf, dumb and blind to all that they may see and hear which would endanger peace of mind or probity, of conduct. They should ever exercise charity, cherish hope, and walk in faith. The strength and purity of our Order is based upon the silence and secrecy of its members.

Bees will not work except in darkness. Thought will not work except in silence; neither will virtue work except in secrecy. Let not thy right hand know what thy left hand doeth. Neither shalt thou prate even to thine own heart of "those secrets known to all." Is not shame the soil of all virtue, of all good manner, of all good morals? Like plants, virtue will not grow unless its roots be hidden — buried from the eye of the sun. Let the sun shine on it, nay, do but look at it privily thyself, and the root will wither, and no flower will gladden thee.

Our whole Order is symbolical and is founded upon thought; it exists and has its entire being in silence and secrecy.

The symbolical working tool of these degrees, or rather of the Select Master's, which characterizes the Council Degree, is the Trowel. For, while we are taught that no sound of any tool of iron was heard in the Temple building, every Select Master will see that in constructing this peculiar work — not a part of, but rather an adjunct to the Temple — the trowel was absolutely necessary. Its Masonic meaning is fully explained in the lectures of the Master's Degrees; but here is its true use and real application, for it had no part in the erection of the Temple proper. It is the emblem of a Select Master.

I close these degrees (for they are really one, or at least part of the same,) by a quotation from a work prepared under the supervision of Philip P. Eckel, who first taught them in this country:

"We know of no degree in Masonry that has more needful or more important connection with another than the Select with the Royal Arch. It fills up a chasm which every intelligent Royal Arch Mason has observed, and without it, it seems difficult, if not impossible, to comprehend clearly some of the mysteries that belong to the august degree of Royal Arch.

"It is strange, and it is also unfortunate, that very few have received the useful knowledge made known in the Select; and, indeed, such is the nature of the degree that we can not feel freedom in alluding

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remotely to the nature and secrets. We may, however, pronounce it the key to the Arch. There is reason to believe that this degree was in use long before those of Most Excellent or Mark Master; yet why it has not been more generally introduced can be accounted for only in the severe duty it imposes on individuals who work in it to retain its manner, method and history. Yet it is exceedingly interesting in all its parts, and is calculated to produce the most happy impressions preparatory to receiving that of Royal Arch."

EXTRACTS FROM G. M. CREGIER'S ADDRESS TO THE GRAND LODGE AT HIS INSTALLATION.

BROTHERS OF ILLINOIS—I would do violence to my feelings were I to allow the occasion to pass without a few words expressive of how fully I appreciate the high honor you have this day conferred upon me.

That I enter upon the duties of the office with some degree of diffidence I freely admit, because I am sensible of the magnitude of their responsibilities. It is not, therefore, quite clear to me that my administration will be free from faults, especially when compared with that of my distinguished predecessors; however, it will be my earnest endeavor to serve every lodge and every brother throughout our jurisdiction, and to discharge the duties imposed upon me justly and faithfully to the best of my ability. To accomplish my purpose I fraternally ask your hearty co-operation, without which I cannot hope to succeed.

Brothers, there are other matters which I might refer to, but will not detain you to-night. I shall have occasion hereafter to communicate with you upon topics of mutual interest. There is, however, one question which I feel anxious to refer to now: The opinion has been entertained by some of my brothers that if elected to this high office its power would be used to change the present lodge work. Let me assure you that such an opinion is erroneous. The Grand Lodge, at its last communication adopted the work and placed it in the hands of custodians, and it will be my *duty*, as it will be my pleasure, to give it my cordial support. In this, as in all other matters, I shall strive to have the will and pleasure of this Grand Lodge duly executed.

Brothers, permit me again to express my thanks for the fraternal confidence and esteem you have been pleased to manifest towards me, and I hope to be able to discharge the duties of my office to your entire satisfaction.

Cleveland Lodge have taken possession of their new hall on the West Side. *It* will be dedicated in a few weeks.

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EDITORIAL ITEMS BY THE WAY.

In our late trip into Wisconsin everywhere we met with noble men and true Masons. Our first call was at Evanston, and had a short but very pleasant interview with Dr. Geer, a live member of the Craft.

From there we went to Waukegan, looked in upon our congenial companion and brother J. C. Baker, who was very busy manufacturing Masonic furniture. If there are any lodges that wish to obtain an outfit, and have good square work, let them write to him. We bespeak a word in his behalf. Let the worthy manufacturer of the West be patronized by the Craft in the West.

KENOSHA.—The true Masonic pilgrim will always find rest and choice friends at this water-ford. We soon found our worthy brother Stebbins, who always has time to spend with a sojourner. For years he was the W. M., and is considered one of the best of officers. He is now the High Priest of the Chapter; and beside this, the community having reposed trust and confidence in him, elected him sheriff. His kindness we cherish, and shall ever remember with gratitude. The MYSTIC STAR is a favorite among the Craft. Notwithstanding the hard times, a large number responded cheerfully to our call. Masonry has a strong hold in this vicinity, one which is commendable to our noble institution.

RACINE.—The Craft is wide awake in this beautiful city. The good of Masonry is felt by the many kind deeds performed by its members. From here we put back into the country, on the Racine and Western Union Rail Road, to the Mississippi river.

At Union Grove, Burlington, Rochester, Waterford, Elkhorn, Delavan, and Darien we have true and tried Masons. At each of these places we find Masonry doing some good work, and perhaps at some period there has been work done not so good, but we never found Masonry in a better condition in the aggregate. The brotherhood are trying to work nearer to the prescribed rules of Masonry now, than ever before.

CLINTON JUNCTION.—Here we have a good lodge. The kindness of Bro. Hollister we cherish in fond remembrance.

BELOIT is a fine city; Masonry is strongly represented; the fraternity fear no danger from the enemy.

ROCKTON.—Here the lodge is doing well as brothers told me.

At Shannon we found a congenial spirit in Bro. Sizer, who keeps the hotel, makes his guests at home, and provides well for the weary traveler.

MT. CARROLL is a beautitul city among the hills and vales. We shall ever remember the kindness we received from brothers there.

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The banner of Masonry is unfurled, and good is being done in that community through the instrumentality of the fraternity.

FREEPORT.— We could not pass this fine city, and who would if he could. To call and look upon the smiling countenances of the genial spirits of the mystic tie, is good for the traveler. Many thanks to Bro. Buchanan in introducing us to many of the brothers. The city is improving very rapidly. The skill of the operative mason is seen in the fine superstructures that are going up. And the good effects of our symbolic order are seen in the morals and intelligence of the people.

SAVANNA.— This is a town on the Mississippi river. It is somewhat antiquated in appearance. It is blessed with a good Masonic lodge, and we became acquainted with a number of the brothers. We put up at the Woodruff Hotel, where all Masons will find good fare, and in Bro. Woodruff a genial fellow.

SABULA.— This town is nearly opposite of Savanna in Iowa. Here is a lodge, but our stay was very short. We formed a very agreeable acquaintance with a few of the brothers. From here we returned to Racine, thence through Milwaukee to Waukesha, on to Whitewater. The lodge here is doing well We passed on to

MADISON.— This is one of the finest locations for a town that there is in all the West. We are under many thanks to brothers Hubbard, Wright, Worthington and Dr. Chittenden for the courtesies shown us.

FORT ATKINSON is a flourishing place. The lodge and chapter are doing well. We formed the acquaintance of Bro. Burchard, who occupies the East, and found him a live member of the order.

JEFFERSON.— We are under many obligations to a large circle of brothers here. A stranger can't begin to make selections — all are true. Captain Holmes, Bro. Garfield, in fact all are remembered with pleasure.

FOND DU LAC.— Here we met with many old friends. Masonry is as firm here as the granite hills. It forms a Gibraltar against all the wild wailings of our enemies. This place claims to be the second in the state. It is improving very rapidly. As the workmen are adorning the city in their operative art, the symbolic fraternity are doing much to improve the minds and hearts of the populace.

OSHKOSH.— Here, too, we find true friends. Grand Master Bouck lives in this city. We called at his office, but were sorry to learn that he was away. The Masonic Craft have some of our best men residing here. Judge Washburn, P. G. M., is a man of superior ability, lives in this place. Oshkosh and Fond du Lac are running a race for the second in size in the state, and we were informed that Oshkosh was only a small fraction of a second behind at the taking of the census. The next train, or next child born may bring them even. It is a long race, and the future will tell which wins the prize. The

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notorious Finney who has violated his obligations as a true man, has a son living in Oshkosh, who is a worthy brother of the Order. May he live long to honor the institution that his father disgraced by joining.

NEENAH AND MENASHA are two towns joining each other, and served by one depot. In each there is a lodge, and good and true men who honor Masonry by upright deeds.

APPLETON.—If any of our readers ever call at this town, be sure to inquire for the Waverly House. Our kind, genial brother, Captain Turner, will take good care of you. Masonry is flourishing, and making a mark for future generations.

GREEN BAY is a beautiful city at the head of the bay, and is destined to make one of the best towns in the state. Our Craft is well represented, and we learned they were doing well.

NEW LONDON.—This is a town upon Wolf river. There is a flourishing lodge here, and we had a fine time in becoming acquainted with the brothers. Bro. Rose, the Master of the lodge, and his family are remembered for the kind regards shown us while we sojourned among them. Bro. Geo. A. Spurr keeps the principal and only hotel that a traveler can call home, and in every sense of the word the New London House is the one.

There was a sad accident took place while we were there. The little son of Bro. Sterling, a boy about twelve years old, went out on the river in a small boat, and some way the lad lost his balance, and fell into the water, and it was not far from one hour before the body was found. It produced great sorrow in the family, and elicited much real sympathy in the town. Bro. Sterling was a clerk upon one of the steamers that run upon the river between New London and Oshkosh, and came home the next day, and learned the unwelcome tidings as he stepped upon the dock as the boat made its moorings. He was so much affected that he scarcely uttered a word, but hastened to his home, there to weep with his wife for the lost. May they be comforted and cheered in this pilgrimage journey on earth with a true faith, and a strong hope of meeting their little son in that beautiful spirit Lodge above, where water can not drown, and where accidents never come.

WEYAUWEGA.—This town is back from the river some four miles. A beautiful place with a good water power. There is a good lodge here, in active operation. We shall ever hold ourselves in lasting gratitude to the few brothers whose acquaintance we formed.

BERLIN.—Here we again found old reliable friends, and formed new ones. The lodge is doing well, with Bro. Woodhull in the East. He is a good worker, and has a good corps of officers to assist him. Masonry is flourishing.

LA CROSSE.—This is certainly the only real live, active, and go-ahead city that we found. Its stir and bustle, in a miniature form,

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made us think of Chicago. While other places were doing a good business, and advancing steadily and surely, La Crosse seemed to be in a hurry, and was driving business. We formed an extensive acquaintance with the brothers, and were much pleased with the people generally. Masonry is well represented by the very best of men. Our good brother Kennett, who first introduced the STAR in La Crosse, is one of the first physicians of that city.

SPARTA.—We were greatly surprised to find so much of a town. It is a charming place. The Masons are up and doing. They have a strong hold upon the hearts of the people. Companion T. B. Tyler, the Grand High Priest of Wisconsin, resides in this quiet city. We were much pleased with him. He is a man in the proper place; one who looks after the good of Masonry. Bro. Morse laid us under lasting gratitude for introducing us to the brotherhood. Bro. Hope, a good name, it is Masonic, may his trust remain true and lasting; "hope on and hope ever." Captain J. D. Condit, who keeps a good hotel, let the traveling Craft call and see him.

NEW LISBON.—Our stay was but brief, for we began to be cut short for time. There is a good lodge, actively at work, and we learned that they were doing finely. May they continue in well doing.

MAUSTON.—We shall ever remember this town. They have a good lodge and Chapter in fine working order. Bro. Temple is the High Priest. At an early day, back to 1848, in New York, we had a very brief acquaintance with this companion, and it was real refreshing to talk over all matters and events that have transpired during the interval. We had a pleasant visit with his excellent family. We hope to see them at some future day. May the richest blessings rest upon them through life.

KILBORN CITY, is another flourishing town on Wisconsin river. It is highly blessed with an excellent Masonic lodge. We met with a man, who knew (to his satisfaction) that the Masons killed Morgan, and that, to him, was sufficient to doom us poor fellows to eternal woe.

PORTAGE CITY.—This a thriving city of considerable note. It is the home of P. G. M. Alden. He has been honored with nearly if not all of the highest positions that can be conferred upon a man by Masons in that jurisdiction. He is considered to be one of the clearest Masonic jurists that we have. The Craft occupy a high position in that city.

RIO, is quite a new town, but blessed with a good lodge, in the midst of Anti-Masons. We made the acquaintance of Rev. Bro. Fullmer, who has endeared himself to the Craft by his independence. We have an address of his for the STAR, which will appear in due time.

COLUMBUS.—Here Masonry is strongly represented, is doing well, and brothers of the Craft are not ashamed to hang their banner upon the outer wall. They make Masonry respectable by their deeds of

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honor and charity.

COLUMBIA.—We always find warm-hearted friends here. One of our first clubs for the STAR came from this place. They have always esteemed it. Bro. G. O. Jones is one of the main supports of the Order in this vicinity.

WAUPUN.—Here we renewed old acquaintances and formed some new ones. Br. Shipman who presides over the refreshments at the Shipman House will make his guests at home. Bro. Hill is one of the best and brightest workmen of the fraternity, and well qualified to be an instructor of the Craft. Our good brother, Rev. Hewitt, pastor of the Baptist church, enjoys the full confidence of the people. He is a warm admirer of Masonry, and knows that a man can be both a Mason and a Christian, and that the duties of one do not conflict with the duties of the other. He will be a valuable contributor to the pages of the STAR. He has made the symbolry of Masonry a study, and proposes to give our readers the benefit of some of his researches.

RIPON.—We have many valuable friends here. Hon J. Dobbs, the State Senator of that district is an ardent lover of Masonry. Br. Workman, for his faithfulness in serving the Craft in various ways was agreeably surprised a short time since by having a complete outfit to go into camp among the Sir Knights. A worthy Sir Knight was *suit*-ably rewarded for his *workman*-ship. Served him right. Sir Knights may you never be surrounded by any other but such as he, who will only draw his sword in peace with the worthy of the order.

The Norwegian Lutheran Synod of Wisconsin made an attack upon Masonry. A member of the church, a minister, being a true Mason, defended Masonry against the assault and a lively debate arose, and what the bigots could not do by truth and argument, they could do in a cowardly and unchristian manner. They could, because they had the numbers, exclude him from the Synod. All such exclusions are equal to being turned out of the enjoyment of a chain gang, or like chaff excluding the wheat.

Go on, ye fanatical bigots, perhaps you can get the Pope of Rome to help you in your unchristian war against Masonry. He undoubtedly would be glad to form an alliance with any about this time. If he would sanction the acts of the anti Masons and acknowledge them right then all such acts would be infallible. Our advice is, that as the anti-Masons are about to start a party in this country, they nominate the Pope for their candidate for President, Napoleon for Vice and the Blanchards and Finneys hold themselves in reserve to become members of the cabinet. At this particular crisis in and about Rome and France we think the noble anti-worthies would like to join this new political party in this country. This nomination would give the party a prominent start, and with some it would be popular for it would poll quite a respectable vote.

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SPECULATIVE MASONRY AND RELIGION.

"Although Freemasonry and religion have certain things in common, yet as institutions they are different. Religion is divine, Freemasonry human. In common with religion, Freemasonry professes to honor God, to love men, inculcate morality, &c., yet for all that, Freemasonry is not religion. There is still a something in the constitution, ends, and aim of the two institutions, that makes them different."

We clip the above from Pomeroy's *Democrat*. There are many Masons and some who are not Masons who consider that everything that is human is irreligious. "Religion is divine." So says our brother. This depends entirely upon what kind you may have. If it is pure and undefiled before God, and has the other necessary qualifications, then it may have a divinity. But does this preclude Freemasonry from being pure and possessing all the principles contained in what St. James declares to be pure religion? We cannot conceive how a Mason can in reality "honor God, love man, his brother, and inculcate morality," and do it as Masonry demands, with an unfaltering integrity, and not be a religious man.

The constant hue and cry that Masonry is not a religious institution, is doing much to undermine it, and demoralize the fraternity. Our enemies declare this of us, and when Masons publish the same thing they unite, thus far, with our foes, to lower the real standard of Masonry. If Masonry is not religion, then it is anti-religion. We are ready to affirm that it is not sectarian, selfish or party religion. St. James makes mention of a selfish religion, when he speaks of a "vain" kind. Paul alludes to a party religion that he calls "our religion." Neither of them can be divine, and furthermore they do not possess the qualifications of Masonry. But when we analyze the peculiar kind of pure religion that St. James sets forth, we find that it contains the same principles and requisites that Masonry strenuously inculcates. "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction and to keep himself unspotted from the world." Every word and every requirement herein expressed is genuine Masonry, and we cannot conceive how it can be denied by a Mason that it is not a religious institution. An organization possessing the elements of pure religion, and not be religion, is very much like many who have crossed the threshold of the Masonic temple, received the degrees, and neglect to practice any of the principles of Masonry. We do not believe this of Masonry. If it contains the principles of pure religion, then it must be a religious institution; but not of a sectarian character with party issues and bigotry.

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A TEMPERANCE DOG.

A workingman, who spent his evenings at the tavern, once persuaded his dog, who had followed him, to swallow some liquor. It made the poor brute tipsy; and he tumbled over, and played such queer antics that the topers roared with laughter.

The next night the man took his dog, so as to have more fun; but when they got to the door the animal would go no farther. They coaxed and drove, and the tavern-keeper brought out some cake; but in was all of no use. Cæsar had taken the pledge; one trial of the liquor was enough for him. He was not to be caught in a rum trap the second time.

It proved to be as good as a temperance lecture to all those topers. Cæsar's master was never known to enter a tavern again. He made up his mind that he ought to know as much as a dog; and some of the other topers followed his example.

"Know as much as a dog!" It would be as well to heed this lesson. It is an old saying "drunk as a beast." A slander and a falsehood upon the brute creation. Cæsar was wise in refusing to be led into this "manly habit," and yield to those who pretended to be his friends the second time. He had no desire to find "snakes in his boots." As we travel over the country, and in every town we see those who should have some sensible dog to read them lectures on temperance. And now and then we see brothers of the mystic tie who are dragging themselves into ruin and disgrace, their families into poverty shame and sorrow. If any of our readers have so far forgotten their sacred vows as to be guilty, we hope that they may imagine that they have a temperance dog like Cæsar.

The following brothers are the Grand Officers of the Grand Lodge of Illinois:

D. C. Cregier, G. M.; J. A. Hawley, D. G. M.; Geo. E. Lounsburry, S. G. W.; J. C. Luckey, J. G. W.; H. Dills, G. T.; O. H. Minor, G. Secretary; D. G. Burr, G. Marshal; J. C. Hardy, G. S. B.; J. A. De Lancy, S. G. D.; H, W. Dyre, J. G. D.; J. D. Hamilton, S. G. S.; W. H. Long, J. G. S.; J. D. Ferns, G. T.

Grand Officers of Colorado.—M. W. H. M. Teller, of Central, G. M.; R. W. C. F. Hart, of Pueblo, D. G. M.; R. W. H. M. Orahood, of Black Hawk, S. G. W.; R. W. E. T. Stole, of Colorado City, J. G. W.; R. W. W. W. Ware, of Georgetown, G. Treasurer; R. W. E. O. Parmelee, of Georgetown, G. Secretary. Bro. W. D. Anthony, of Denver, was appointed Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Correspondence.

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APOLLO LODGE, No. 642, A. F. & A. M., chartered at the late communication of the Grand Lodge, held in this city, was constituted in due form and the officers installed on Tuesday evening, Oct. 13, at their Lodge-room, 1372 State street, by D. C. Cregier, G. M. The following were installed officers of the lodge: M. A. Thayer, W. M.; Geo. Howison, S. W.; Wm. McGregor, J. W.; L. K. Aarhaus, Treas.; Edwin Greene, Sect'y; T. J. Studdard, S. D.; Wm. Freeman, J. D; O. A. Taylor, S. S.; W. B. Nelson, J. S.; H. Robertson, Tyler. At the close of the ceremonies Grand Master Cregier, in behalf of the members of Apollo Lodge, presented an elegant gold watch to Geo. N. Houghton, Past Master, to whose efforts Apollo Lodge probably owes its existence. After which, all present partook of a collation, and parted in good season.

INSTALLATION SERVICES.—We were present when the officers of Cregier Lodge at Odd Fellow's Hall on Milwaukee Avenue, on the 8th of October were duly installed by the Grand Master. It was highly gratifying to the Grand Master, after being himself chosen to fill the station, that the lodge bearing his name, should be the first to call upon his services to install its officers. After the ceremonies were over a few very appropriate remarks were made by the Grand Master, and D. D. G. M., J. W. Clyde. Then all present were invited to the table bountifully furnished with refreshments. Everything passed off very pleasantly and all retired with the true Masonic feeling of brotherly love. Thos. Thombs, W. M.; W. C. Poleman, S. W.; John Van Woud, J. W.; Herman Telventhal, Treas.; A. S. Kenyon, Sec'y; C. H. Plantz, S. D.; Francis Bullock, J. D.; William Haenthel, Tyler; Jas. J. Figg, Jos. A. W. Donohoo, Stewards.

HALIFAX LODGE, NOVA SCOTIA, obtained a charter from McDermott in 1768. The lodge is still in existence, and it is reported that it was independent of all Grand Lodge control until the formation of the Grand Lodge in that Province.

THE WESTERN UNION RAILROAD.—This road passes through a very fine country from Racine, Wis., Freeport, Fulton, Rock Island, and to the far West. It is excellently managed, and the traveler is courteously treated by the gentlemanly conductors. The road is under the general supervision of D. A. Olin, Esq. This road is becoming more and more popular, and duly appreciated. There are many fine towns and cities on this route that are surrounded by good farming land, and many are the inducements for the investment of capital in these places. Water power in abundance for manufacturing purposes. There is everything that heart can desire in many of the localities. For a pleasure route, to see a fine country by rail, we cheerfully recommend a trip over this road to the traveling public.

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ESSAY ON ELECTRICITY, AND ITS AGENCY, IN THE OPERATIONS OF NATURE.

BY H. R. SHETTERLY, M. D.

During the last seven years lights have frequently appeared to rise out of the water of Lake Michigan and float a few feet above; sometimes darting into the atmosphere higher, apparently, than the highest mast of any vessel; anon disappearing and reappearing at a distance of a number of rods. Hitherto I regarded them as probably the lights of vessels, alternately hid and uncovered by the sails; and the sudden motions as sudden starts of the vessel, or optical illusions. But last summer was excessively hot, during a long time almost cloudless. Last spring the lights reappeared in greatly increased numbers, at great distances from each other; sometimes scintillating in numerous small sparks, exhibiting alternately the stationary and darting, both horizontally and vertically, motions in great variety, and on successive nights, immediately after dark, when it was known there were no vessels in sight. On one occasion a fire ball rose out of the water, say twenty or thirty rods from the light house, stood two minutes six or eight feet above it, and then darted off towards Manitou Island with immense celerity.

September 16, 1865, at 8:30 P. M., I stepped to the door of the light house. The Aurora, without a dark bank underneath, was coruscating brilliantly. Presently I observed lightning in the water of the lake and by closely inspecting the sky from the tower, satisfied myself that it was not reflected, but actually darted from under the water to the surface and disappeared every five or eight seconds, and spreading out like sheet lightning but not rising above the surface into the atmosphere. The fainter flashes were white light, more intense were yellow, and most intense were intensely red like the setting sun. At nine o'clock a red nucleus began to form apparently eight or ten feet under the surface of the water, which gradually increased to the size of the solar orb and dazzling as the sun, about fifty rods from the shore. This appearance lasted about thirty-five minutes; and on its disappearance was succeeded by large brushes of flame, two or three at a time, darting to the surface of the water and topsy-turvy under it again three to five rods from each other. These resembled full sized sheafs of wheat so exactly that the very heads seemed visible. In five minutes these brushes were succeeded by broad sheets of light on the surface of the water like a bed-spread; but these did not sink nor rise visibly into the atmosphere; and were soon superceded by a milky whiteness of the water gradually spreading over an extensive surface; and simultaneously the Aurora, which had become faint, kindled up

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splendidly, vivid streamers issuing from a dark bank to the height of sixty degrees.

Now, the question is, What was this light composed of, and whence did it originally come? Dr. Carpenter would probably say it was generated by the heat or motion of the water; for page 856 of his Gen. and Comp. Physiology, he says both motion and heat will generate electriciiy, and every person knows that this gives light. But unfortunately for his theory, the lake was perfectly calm, and the water not very warm for it was a cold summer. Moreover, Webster says generate means to procreate, and it is very doubtful whether there be more than one Creator. Equally unfortunate was the calmness of the lake for Mr. Grove and Dr. Youman's theory; for, where there is no motion, motion can not be changed into light; and the same cause always produces the same effect, under like circumstances, and *vice versa*.

Permit me to state here a few propositions, the truth of which is either admitted, or has been demonstrated, or might be, were there room:

The Creator has created only two kinds of essentially distinct matter; one of which he has indued with inertia, and the other electricity — with the property, or power, of moving the inert by the forces of attraction and repulsion, producing various effects according to adventitious circumstances, and acting at infintesimal distances among the atoms of matter, and at infinite distances among masses. These are the only two force in nature that can produce motion, or any change, in inert matter; and both belong to electricity only; for Faraday has proved, and states repeatedly in his large Treatise on Electricity, that chemical affinity, magnetism, and electricity are the same force or power. Great confusion has, however, been introduced into science by giving different names to the various manifestations of these two forces, such as actinism, attraction of gravitation, adhesion, cohesion, capillary attraction, electrical attraction, chemical attraction, or affinity, magnetic attraction, od, etc., and treating each of these as distinct branches of science independent of each other with its peculiar code of laws. Nor have Scientists even attempted to trace the relation to each other of these manifestations.

The amount, or quality of the two kinds of matter named, is so definite and invariable that neither can either be increased by mortals, nor even by nature's laws; nor diminished; for Prof. Faraday has demonstrated that an electric current will decompose a compound in one vessel or twenty, and without the least dimunition of the quantity of electricity contained in the current, whose quantity is always the same; *i. e.*, equal to that which is organized (to coin the application of a word) in the compound under electrolyzation. Again, it manifestly requires precisely as much force to bring a moving body to, and confine

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at rest, as it does to set it in motion. Consequently, inertia and the force of attraction and repulsion are constant — almost of the same amount, for the same quantity of inert matter and electricity; and two bodies that are alike, or equally electrified, repel each other, while two that are unequally, or unlike electrified, attract each other.

Faraday and many other physicists have proved that all matter is necessarily in a polarized state; the pole or surface at which electricity enters bodies being negative to that at which it leaves them; and two positive or two negative poles repel, while a positive and a negative pole attract each other, whatever the relative quantity of matter in the bodies approximated may be. But the polarity of bodies may be inverted by passing a current of electricity through them in the reverse direction; hence the reason why a puff of air seems always to issue from the positive pole of a conductor, when in use, is evident, as well as the reason why the positive or negative pole of a magnet that suspends a weight of a hundred pounds, repels the positive or negative pole of a magnet that suspends only one or ten or any other number of pounds, and vice versa; while alternate positive and negative poles of the same two magnets attract each other; and the hundred pound magnet will suspend ten of the ten pound magnets, provided each be endued with an equal relative amount or quantity of electricity. The polarity of bodies necessarily belongs to their individual atoms; for the law of the whole body is of course the law of each of its parts. Accordingly, it is well known that a magnet may be broken into any number of parts, and each part will retain its individual polarity. Hence, when all the poles of all the atoms of a compound are equalized, i. e., according to Faraday, when the quantity of electricity passed into a compound body, is equal to the quantity organized in it, decomposition takes place; for all the poles of all the atoms are then made alike positive, and consequently repel each other, showing that the negative poles of the atoms were as much below a medium electristate as the positive poles were above it; or, as Faraday has it, that positive and negative electricity are always present in precisely equal quantities; and that one cannot be exhibited in any quantity different from that possessed by the other. And hence he infers that there is but one kind of electricity; that the two forces are always in it; and that the positive and negative states of different bodies depend upon the relative quantities of electricity that is active in them; while the positive and negative poles of a body depend upon the direction in which the polarizing current passes.

It is well known that inert matter exists only in combination with electricity; and a table of Electro-Chemical Equivalents shows that different elements, as well as different compounds, possess different proportional quantities of organized electricity. Indeed there is reason to believe that inert matter could not exist independent of

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electricity, for none does exist so; and every considerable increase or diminution in the relative quantity of this organized electricity that is made in a given quantity of matter, produces a corresponding change of the sensible properties of the mass. It is also known that a number of different elements may be chemically combined in precisely equal relative quantities so as to form Isomeric compounds, such as Albumen, Casein, Fibrin, etc., possessing very different sensible properties. Hence it is obvious that electricity gives bodies their peculiar properties. The reason for this diversity assigned by Lebig, *i. e.* that it is due to the different arrangements of the atoms of the constituents is merely a plea for ignorance; for, if it be accepted the question still presents itself. What produces the different arrangement? If it be answered chemical affinity; then Faraday answers "chemical affinity and electricity are the same force or power;" chemical affinity is merely an effect of electrical action. Again, a number of elementary substances appear under very different forms. Charcoal appears under the forms of graphite and diamond; the latter by throwing off electricity shines with its own light, and at the same time collects more electricity from the ambient air to perpetuate its light. Hence it is evident that different quantities of electricity combined with inert matter give bodies their peculiar and variant properties.

Different substances admit of electrical changes with very different degrees of facility. Non-conductors receive various quantities of electricity into their very substance, in addition to that with which they are organized; and hold, or yield it again, with very different degrees of tenacity. In these variant properties lies the secret of adhesion, cohesion, and even chemical affinity, etc.; for subtances equally electrified do not attract, but repel each other. Indeed, if the several elements of which compounds consist were susceptible of electrification only to the same degree, they never could combine; for Faraday has shown that they separate when thus electrified and decomposition of the compound ensues. Platinum readily receives a large quantity of electricity; and holds it with such feeble tenacity as to induct it into a mixture of oxygen and hydrogen by contact, and it then remains in the water formed; and, in the spongy state, it absorbs electricity from the atmosphere so rapidly as to ignite. On the contrary, Faraday has shown that the decomposition of one grain of water, which, in the voltaic battery requires the decomposition of nearly four grains of zinc, evolves a quantity of organized electricity equal to eight hundred thousand charges of his very powerful electrical machine, each of which would be sufficient to kill a rat or a cat. This quantity of electricity, he says, was in the drop of water before electrolyzation commenced, and it is well known that, in addition to this organized quantity, water receives and distributes among its atoms an exceedingly large, but as yet unascertained, quantity of free

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electricity. All of this water holds with such tenacity, contrary to platinum, that very little can be forced from it by any pressure yet contrived by art. This tenacity of holding electricity to so great an extent, brings water into relation with, and enables it to wet, mix with or dissolve most inert substances whose tenacity of holding may be less; while their capacity for receiving it may be equal or greater, producing an instant (for all the operations of electricity are instantaneous) transfer from positive to negative and consequent equalization of electric tension between atoms, causing repulsion between them. Faraday found ice to be a perfect insulator of electric currents. At this fact he expresses his surprise; but it might have been inferred that the quantity expelled from water in the formation of ice, must be restored before a current can pass. But he did not then, if ever (as did Berzelius) realize the fact that heat is an effect of electrical condensation. Between the extremes, different substances possess very various affinities for, and tenacities of holding electricity and consequently also of inducting it to other bodies. Faraday says the most perfect conductors receive more into their substance; but carry it instantly away on their surfaces; while gutta percha is the most perfect insulator, receiving most and holding it longest. Niepce St. Victor has proved that the Actinic Force (which is chemical, and is therefore electricity) may be stored up and made to produce its photographic effect, after a long interval of time. Year Book, 1868, pp 186.

To be Continued.

WAYSIDE NOTES.

AURORA.— Everybody admires this fine inland city. It is growing rapidly. Improvements on every hand arrest the attention of the visitor. It is one of the best manufacturing towns on Fox River. The railroad shops contain an army of men, turning out some of the finest cars in the world. The Woolen Mills of J. G. Stolp, is a very fine establishment. Plain and fancy goods are manufactured in the very best style of the art. They take the wool and will clothe a person in the latest fashions, and you will hardly know yourself after being fitted up by them. The firm is of Western enterprise, and is every way worthy of liberal patronage. They buy wool, exchange for cloth, and cut and make it up. The farmers and inhabitants in and around Aurora are highly favored with such a valuable establishment. We bespeak a word for them, as we firmly believe that all who deal with this firm will be satisfied and well paid.

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EDITORIAL.

ANTI-MASONRY AND ANTI-CHRIST IDENTICAL.

BY M. W. ALFRED, A. M., M. D.

Chapter VIII.—The Keeping Of Secrets.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1870, by M. W. Alfred, A. M. M. D., in the Clerks Office of the Western District of Michigan.

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That any one should know things which he keeps to himself, and does not proclaim in the market-places and on the street-corners, is anti-masonically a sin, which dares not seek repentance nor forgiveness. This is another of its anti-christian characteristics.

The teachings of Christ are the reverse of this brawling, tattling, slandering doctrine of the anti-Masonic confedracy. He says: "If thy brother trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone, and if he repent forgive him." No human being but thee and thy brother should know this; and there let the matter rest forever. This is what he teaches: "When thou givest alms let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth." Instead of the open, bold, boastful, public alms-giving of the hypocrites, only let the hand that contributes know your charity, communicate it not to the members of your own body. Thus taught the Savior, while anti-Christ seeks the praise of men for his generosity publicly bestowed.

Here, then, are two classes of secrets he has taught us to keep; when we receive injuries, and we bestow charities. The reason for the last is: "That thy alms may be in secret, and thy Father who seeth in secret himself shall reward thee openly." The "anti-secret associations" of the present day are anti-Christ. Again he teaches: "And when thou prayest thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are, for they love to pray standing in the synagogues, and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. Verily I say unto you they have their reward. But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father who is in secret, and thy Father who is in secret shall reward thee openly." When the spirit seeks communion with its Father let it be a secret in secret, and its desires arise to the Being who sees in secret. It is in the synagogues where hypocrites love to pray; in public. There the poor deluded partisan attempts to offer prayer to a partisan God,

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who is only an imaginary Deity. The true God is found in secret.

We now have three classes of secrets enjoined by the Christian law-giver: First, where an injury has been received and forgiven; second, where we have bestowed alms; and third, where the soul seeks audience with God. Or, where we receive injuries, where we do good, and where we seek good. These comprehend a very large portion of Christian exercises. These are to be practised as secrets, by the express command of the founder of Christianity. Christians are sacramentally bound to perform these acts secretly. Hypocrites acknowledge no such obligation. They are always "anti-secret."

In view of these teachings we seriously ask, Is the keeping of mysteries disconsonant with the Divine Will?

Again, the Divine Will in this regard is evinced to us in the boldest relief by his keeping the counsels of his own will. There is no stronger evidence that he did purpose to make this world than that he did it. No one can conceive that he works according to no purpose, nor that he does anything without purpose. This counsel lay concealed in his own infinite mind. He made man in the prosecution of his own purpose. That he had a purpose in creating man, is also clear, from the fact that he did create him. So in a thousand ways has he revealed to us his purposes. But while we thus perceive his purpose in some things, yet he hides his designs in ten thousand matters of serious import to man. How darkly shrouded in mystery are his providences, as they beset us on the right hand and on the left. How mysteriously are his counsels hidden from the most penetrating efforts of beings possessed of the highest intelligence. He seems to challenge us to find out his ways. The throne on which he sits is not surrounded by darkness, it is only rendered obscure to angels' eyes from the halo of glory with which it is surrounded. The light of all the suns in the universe converge at that effulgent point of illumination. How inscrutable are his glorious mysteries. What man can reveal these arcana with which he finds himself surrounded from day to day? Whose eyes can perceive the secret, silent power which controls these events? Now, as he acts from design, it follows that he designs to keep his own counsels, and conceal his own mysteries!

"Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will."

He has never invested us with a knowledge of the tenuous frame-work of our intellectual natures. We do not know how the mind gains a knowledge of impressions produced on the organs of special sensation. We do not know the bond which binds matter and mind into unity in man. Certainly no two essences are more unlike than matter and

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mind which have not a single property in common. Our Creator has never revealed to us the mystery of thought — how we think. Many generations of intelligent men lived and died ere the mariner's compass was invented. Navigation amid clouds and fogs at night was immensely hazzardous before Murphy in 1229 made this valuable discovery. The mighty power of the press was unknown until the art of printing was discoved, 930 years after Christ, by the Chinese, by using wooden blocks, and the use of metal type originated in 1441. Even the circulation of the blood was unknown until Michael Servitus asserted it in A. D. 1553, which was confirmed by Harvey 1628. How little do we know of ourselves, and how much less of Omnipotence! "Lo! he goeth by me and I see him not, he passeth on also, but I perceive him not." — Job ix: 2. We are irresistibly led to the conviction that the Father of all "is in secret and seeth in secret." He confides not his mysteries to angels nor to men. He keeps his own secrets, and many who have tried to reveal them have made fools of themselves.

From this we may infer without the possibility of mistake that mysteries are consonant with the divine mind "and his ways past finding out." He publishes not abroad the secrets of human hearts, nor does he require this of his creatures. But where do our modern revealers intend to pursue their inquisitious labors? Are they about to post sentinels in every family circle and bedchamber to inform them of all that passes there? They claim a right to know all that transpires in the halls of the Good Templars, Odd Fellows and Freemasons, the countersigns of armies, and the doings of the secret sessions of the government cabinets and the secrets of the Grand Army of the Republic. As the deity never acts without a purpose it is evident he never intended that they should know all this as well as himself or he would have made them omniscient. Nor will they be able to filch from him this attribute, it being peculiar to himself. It will cost them considerable labor, a perfect organization and a splendid corps of telegraphic operators, to keep themselves as well posted up in the affairs of the world as Omniscience is. And then the many sleepless nights of watching will unfit them for as close observation as he makes whose eyes are never closed in slumber. Now as he has not made them omniscient nor invested them with the power to know all things he never designed that they should know all things. Then, too, if they attempt to exercise this attribute of deity they trespass upon his dominions, upon his rights. Sometimes people act wisely by attending to their own business.

It might perhaps not be amiss to inquire who made these persons inquisitors in other men's matters. If they hold commissions to act as searchers of hearts, impressed with heaven's broad seal, on their exhi-

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tion of the documents we will at once submit to the right of search, until then it will be otherwise. If the Almighty has delegated this important prerogative to them show it and we will cheerfully make a clean breast of it and tell them all we know. Until then away with their blasphemous pretentions. Thus far have we pursued this investigation to endeavor to ascertain whether the will and designs of the Supreme Being countenances the claims of our adversaries in regard to possessing themselves of all secrets, of all mysteries.

In every step of our progress the testimony is conclusive that "secret things belong to God," and mystery his rule of conduct. If we in our weakness in some degree imitate the acknowledged course of the Deity are we great transgressors? Fanatics always claim a more intimate knowledge of the secret counsels of the Almighty than sane men dare to claim. They know precisely what Moses meant, and what Job meant, and what Paul meant, and have a perfect understanding of the Apocalypse! The Scriptures they cite in proof of their enthusiasm have often no more relevancy to the subject than the questions Alexander propounded to the ten Gymnosophytes of India whom he summoned to appear before him. They easily satisfy themselves that this manner of thought is much the same as that of the deity, and that in many respects they are much like him. That if they hate certain persons, he hates them also and if they consign them to perdition he will do the same. That if they hate secrets he hates them likewise, and if they reveal all their secrets he does, or should do, the same. They credit themselves largely for prayers made and tracts distributed. Being self-righteous their sins are few and most of them mere short comings and as they balance the books heaven is theirs with a large margin left as works of supererogation. They act with a perfect openness and hate secrets and are much delighted with the sound of the trumpet they blow before giving alms to the poor. Their whole mental constitution seems to possess a colliquative diathesis or dissolving diarrhœa. Their thoughts flow from them uncontrolled. Perhaps Solomon was mistaken when he said these symptoms indicated a fool. "A fool uttereth all his mind." Prov. xxix: 11.

Is it then a crime to keep secrets? We are charged with this crime by our accusers, and lest this charge should not sufficiently define our depravity in the premises, they have appended thereunto, that we keep them for the purpose of escaping from the demands of justice and that we have conspired against the government. If our adversaries made these statements through ignorance, we could extend some charity toward them for their honesty in making them, but as they who make them are elders, ministers, and His Holiness the Pope, who are all supposed to be men of some intelligence, we cannot extend much friendship on the score of imbecility, especially when they know them to be false when they make them. They constantly rank all

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Masons with murders, thieves and knaves. These charges are grave ones, and are made against hundreds of pious ministers and bishops and laymen, who walk uprightly before God and before men. They are made against Christian brethren who are thus falsely accused. These accusers have published to the world that these ministers and laymen "will lie, every one of them, and they are sworn to lie." The devil is called in the Scriptures the "accuser" of the brethren, anti-Christ's posterity seem to follow the habits of the *paterfamilias.*

Now, if these statements are not true, they are exceedingly libelous, cruel and malicious. In almost the same breath they inform the public that all our secrets are revealed, and still charge us with the "crime" of keeping secrets. *Plus on est de fous, plus on rit.* If they have published all our secrets, then we have none, and they falsely accuse us. How can that be secret which is published to the world? To place this idea in logical form it stands thus:

Whatever is published to the world is not a secret; Freemasonry is published to the world; therefore, Freemasonry is not a secret.

If, then, the statement that they have published our secrets is true, they falsely accuse us when they charge us with keeping secrets, yet they swallow their own words and accuse us still of keeping secrets.

Then, secrets are mysteries not published to the world; the mysteries of Freemasonry are secrets; therefore, the mysteries of Freemasonry are not published to the world.

Here are they in a dilemma, *on prend les hommes par les paroles, et les betes par les cornes;* and we have no choice which horn is seized.

By charging us with keeping secrets they admit their revelations to be lies. Why not say honestly: "You have no secrets, for we have revealed them;" or else, "You have secrets because our revelations are a tissue of falsehoods." O, ye eagle-eyed, seceding ministers, do not your statements proclaim their own sentence of falsehood? You charge us with keeping secrets, which is false if you have revealed them. You say you have revealed them, which is false if they are secrets. You say you have sworn in a most solemn obligation never to reveal them, and now you say you have revealed them. Did you lie when under oath, or do you lie now? If you perjured when under oath, think ye the community will believe you when not under oath? "Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle, who shall dwell in thy holy hill? He that walketh uprightly and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart. He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbor, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor. In whose eyes a vile person is condemned, but he honoreth them that fear the Lord. He that sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not. He that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent. He that doeth these things shall never be moved." Psalms xv.

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In the sight of heaven liars, backbiters and perjurers are far below par. Men may praise themselves for their hardihood, and boast of committing perjury while ministers of the Gospel, but when we rend the gauze from off their backs we find their blackened hearts have stained them through and through. If we have our secrets in safe keeping they are not revealed. No prevarications of seceding knaves, whether elders, reverends or professors can evade this conclusion. Nor is the keeping of them a crime. Ought the attorney to publish in open court all his client confides to him in his private office? Should the minister from the desk announce with the appointments of times of worship all that brother Smith and sister Brown related to him in confidence during the preceding week while making his parochial visits? Is it criminal for the attorney or minister to keep these matters to themselves? Our laws have enacted that it is their duty thus to do. Our legislators consider this no crime. It is reiterated by all the splendid galaxy of anti-Masonic writers, male and female, that we keep secrets for criminal purposes.

Suppose a physician is called into a family where, from the nature of the malady, he perceives that something has transpired which never should have taken place, and which, if known, would consign the character of the daughter of his patron to shame and reproach. He is assured that this sad occurrence will never again occur. With a heart swollen with grief the mother confidentially discloses the cause of this appalling danger, and implores his skill to save the life of one still dearer than her own. Now what should be his sentence at the bar of an intelligent community, and at the bar of God, were he to go out and publish the whole affair? He now has pierced anew those hearts already stung with grief, and in violation of every principle of honor presented to these lips, already bitter with sorrow, a new cup of gall. He ought to be gibbeted! So faithless, so base a villain should be hooted out of community, and confined to a homestead in that country whose vegetation is never killed by frost. He is fit for no society in heaven, earth, hell, or brobdagany. There could be no higher virtue than to conceal this affair, and no crime more damning than its publication.

"Give me to feel another's wo,
To hide the faults I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me."

How perfectly anti-Christ and anti-God is anti-Masonry. How much is the doctrine of these priests of anti-Masonic openness and colliquative frankness like that of the chief accusor. How steeped in infamy is that heart that seizes the first opportunity to defame and destroy the unfortunate and helpless. Where in all the enactments of

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the Supreme Being is the law to be found that makes it a duty, a Christian duty, to publish even the faults of others to the ends of the world? "Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven and whose sins are covered." Rom. iv:7; Ps. xxxii:1. Should these revealers publish their own crimes they would make a black volume.

To be Continued.

THE GRAND LODGE OF ILLINOIS.

This grand body held its annual communication the 4th of October. H. G. Reynolds, Grand Master, occupied the Grand East, ably assisted with his Grand Officers. It was one of the most interesting sessions ever held in this jurisdiction. There was much business done. There was a large representation from every portion of the state, and it is doubtful whether a nobler set of delegates from any organization could be convened. Everything seemed to move smoothly. Each member acted with a determination and a will. Some new measures were introduced. A new constitution to govern the Craft was adopted which, it is hoped, will promote the true interests of Masonry, yet there are some features in it upon which many good, well-informed brothers disagree. We are inclined to the opinion relative to constitutions that the Masonic Fraternity need but few plain rules, well defined, to govern and guide the Craft. The less machinery the better. We hope that the new mode adopted of districting the State will result in good, and we are strongly inclined to the opinion that it will, if the brotherhood do not legislate away their rights, so that these Deputy Grand Lodges are not used to become a centralizing power, and thereby involve the brotherhood in strife and difficulty far greater than under the old system.

The subject of a Masonic Temple in this jurisdiction came up, but, as it was reported by the committee, they were unable to do anything in purchasing the site in this city which was offered to them, because of the *lack of funds* to close the bargain, and not having the power given them to *loan* money, they failed to accomplish anything in that direction.

The black by-laws to restrict lodges relative to colored Masons as visitors were repealed. This is as it should be. The Grand Lodge has no power to legislate how white, red, yellow, or even black a man shall be to visit a lodge, providing the individual lodge sees fit to admit him. Once cite this well-established rule to the Grand Lodge, and it could as legally assume that if a man was a shade too white a lodge should have its charter arrested if it allowed such a Mason

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to visit. With just as much propriety a Grand Lodge might say to its subordinates that if a Catholic or a Democrat were allowed to visit, their charter should be taken from them We hope for the credit of Masonry over the wide world, and for its honor in this Grand Jurisdiction in particular, that it will never blacken its records again with such an unmasonic by-law. Every lodge possesses an inherent right to refuse visitors who may by their presence be obnoxious to any of its members, or who would produce disturbance. If a brother of a lodge should positively refuse to sit in his lodge with a visitor to whom he should object, it would be proper and right to refuse him without any reference to color, from the fact that the individual member of a lodge possesses rights in his own lodge that a visitor does not and can not have.

FINDEL'S HISTORY.

We are indebted to the author for a copy of his truly valuable work on the History of Freemasonry. We esteem it as one of the best acquisitions to the Masonic library that we have. In fact our library can not be complete without it. Every true Mason must be grateful to the labors which have been preformed by Bro. J. G. Findel, whose name will go down upon the records of time as one of the best Masonic historians extant. This bringing to light and unfolding the heretofore hidden spot, time and place where some of the so-called higher degrees were created, may bring down the wrath of some whose souls and Masonic life are swallowed up in them. But the candid inquirer after truth must be grateful for his timely and truly noble work. It is really refreshing to read facts and truths relative to history. Where we have so many selfish and unprincipled men in the world who darken council and hide the truth by giving prominence to the shadows and shades, it is a relief to get something upon which we can rely. This history purports to place every system upon its own platform, and put things where they legitimately belong.

We are aware wherein this history will be condemned. If the historian gives the time and place when and where some of the cherished systems and degrees were created, and by whom propagated, he has done his duty. But some will be dissatisfied unless he steps aside, as a true historian, and glosses over and approbates the idols which they love and hold sacred and dear. With many this history will be condemned because it does not sugar-coat everything that is put up and numbered as degrees, and called Masonry.

There is no doubt in our mind that wherever we find the principles

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of Masonry, there we find Masonry, but not as organized degrees. Individuals with a fruitful imagination can, for selfish ends, in order to put themselves in history, create degrees by adding together fragments of events, and make them very interesting to lovers of curiosities. And there is no question but this has been done, and this work has been called ancient Masonry. In this history we find the parentage of many degrees that would be condemned if born at this age. But as long as they remain in obscurity they are genuine with thousands. We have no objection to anything that is real Masonry, still we do not wish to be compelled to carry along so much rubbish, when it can not go into the walls of the Masonic temple without injuring the superstructure. We would most cheerfully recommend this history to all as a valuable work in every man's library, but more especially to the Masonic student.

BRETHREN, A CANDID TALK.

Under this head we are informed by the *Trowel* that "a project is afoot to divide the Grand Lodge, and execute a Northern and Southern Illinois Grand Lodge." We do not know how this is with the fraternity in the central portion of the State. This thing we discovered at the last session of the Grand Lodge, Cairo, Quincy, Centralia, Chicago and the Northern part of this State, worked harmoniously together.

In the same paragraph we read this singular expression: "Brethren, better to bear such ills as we have, than to fly to those we know not of." Will the *Trowel* inform us what the "ills" are that we are enduring? Are they the demonstrations which were manifested that this Grand Lodge should not be any longer a one-man power? and the charge which was made, defeating and breaking up that power? The editor of the *Trowel* seems to be very prolific in insinuations, and apprehends evils and ills when the Grand Lodge is not wholly under his control and supervision. He seems to be a monomaniac on the subject. What can be done?

NEW YORK.—The thanks of the MYSTIC STAR are due to Grand Secretary James M. Austin for a copy of "Transactions of the Most Worshipful Grand Lodge of New York." It is a book gotten up with order and taste, and brim full of jewels of information valuable to the Craft everywhere.

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THE SACRED TEMPLE.

We clip the following from the Otsego *Democrat*, N. Y. For the good opinion of the editor, the sisters of the Sacred Temple return thanks: "The society which bears the above name is in a flourishing condition in Chicago. It is composed of ladies, near relatives of Masons. There is no pretended Masonry about it, only so far as to blend in one degree worthy Master Masons, that they may be able to recognize a brother Master's wife, sister or daughter, or other kindred who are entitled to Masonic protection. This we look upon as an advance in the right direction; and we see no reason why its extension should not be rapid, and under the encouragement of the gallant and worthy of the fraternity, become as universal as the order from which it emanates, and the noble work of which it is formed to aid. Embrace within the portals of the Sacred Temple every mother, wife, sister and daughter of Master Masons, and give to them a "sign," wherewith to claim the protection to which they are so clearly entitled, that when, in absence of the Master, they have no friend to vouch for them, should danger threaten or misfortune assail, they may identify themselves and the benefits of our institution shall be to them not only a name, but a priceless reality."

REFUTATION REFUTED.

In this journal for October last, under the title "Look Well to the East," we stated among other things that Bro. H G. Reynolds received, (as shown by the Grand Lodge proceedings of 1869,) $5,217 out of the Grand Lodge funds. We also stated that he received a "donation" for that year, (the current Masonic year, ending October, 1869,) of $500. We did not state, nor intimate, for what purpose, or on what account said sum was received, as we had no knowledge as to the facts; we simply stated that said sum *had been received.*

In the *Trowel* for October we find the following article:

"REFUTATION.—In an article headed 'Look Well to the East,' in the *Mystic Star* for October, on page 185, it is stated that the Grand Lodge made us a donation of $500 in 1869. The Grand Lodge never made us any donation. It is also stated that in 1869 we received $5,217 out of the Grand Lodge funds. We received $1,500 as compensation for our services as Grand Master, and for traveling, printing, postage, and stationary expenses, amounting in the whole to less than $2,000, and that is all we received. The whole article is of a similar character, and here we dismiss the slander and its publisher."

In proof of our statements we call attention to the orders paid to

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H. G. Reynolds, shown on pages 44 and 69 of the proceedings of 1869, a footing up of which will show that we were slightly *under*, instead of over, in our statement of the amount received. We ask the brethren to calculate the amount for themselves.

And now as to the *donation* of $500: By resolution, passed in 1869, (proceedings of 1868, page 63,) $1,000 was fixed as the *salary* of the Grand Master. Under this resolution our Grand Master, H. G Reynolds, was elected, and held his office up to October 1869. At the session of the Grand Lodge, October 1869, the Finance Committee recommended and the Grand Lodge adopted the following:

"Your Committee would also respectfully recommend that in view of the extraordinary labors expended by M. W. Harman G. Reynolds as Grand Master for the past year, * * * that he be allowed an an extra compensation of five hundred dollars," &c.

Bro. Reynolds, having been hired to perform the duties of Grand Master up to October A. D. 1869, at $1,000, and having accepted and received the extra allowance made to him after his term of office had expired, (for which extra sum he had *no claim* on the Grand Lodge,) we think all business men will say that said extra $500 was an *extra*, in the form of a *donation*, and nothing else. We should think it would require a *power of cheek* to deny our statements!

Who is the "slanderer," the editor of the STAR, or the Grand Lodge Proceedings, published at the *Trowel* office?

THE GRAND COMMANDERY of the State of Illinois held its annual conclave in this city, October 25, 26, 1870. The following are the officers elected: R. E. Sir John M. Pearson, of Godfrey, Gr. Commander; V. E. Sir Wiley M. Egan, of Chicago, Dep. Gr. Commander; E. Sir Daniel Dustin, of Sycomore, Gr. Generalissimo; E. Sir James A. Hawley, of Dixon, Gr. Capt. General; Rev. and E. Sir Charles A. Gilbert, of Joliet, Gr. Prelate; E. Sir Hiram W. Hubbard, of Centralia, Gr. Sen. Warden; E. Sir Theodore F. Gurney, of Chicago, Gr. Jun. Warden; E. Sir Robert H. Foss, of Chicago, Gr. Treasurer; E. Sir James H. Miles, of Chicago, Gr. Recorder; E. Sir Louis H. Jorgensen, of Cairo, Gr. Stx. Bearer; E. Sir. Asa W. Blakesley, of Quincy, Gr. Swd. Bearer; E. Sir John F. Nash, of Ottawa, Gr. Warden; E. Sir Lockwood K. Osborn, of Chicago, Gr. Capt. of Guard.

We do not wish to disturb the feelings of any true Sir Knight, but when they will parade the streets in their uniforms, loading themselves down with jewelry, and devices hanging from every button-hole, to create inquiries and grins from every hack driver, irrespective of color or nation, and while away their hours at the fashionable saloons, it creates a perfect disgust with every true, Christian Sir Knight.

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LOOK WELL TO THE FINANCES.

As a Masonic journalist we deem it our privilege and our duty to call the attention of our readers to this subject. It has been an item long neglected and overlooked. We are aware that it is a delicate theme, and one which the guilty would like to keep smothered and in the background, but no true Mason, one who is not wholly swallowed up with selfishness, will for a moment object.

For brothers to be continually bound and Masonically obligated to contribute to the funds of a lodge, or to a Grand Lodge, and then to have such contributions given away to uphold extravagance or help some brother out of financial embarrassment, or to pay it out without knowing what it is for, is all unmasonic. And we hold that the humblest member of the Craft has an undoubted right to file an objection to having his own hard earnings taken from him by a rule of the Grand Lodge, in the form of dues, and then the Grand Lodge vote them away, except for its own unavoidable and indispensible liabilities. We say this in relation to any of the grand bodies. We would ask what right a Chapter has to tax a member for Grand Chapter dues, and loan it to some party with security, and then make a donation of it to the debtor? We know that there is no law or constitution in any grand body for such a transaction.

It is not to be wondered at in the least that the Temple Committee appointed by the Grand Lodge, of Illinois, could not negotiate for a valuable site in this city last year for want of money. The fraternity have failed to look well to the finances. If that site could have been secured it would have been a bargain worth one hundred thousand dollars to-day to the Grand Lodge. But instead of the brotherhood looking well to the East, West, South or North, their thoughts have been turned to a centralizing power, and they almost lost sight of all points of compass, and let their finances run at loose ends, and the consequences are the Grand Lodge is crippled in time of need.

A CALCULATION WITHIN A CALCULATION.

The following is presented for the consideration of the Grand Lodge. The amount of mileage from Decatur, Springfield, Peoria, Chicago and Cairo. To Decatur, $8,414.40; to Springfield, $8,593.30; to Peoria, $8,944,30; to Chicago, $11,183.80; to Cairo, $17,391.10. This looks very prejudicial to the present location of the Grand Lodge becoming permanently a fixed thing in Chicago in the eyes of many. As Decatur and Springfield are the two places showing the least cost,

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would not the half-way stake between them lessen the sum still more? And the very identical spot should be the location of our Grand Masonic Temple, according to the ideas of those who are opposed to Chicago. It would be profound wisdom to expend five hundred thousand dollars for a Temple to accommodate the Grand bodies in some small town, or upon the broad prairies, on the supposition that a few dollars in mileage can be saved. When the Grand Lodge of Illinois builds a Temple at any other place but this city it will commit a great blunder. Erect a temple at any other point to accommodate the Grand bodies that will reflect credit upon our institution and it will cost at least five hundred thousand dollars. Let it be done in Chicago and it will pay a large interest, at least ten per cent. on the insurance. But build it anywhere else in Illinois and it will not pay enough to keep it in repair and insure it to say nothing of interest. The interest on $500,000 is $50,000 per annum, at ten per cent. and we claim that if the Grand Lodge ever builds a temple it will be at least the interest per annum on the investment in favor of Chicago over any other location, whether out on the broad prairie at Decatur or Springfield; and the saving of the interest on the sum that it will take to build such a temple would be sufficient to more than balance the difference in mileage. That with an economical system of superstructure will foot up quite an item in favor of Chicago.

ABSURDITY.

That Freemasonry with its established dignity, honored and accepted throughout the bounds of civilization, should suffer harm by the infantile opposition and detraction from a set of renegades and outcasts from other societies of less importance, is truly an amusing farce. Wherever you find a broken-down, pfetended religionist, a canting hypocrite, or whining bigot close at hand you may see an Anti-Mason. Go a little further down the lane of vandalism, and find a gang of dishonorable, rejected candidates and expelled Masons, and you may be certain an Anti-Mason will turn up. A majority of this class of beings are men who are thrown outside the pale of decency on account of their own absolute worthlessness. There is no society in the world that has not more or less of this class of human rubbish in it. Some get rid of them, others endure them. It has been the case since the landing of the Ark — is now, and will be until the end. Masonry, with her gems of wisdom gathered from past ages, riding down the track of time, through peace and war, persecution and tyranny,

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oppression and freedom, to-day raises her towering crest above them all, conscious of her power to resist all opposition that may be brought against her. The foundation is wisdom, the support is strength, the condition beauty, and the walls around are truth. Here is some little consolation for the handful of Anti-Masons in Illinois, and may give their allies elsewhere a new impetus to exhibit their powers of ridiculousness in a more brilliant light.

MYSTIC NUMBERS OF THE WORD, by Rev. L. A. Alford, D. D., L. L. D. The author has placed this work upon our table. It is a beautiful book of 400 pages, large, plain type, price $3.50. It is a truth that while science has, and is advancing in every direction, theology, as though separate from, and independent of it, has only reported progress in the flowers of rhetoric, or the burnish of glowing words. We have often wondered that no new, inspiring thought, or work of a truly Christian character was not forthcoming; and we are happy to announce that Dr. Alford's new book is the desideratum sought for by geologists and scholars. This new work is full of new thoughts, new explanations, and new arguments; five hundred questions proposed and answered, which are properly included in the teachings of the Bible. The mystic seven is the author's key to the solution of the otherwise hidden problems. The work is recommended by some of our best scholars, D. D.'s and critics of the age, and yet is remarkably diverse from all other works. We cheerfully recommend it to the members of the Masonic fraternity as a work full of thought. Although it is not what may be called a book on Masonry, yet it contains many ideas in perfect harmony with Masonic symbolisms. Every true Mason who admires truth and free investigation will value this book as on of the best of the present age. Orders attended to at the office of the MYSTIC STAR.

WHEN HIRED.— In a small "stick" at the conclusion of "Refutation," in the last *Trowel*, we are peremptorily "dismissed" with a choice epithet. A query here suggests itself: How, and when, and for what purpose was we ever in a position to be thus dealt with by the ruling spirit of the *Trowel?* We received no notice of our appointment as a *committee-man* for our *honesty* or any other qualification which might be a recommendation for any office of *honor* from the P. G. M. If the Grand Lodge proceedings are ignored by the retired G. M., then might follow with tolerable grace the *ipse dixit* to any one who accepted the Grand Lodge proceedings as truthful, and ventured to appeal to its figures for confirmation of unpleasant facts concerning a certain *party* in a well-known locality.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE for December is on our table in advance. It is unusually splendid even for *Peterson*. It has two superb steel plates, a mammoth colored fashion plate, a costly colored Berlin pattern, and more than fifty wood engravings. *Peterson* is unquestionably the cheapest and best of the lady's books. We never saw a more beautiful fashion plate than there is in this number; in fact the fashions in *Peterson* are always superior to those to be found elsewhere. We advise you to subscribe for nothing else until you have seen a specimen. Address Chas. J. Peterson, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

THE PEOPLE'S LITERARY COMPANION, for November, comes to us as bright and as fresh looking as the green fields are after a gentle rain. It is published by E. C. Allen & Co., Augusta, Maine. Terms, 75 cents per year. A fine steel engraving, entitled "From Shore to Shore," is presented to every new subscriber. It is really one of the most pleasing engravings ever before the public. The *Companion* is printed on fine, heavy paper; its columns are filled to the brim with good things by talented authors, and withal it is one of the largest and finest illustrated family papers published.

A PLEASANT TESTIMONIAL.—Our old friend and brother, Major Howe, of Lyons, Michigan, sends us a barrel of apples, golden apples of the Pipin order. The Pomological history of all nations is interesting, and of our country is a good one; and no where can the delightful fruit be found in richer abundance than in Major Howe's neighborhood. The editorial room of the STAR is made glad. "Pome" says the apples of Michigan taste as good as they did twenty-three years ago, when the Major and himself dwelt on the plains of Lodi.

GONE TO REST.—R. W. Bro. A. Ransom, W. M., of Richmond Lodge No. 148, and D. D. G. M. for the Third Masonic District, closed his earthly labors at his home in Richmond, October 11, 1870. He was elected W. M. in 1858, which office by re-election he filled with honor and benefit to the Craft until his death. All who knew our worthy brother, sympathize deeply with the widow and family, and the lodge for the great loss sustained.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—We have received a copy of the second edition of Kenning's illustrations of Masonic clothing and jewels, revised and enlarged. It is neatly put and has many beautiful designs in the best style of the art. Bro. K. is an extensive manufacturer of goods for the various secret societies. He is the editor of the London *Freemason*, which is one of the best Masonic journals extant.

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THE MYSTIC STAR.

DECEMBER, —— 1870.

A PUBLIC ADDRESS.

BY THE REV. BROTHER B. M. FULLMER, RIO, WIS.

Ladies and Gentlemen, and Brothers of the Mystic Order: — I feel honored, not only because of your present standing as Masons, but of your past history. Being connected with you, I seem to be connected with kings, princes and subjects of ancient date. I am carried back along the track of the centuries, and conducted through the organizations out of which Free and Accepted Masonry has grown, until I am borne to a pinnacle of time sufficiently high to see Noah as he stands monarch of all he surveys from the bow of the tempest-tossed ark, as she rests on the wave-washed peak of Mount Ararat. What a history! What changes has it witnessed! Kingdoms have risen and fallen; shepherds have become kings; kings have been dethroned, and become slaves; the Law has been succeeded by the Gospel; philosophy and the fine arts have been transferred from the East to the West; civilization has changed its base, and proceeds to work out its grand problems. But Freemasonry, once fairly inaugurated, remains unchanged, though not altogether unaffected or unmoved amidst these changing tides. Taking the eternal principles of Virtue and Truth as its foundation, and rearing its temple "without the sound of axe," hammer, or any other implements except those of Brotherly Love, Relief, and Truth, it stands, and must forever stand, as a fair exponent of the principles upon which the Eternal formed the human race, and which should control the world.

"Taking its rise in the earlier ages, founded on the purest principles of virtue, it has pursued its onward course, from age to age, a three thousand years' tale not yet fully told. Yes, friends; Masonry can boast not only a most remote origin, but a most glorious career. Meeting in that career with various forms of religious belief and civil government, it has allied itself to all in proportion as each system was disciplined by order, practiced by virtue, and founded in truth. Breaking through the fetters of mere human systems, it has ever boldly

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proclaimed those great cardinal truths which cherish virtue and point to heaven."

"Endowed with perpetual life, it has passed through the terrors of heathen darkness, medæval corruptions, and modern atheism. Masonry has had to encounter many formidable foes. It has been denounced by superstition, prejudice and intolerance. But, like the granite promontory, it stands unmoved amid the wild waves of fanaticism, the surges of which are only to be hurled back in their native foam." And it will stand so long as virtue and truth are entertained in human hearts.

But Masonry needs no eulogy from me. It writes its own eulogy upon the heart and conscience, to be read in the consistent lives of its faithful adherents. While the busy world is engaged in unearthing cities long since buried by the ravages of time for the purpose of finding relics, substantiating theories, or to explain dark sayings, or to cast a ray of light upon darker history, Masonry carries the relics and history of her past, and explanations and truths of her present in the faithful breasts of those who are permitted to enter her living, time-honored museums. Would that all who have had these privileges were fathful to the history revealed and the truths thus taught. What though Masonry has been and is persecuted by intolerance, and prejudged by narrow and bigoted minds? Masonry has nothing to fear from outward foes; upon the initiated alone rests the responsibility and depend entirely its own exponents.

It will not be amiss then, that we consider for a few moments the duties that we as Masons, owe the fraternity and the outside world. We owe Masonry a reverence measured only by its antiquity, purity of its principles, and consequent influence for good among men. We naturally honor and reverence men and things of any antiquity, especially if connected with them. There are evidences of an honorable or unusual history. Is not this the case with Masonry, as it stands among us, wearing locks all hoary with age, and bearing upon the tablet of its memory, the history and storms of the ages, it appears before the world erect in form, with eyes undimmed, and of greater moral and giant-like proportions than ever before, and not a tittle the worse for the storms endured. What if the fires of intolerant persecution have crackled around its base, or leaped high around its spires, threatening to destroy the temple? It is only like the bush which Moses saw — burning, yet not consumed; and having the principles of its own existence and purification within itself, it has came out (like the Three Worthies) without even the smell of fire upon its garments. The record of the charity exercised, of the brotherly love extended, of relief rendered, of being true to its principles, is kept by the eye that never sleeps, and the hand that never rests.

We owe another duty to Masonry, viz: to guard well the avenues or

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approaches to the lodge. We have been too negligent in this. We have slept too much upon our posts. The enemy has passed our sentinels. No initiation however solemn and impressive, no matter what lessons are imparted, can make a man a worthy member of any institution; and especially is this the case with our institution. If a man is not first prepared in his heart to become a Mason, or, in other words, if in him is not entertained the principles of Masonry, and that, too, not a sentimentality, but a vital part of his moral existence, initiation cannot make him a Mason; and as Masonry does not claim to make men, but Masons out of men, therefore, as an institution, I claim that its members have no right to recommend, or its officers to initiate, a man in whom those principles are not known to exist.

Another duty, that of purifying ourselves, casting from us that which is impure, whether in our own practice, or those who will not be governed by the teachings of Masonry. As all is not gold that glitters, so are not all Masons who are of Masonry. Who can wear the apron with which every Mason must be furnished before he can be admitted, without remembering the lesson which it teaches? And yet we are confident that there are many who, laying aside the emblem of innocence, have laid aside all that would advertise them of being Masons, but the name. Who can stand before the altar of Masonry, surrounded with its lights and receiving the instruction given, and go out and do deeds of wickedness? And yet, however humiliating it may be to us, we have those among us who, when those lights are in gross darkness, and the cover of darkness suits them best in which to accomplish their evil designs and plans. Who can stand in the presence of the letter G, and learn its signification and lesson, and then go out and profane the name of God, must be poorly prepared.

Again: Who, having been fully prepared in his heart to become a Mason, and learning the lesson which is taught on temperance, and with eyes open to all the fearful results of intemperance, could be a frequenter of places where liquor is sold, and drinking, to an extent at once destructive alike to good morals and health and the designs of the fraternity? And yet there are many — too many — who, wearing the badge and bearing the name of Mason, are guilty of these things. How many times the cheeks of true Masons are caused to tingle with shame, as at our funeral occasions, the rule fixing the person who is to carry the open Bible, this solemn duty falls upon one whose character is averse to all the teachings of the Book he carries; and more, sometimes he is morally a disgrace to the name of *man*, much more a Mason! Such transactions are slanders upon the name and institution of Masonry. Brothers, let us purify ourselves; let us guard the approaches to the Lodge more vigilantly.

Masonry is said to be universal, and its membership to be made up from all classes, professions, and callings. Now, I submit, this being

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the case, if after the assurance which is given to all who enter there, if the practice of holding Masonic balls or dances, is not an injury to the feelings of some? If there are some Masons who must have such amusements, it is not for me as a man or Mason alone to object; but when you inaugurate a Masonic dance, I most respectfully object. I am a Mason. It is expected that Masons attend Masonic dances, therefore, I attend the ball; or, at least, I am associated in name with that amusement, and here is a reproach, to say the least, that I as a professing Christian have to bear; and I think it is also a reproach to the Lodge, for there seems to be little harmony between the prayers of the Chaplain, the presence of the Holy Bible, and dancing. I presume there are many Masons who would object to the idea of *Masonic* prayer meetings, class meetings, baptisms and love feasts, and, in fact, these would not be in harmony with the promises made to Masons. So, we object, and for the same reasons, and the objectors are not a few. However, we have the charity to believe that this matter, and others of similar character, has not been fully considered; and when they are considered, we shall expect a reformation will be effected. Brothers, let us be awake, and at our posts, armed with and drilled in the principles of Masonry, purify ourselves, and keep at a proper distance from the appearance of evil. Although we have no apology for sin or wrong doing, I am fully persuaded that there are many, very many, worthy members of the Masonic Brotherhood — members whose lives are, "by the rule and guide of our conduct," members who if weighed in the balances, would not be found wanting, or, if tried by the square, would be found of full measurement. And we are ready to say further, that where the principles and design of our institution are considered, and the numbers of its members calculated, we are ready to compare with the membership of any other institution, they being tried, of course, by the same rules. We believe the inconsistent ones are rather the exception to, than the rule governing the character of the membership. And where is the organization, of whatever character or profession, but that has its black ones in the flock? Ever since Cain slew Abel, or Judas carried the bag, have all societies been cursed by the presence of traitors to the principles entertained.

But, says some one of my hearers, you have not told us what Masonry is. Well, then, in some sense, it is what has been said of education: It is at home a companion, abroad an introduction, and an assurance of assistance in time of need — whether a stranger or friend, a foreigner or a citizen. It proposes to unite its members by teaching them by impressive lessons their poverty, and need of each other's aid, in order to enjoy happiness in this life. In short, it teaches a man to be a man. Whenever you see a *man*, you have found the principles of Masonry embodied, and initiation is needed simply to introduce him to the Masonic organization. As a minister who had recently been

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initiated said, "Why I have been preaching the principles of Freemasonry for ten years, and did not know it."

But, says one, I have known, or read of Judges deciding, and of juries dividing, in order to favor a Mason who was on trial for a crime, and I don't think that was right. Well, if that was the case, it was not right, especially if the man was guilty. But it is one thing to assert a thing, and quite another thing to prove the truth of the assertion. It may be possible that men who had been initiated into the secrets of Masonry have been guilty of such things. But no judge or jury who are MASONS, will ever clear or favor an initiated Mason, who has been or can be proved guilty of a crime worthy of punishment. But, on the other hand, I believe they will rather increase the penalty, and all good and true Masons will say amen; for he ought to have known, having been taught better than to be guilty of committing a crime.

We cannot pass unnoticed the war which the Anti-Secret Society party is seeking to wage upon us, and all other secret organizations. I feel no hesitancy in saying that I believe this war has been inaugurated by a party whose ranks have been sadly lessened since the overthrow of slavery, and whose coffers were getting low for want of subscribers to its periodicals. A party which has been anti to everything but its own hobbies, and opposing whatever they did oppose with that intolerance and want of honesty and fairness which prejudice and ignorance always begets, they hope by this assault to awaken the prejudice of the unwary and ignorant, as well as the honest-hearted and confiding, by their false statements and over-colored pictures, to build themselves up. And being in a minority both in Church and State, hope to recover position in both, even if it be at the cost of others more honest than themselves.

It is charged by some that the Lodge is the place whence emanates some of those peculiar movements of the Church, etc. This, of course, comes alone form the ignorant; for where there are Methodist, Baptist, Congregationalist, Episcopal, Universalist, Romanist, Jew, Greek, certainly there would be the spirit of the Millenium enjoyed. But as that day has not yet dawned, we cannot expect that in the presence of all these "isms" any churchly policy could be adopted which would be satisfactory to all.

Again: it is asserted that some of those peculiar strokes of political policy are the offspring of secret societies. One moment, if you please, before deciding fully and positively. There is no subject upon which there is more difference of opinion than on politics. Would there not then be a happy time in a Lodge where Whig Democrat, Free Soil, Know Nothing, Republican, Copperhead, Fenian, Foreigner and American meet, should there be even an *attempt* to introduce any policy in the interest of any party.

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Masonry, and so far as we know all other secret societies, are in honor bound to keep silent on those questions when in session. They ask no questions directly touching religious or political principles. They ask only that a man be loyal to the best interests of the government under which he lives, at the same time granting him the privilege of deciding what political party is the best exponents of those interests. They do not put a man upon the witness stand in order to find out what are his peculiar religious views. A general and fundamental principle he must acknowledge, and upon that general principle, all but absolute rebels and atheists can agree.

No; Masonry does not interfere in those things; but acknowledges the brotherhood of man, and grants the peaceable enjoyment of whatsoever principles his brother may entertain provided these do not overstep the limits of good morals. Hence partisans of the different political bodies and members of the various religious denominations can meet on one common level, and, fargetting for a time, all difference of opinion, can and do cultivate that brotherly love and esteem which the Creator designed should govern us in all our intercourse with our fellow man.

There is one objection which is brought by almost every one opposed to Masonry, viz., that of secresy. We grant that it is secret, but what of it? Why, it must be bad. Whatever is taught or kept in secret is bad. Masonry is taught in secret, therefore, Masonry is bad. But is this strictly correct? Where is there a family that has not its own private matters? Add giving publicity to them would be almost sacrilege, and who will say that they are bad, because private or secret? You go to the gallery to have your picture taken. There is a screen, or private room, behind or into which curious eyes must not look. But it is not evil, especially if a flattering picture of yourself is presented to you by artist's private or secret room. This sufficiently illustrates our position as a secret organization and work on the esotoric of Masonry.

Brethren, let us strive in our meetings to build such a moral temple, and to be governed when seen by the public eye, as well as in our secret places, by the lessons we teach and learn, that they, ourselves, and He who governs the universe, shall be well pleased. So keep our accounts with our fellow-men and each other, as to be the gainers of desirable profits. Then, when the world shall see how Masons live and how Mason's love, not only their brothers, but their fellows, and the truth, because of truths learned and loved, will vile tongues be silenced, blinded prejudices enlightened. Then will Masonry triumph, not because it is secret, but because of its truth and purity of principle.

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RELIGIOUS THOUGHT AND SYMBOLISM OF THE NATIONS.

BY REV. J. O. M. HEWITT, WAUPUN, WIS.

INDIA! — THE LAND OF BUDDAH!

Those who, by the comparisons of faiths and thoughts, have found the significant fact of growth of Idea, and that, as wrote Heraclitus of Greece, some 400 years before the Christian Era, "Nothing is, but all things become," will be prepared with me to say, that for primitive simplicity of Idea, the cradle of recorded religious thought is to be found in India, the home of the Indo branch of the great Aryan family.

I know that the great mass of the people of what is termed "Christendom" have been accustomed to think of India, or Hindostan, as the seat of the darkest superstition — of deepest ignorance. People if asked to point out a spot upon the globe where the inhabitants were sunken to that low depth of moral darkness, that what was left the *human animal* rather than *man*, would turn their eye to Southern Asia — to *India*. We have seen their images, and listened to the tale of their worship; we have heard of their acts of self-abasement, that that they might gain the favor of their Gods; we have read of infants thrown into their sacred river, the Ganges, and of old men carried out to die upon its banks; we have read of the "sacred funeral pile," where the widow of the dead departed upon the wings of the fire, to join her husband; we have read of the ponderous Car of Juggarnaut, under whose wheels hundreds of human victims have perished; we have heard them in our dreams, as they gave their last cry of agony, ere their life had departed, and we have thought that no other country had witnessed such development of superstition and cruelty as *the Hindoo race and the land of India*.

It has not seemed possible that we could find aught of good there. It has not seemed possible that another story could be told of India or its people. In saying this, I do not mean to say that there has been a misrepresentation made of facts, on the contrary, I presume that if we should go there, we would find, as a returned missionary, a dear personal friend of mine once said, that "it would be the testimony of the Queen of Sheba of Solomon, *reversed;* the half of the darkness has not been told." But still, we must not forget that India has another record than that of darkness.

We speak of the Anglo-Saxon race as the leading mind of the world, but men often forget (or else they have not known) that the Hindu who is eating his rice in the Banyan shade, *is of the same blood as these*

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same Saxons, yet it is so; nor has their record in the "Roll of Honor" of the scientists been left a blank.

Within the last half century, the literature of the Hindu branch of the Aryan family has excited its keenest appetite, the attention of the world's students, and these investigations have proved these Hindu brothers of ours to have been a civilized people at an extremely remote period, and in the years of the "Long Ago," of the earliest authentic history these Hindu Aryans were venerated for their attainments in arts and sciences; and while Europe was on its knees in mortal terror at the sight of an eclipse of the sun, India was making observations of the time when she might be looking for another. And upon this point I will notice, that so accurate was their knowledge of astronomical science, that some of their most ancient buildings contain the twelve signs of the zodiac, expressed by almost precisely the same symbolism that is in use at the present day. In fact, these symbols that seem to us so fanciful, are so simply because we have lost the original significance of idea they were intended to convey to the mind. The learned astronomer, M. Bailey, says that their astronomical observations can be correctly traced back as far as 4,950 years. Let me ask the Saxon Aryan how far back *our* branch of the family had advanced in science at that early period? Boastful as we are inclined to be of our attainments in the liberal arts and sciences, let us beware lest we boast against our teacher. India has had her age of glory; and, as has been aptly said: "At her fires has been lighted the torch which, passing from her hand to the Egyptian, and from the Egyptian to the Jew, and from the Jew to the Christian, is now strangely found in the hands of brothers of the same race whence it was first kindled, and burning bright, it casts its gleams of glory on the earth."

One cannot read the history of a people of such antiquity, and with such record of the greatness of the past in scientific attainments as is presented by the Hindu of India, without feeling all the manhood within him stirred up to reach forth his hand and release such mind fromthe bandage which superstition has placed over the eyes, and to pronounce with power that divine command, "*Let there be light.*" Let the Word that was sent with due form from the East to the West, *be sent back again* with all its signs of power!

Nor are the attainments of these Aryans of the Orient confined to the observations of the stars. Their temples, often hewn out of the solid rocks that form their mountains, are works of art, such as would pass the inspection of such master overseers as Sir Christopher Wren, and in their massiveness would teach the tunnel-builders of our own land. Their webs of silk and of gold, of "purple and fine linen," from the rude loom, would not disgrace the workmanship of America, of England, or of France; and the Hindu artesan will, seated at his rude bench in the bungalo's shade, twine a chain of gold that would

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threw our best jewelers into despair at the thought of imitation.

With this introduction of India and her people, we will now endeavor to trace their religious thought, as shown in their symbolism, first inviting attention to the beautiful words of the poet Lowell, respecting the light of Deity among all nations:

> "God sends his teachers unto every age,
> To every clime, and every race of men,
> With revelations fitted to their growth
> And shape of mind, nor gives the realm of Truth
> nto the selfish rule of one sole race;
> Therefore each form of worship that hath swayed
> The life of man, and given it to grasp
> That master key to knowledge: REVERENCE,
> Enfolds some germs of goodness and of right."

We speak of a Hindu as an idolater; but let us look at this a little before we sweepingly condemn for this alone. Says S. Barring Gould: "Abstract ideas are merely idol a little less wooden than concrete ideas." And this word of his gives the root-word of idolatry; it being nothing less nor more than *idea*, and *idolatry* is worship or prostration to an *idea;* this idea may be expressed by an outward symbol, or *idol*, or may be an abstraction in the mind, or *ideal*.

The idolatry that we condemn is the perversion of this God-given faculty of the human mind, by which the life is debased instead of elevated. Keeping this in our mind, we are prepared to go back of the debasement of the idol, and read in the symbol the religious idea that is expressed by it.

Among the first of the thoughts recorded is that of the consciousness of the creating power superior to themselves, and who, by his very nature, must be ever present to uphold all things. It has been said that the Hindus were polytheists; but, though in the expression of attributes there is given many forms, and the expression outward of many idols, yet, in reality, their sacred books, especially of the early period, have no other idea than that of *unity* in the God Supreme. This Supreme Deity is represented by the symbol of an eye, surounded by a triangle, enclosed in a fiery wheel (or glory), and surmounted by a cross; these, taken separately, are familiar to the Masonic eye, and let us read by them combined, the Hindu idea of the Supreme as related to the world. The eye, then as now, signified the idea of the mind that the Deity was omnipresent, and that the world was constantly under the supervision of that Deity. But what of the triangle? Let me say that it is in the Vedic Books of India that we find the reason why the triangle is adopted by the nations almost universally as the sacred symbol of Deity. Recognizing this manifestation of nature, that there are the masculine and the femenine

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principles in everything that is, which posesses life, the Hindu conceived that the Deity, or Life Principle of nature, must possess this dual nature, and therefore it was a saying, in speaking of production or creation of life, that "By the union of two principles a third was given, and, consequently, by the third all things became." Thus by the three sides of the triangle there was expressed the necessary conditions of creation. This, then, has made the triangle the sacred symbol of Deity, or principle by which all things are. (Not a bad idea for the most profound philosophers of our own time). Following out the thought, they recognize a Triune God, as Creator, Preserver and Destroyer. (And let me ask the Christian student if the first idea of the Christian world of the present day, of the Trinity, is not derived from an Indian rather than a Judean source? The "Father" masculine, the "Spirit" feminine, and the "Son," or Production — by whom are all things?) But now, in addition to this idea of production, these old thinkers, who were the prophets of the race, would separate this from the other thought of sensuality and impurity, and therefore we have the symbol of Purity — the fiery wheel, or representation of the sun, that being deemed the most pure of all things of the universe; and as the distinguishing mark, or crown of the idea, the "Cross," or symbol of life, was placed upon the top, signyfying that by this Deity, was all manifest life. This symbol of the cross that is so common in the Hindu writing, needs, perhaps still further explanation. The earliest form in which we find it was that of the phalos, or circle and staff, and which, in order to greater ease in writing, became changed to that of the simple plus sign, or cross. Another form of expressing this same principle of Divine Life, was that of the point within the circle, the point being merely another form of representing the staff and rod (or masculine principle); hence the significance of the individual life being conditioned by the bounds of the circle — outside of the circle there can be no real life; separated from the divine conditions of life, its negative or death must follow. Let the Masonic reader apply this interpretation of the point within the circle to his Masonic life, and see that he pass not the bounds of Masonic life, learning the full significance of the symbol, not from the modern ritual, but, instead, in its primal idea, as it presented itself to the Hindu mind.

There are very many other things connected with this interesting people that are well worth our consideration, but which must be omitted, lest I trespass upon space belonging to others in this journal; I will, therefore, close this article by alluding to one other symbol derived from Indian faith, and which, by its fitness, has become the common property of the race.

Among the first of religious problems that would attract the thinking mind, would naturally be that of evil, and its effect upon man.

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Now among all nations — Christian, Jewish, or Pagan — we find a universal agreement in the acceptance of the serpent as the personification — the incarnation — the symbol (call it what you will, the idea was the same) of this evil that disturbs the harmony of the life of man. Everywhere the sign of evil and of death, it holds on to the mind as though a voice from God had whispered it in the ear of man, and thus it has become as permanent a dowry of the human faith as any other of the inspired truths that have and hold in themselves the principle of an age-lasting life. Yet, like every other inspired revelation from the God to the man made in his image, it has come to the race with a philosophic fitness, that, by its relation of things, *must be*, as the everlasting exponent of Idea.

These ancient thinkers upon the nature of evil, first observed its physical effect upon the human frame, and the sensations produced by mental anguish, which was that of oppression — of suffocation. The deep-drawn sigh is the effort of nature to relieve itself of this suffocation produced by the mental and moral pain of evil. They also noticed that the evil of sin was of that character that it glides into the mind almost imperceptably, not from a nature foreign, as has been supposed, but by the possibilities of all independant life — that is, self-centered life.

Now, without following this interesting subject farther, we will ask what object of visible nature would best become our "object lesson," by which to express these two ideas of a crushing out of life, or living, produced by evil, and at the same time its nature of *ingliding*, or *insinuating*. The answer is apparent: the serpent is the in-gliding thing that overcomes its unwary victim, by wraping around it fold on fold, until at length it has it securely bound, and then it tightens itself and crushes out the life of its victim, and as these old Aryan theologians have taken the serpent and given it to the world of thought as the appropriate symbol of evil and its effects. And not only this, but the Hindu name of the serpent is "*angui*," has come to us, the root-word of anguish, by which we express the deepest sorrow that evil can bring to human life.

Here I must close. Hoping that I have awakened some thought in connection with our own impressive symbolism, and a deeper in our Aryan brothers of the "Sunrise," I shall pass on, in my next article, following "the torch," to Chaldea and to Egypt.

He who has no shame has no concience. How true this is with the vile slanderers of Masonry and its membership.

The enemies of Masonry like envy, shoots at others but always wound themselves.

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FREEMASONRY AND THE WAR.

This present war has been prolific in illustrations of the value of Freemasonry in dangerous emergencies, and the anecdotes are endless of the lives saved by its means. Among the cart-loads of wounded among both nations which arrived from Sedan, were two men whose considerations for each other was so marked as to occasion enquiry. They wore the Prussian and the French uniform respectively, and though neither could understand a word of the other's language, they shared their rations, and seemed to be interchanging signals of amity all day long. Their story was a very simple one. The Prussian, who is an officer, and a man of thirty-five or so, with a stern grave face, and a heavy overhanging moustache, had met the Frenchman, who is at least a dozen years his junior, on the battle field, the latter being supported by a couple of comrades. Twice did the wave of conflict bring these men in contact, and on the last occasion the Prussian, who was himself badly wounded in the chest, pressed the young Frenchman hard, and had indeed his sword uplifted to administer the *coup de grace*, when the latter, who was faint from loss of blood, made a hasty sign to his victor, which caused the latter to stay his hand. Parley was impossible, both from the exigencies of language and the turmoil of battle; besides, both men lost consciousness and fell at each other's side. It turned out that the young Frenchman had been made a Freemason a few months before the outbreak of the war, and that he had instinctively made the sign by means of which members of the fraternity are taught to ask their brethren for help. The Prussian was an old Mason, who recognized it instantly, and who as instinctively paused, and before there was time for consideration both men fainted away. When consciousness was restored they found themselves side by side, with the dead and dying around them. By a strange coincidence, their wounds were such that each could give the other some slight relief, and the late enemies employed their weary hours in which they lay disabled and unattended, in rendering little kindnesses to each other, and in thus cementing the friendship which had begun so strangely. When help came, they petitioned to be permitted to keep together, telling their story with considerable effusiveness to the doctor, who came to them on the field. This gentleman, who was not a military surgeon, but a member of the blessed fraternity which dates back to the time of Geneva, raised his hands in pleased astonishment at the tale he heard, and at once showed himself to be a Freemason too; so that three brethren of the mystic tie were to be seen wondering over the strange chance which had thrown them together. I don't profess to be able to explain the particular influence brought into play, or the kind of solace which Freemasons find in each other's com-

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pany, but it is certain that these wounded men are supremely happy at the result, and that their story has given them quite a celebrity among their fellow sufferers.

At Iges, where the French prisoners were placed after the capitulation of Sedan, and where, it is but too true, that they were all but starving, some of their number contrived to make it known that they were Masons; and though this was ineffectual in many instances, the sturdy and uninitiated Prussians laughing the Masonic gestures to scorn but wherever it did succeed the men obtained little comforts which were priceless. A stout trooper was seen handing a warm frieze coat to one prisoner, and giving a part of his rations to another; and explained his conduct to an enquirer with a smile which spoke volumes, "They are my brothers, although I fought with them, they are hungry and cold, and must be helped. They would do it for me." These are merely typical cases. It is impossible to mix much with the troops, particularly after a battle, without hearing of kindred instances of Masonic usefulness. The Masons are very proud of their Order, and of the way in which its principles have, they say, risen superior to the war. How it is that these loving brethren could ever have flown at each other's throats, and mangled each other, is another question, particularly as they tell you that Louis Napoleon and Prince Frederick William of Prussia are both Freemasons of high degree.—*Daily News.*

LET THERE BE LIGHT!

BY S. ASHTON.

The most important fiat ever uttered, manifestly. Nothing so comprehensive in all the range of speech or power. Whether its first enunciation was in the form of actual speech or mere impression we do not know nor care. It is not important. We notice merely the effect produced, and hail it as the greatest boon that munificence could bestow. By it we are born out of darkness and come forth to a new condition Scales drop from our eyes and we are enabled to see other lights and other objects that we knew nothing of before.

So does Masonic light bring its candidates out of the surrounding darkness, and as day succeeds day, so is every successive advancement, a step into clearer light. In nature there is really no stagnation. Nothing is still. Of course then, there must be perpetual change everywhere. Every successive revolution of the earth must differ in something from its predecessor. That is the earth with everything in it and on it during the interval undergoes some change; so that with much emphasis we can say, "Every day brings something new."

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Within and without, above and below, on the right hand and on the left, everywhere change and unrest are perpetual. That which to the casual eye appears stagnant is teeming with life. The green scum that covers as a pall the still waters, which to the unobservant is but a pool of death, is really as the smoke of a dense city hiding the most wonderful activity of animated nature. It has been affirmed with some pretension to scientific accuracy that even the rock and the cobble stone were comprised of concrete animalcula, just as the blood is formed of globules and the light constituted of distinct rays. So that however things may appear to us, the scenes in the great drama are ever shifting; the old passing away and the new ever entering upon the stage and taking some part in the universal performance.

Now, although we may say "there is nothing new under the sun," and be warranted in the declaration by truth and fact, that nothing is ever destroyed, and this is all true; yet relatively, as the mind advances, it certainly perceives new truths at every step. To those understanding astronomy an eclipse is nothingness, but to the beginner in life or science, such things are amazingly new. To those who have by light been initiated into the otherwise mysteries of life — the mere lookers on, there may be nothing specially new; but to the blind and those who sit in darkness, candidates for knowledge and light, everything has a new and radiant appearance. Not that the truths and facts are new absolutely, but new to the mind that has just discovered them.

Light does not create truth nor fact. It is merely the witness that makes them known. The rocks and the rivers are the same in darkness as in the light, but the light enables us to see them. So moral, intellectual and Masonic light enables those interested to see truths, and facts and emblems and beauties which the darkness, like secrecy, concealed. All such truths and facts and beauties were such before the light revealed them. So that light has no creative power.

But it enables us to see and to do, and through us Masonry not only gives feet to the lame and ears to the deaf, but also sight to the blind. Let us notice here, too, that the instant the blind are enabled to see they are no longer blind. It is not the blind that see. Neither does a man always see with the natural eye. Clairvoyance teaches this. We can see without the eye, but we cannot see without light. It may be natural, moral, scientific or Masonic as the case may be.

So we may perceive that our light is more essential to sight than the eye itself. It shows a man the path of duty and urges him to walk in it. It lights up the dark places which prejudice or bigotry or ignorance had obscured. It enables us to see the bright side of even a foe and to find kind and loving hearts where we least expected them. Sometimes our prejudices blind us. They come between us and worthy objects and eclipse them or shut from our sight their best features.

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This is sometimes done, too, by a zeal in religious or partisan matters to such a degree that we are actually excluded from much social and profitable enjoyment. In such cases our Masonic light is of great value enabling us to find a friend and brother where we in the darkness had supposed was an alien and enemy. No other light does this so effectually. None so quickly causes the scales to fall from eyes that were blinded by bigotry. It enables us to see that however much a man may differ from us in religion or politics or national predilection or even race,

"A man's a man for a' that."

Religion itself, in its practical results as we see them, has no such effect, but rather tends to deepen prejudice, to intensify the blindness of bigotry and separate those who were friends before. Sectarians are the waste materials of which to make true Masons. Our light has never shone in their hearts, and their darkness is pagan.

Our light enables us to see the great value of our cardinal virtue, charity. Not only in the sense of affording relief to the needy, but also in that yet more practical and important one, of spreading and permeating the cement of love through society, of looking with some consideration on the follies and crimes of men as we find them. Our light thus enables us to see and we are urged to work in this direction as a part of the solemn duties that bind us, thus to do good unto all men as we have opportunity, but especially to those of the household of Masonic faith.

THE RUSTY MASON.

BY BRO. P. H. TAYLOR.

Once on a time I sought to know
The mysteries of Masonry, and seeking
Knocked, and knocking, found the door wide open for me.
And when I looked within
I saw a band of men all clothed in white
Around an altar, and on the altar
Lay the Word of God with square and compass.
Of that band of men,
I saw one more kingly than the rest,
For on a throne he sat, and gave to each,
And all, lessons of wisdom,
He came and gave to me
A lamb-skin, pure and white, and
Told its meaning.

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He told me, too, that kings and princes
Long had worn it, and how free it was
From stain, or spot, or blemish.
He gave me tools to work with,
A guage, a gavel, level, plumb and square,
And last of all, a trowel that had no spot
Of rust upon it, for earth's noblest sons
Had used it ages long upon the Mystic Temple.
He told me, too, I stood an upright Mason —
He spoke to me of Temperance, Fortitude,
Of Prudence and of Justice.
I listened still with wondering ears
To learn a Mason's tenets,
And when they sang of Faith, of Hope,
And Charity, the true steps that lead
From the level of time to the Grand Lodge on high.
I pledged myself then, that the tools to me given,
Should never find rest, till the cap stone was laid;
And my lamb-skin, if spotted, should know but the stain
Of Masonic cement, while on life's rugged road,
This pledge was freely given,
For I meant to act as Masons act;
And if my memory serves me right,
I started for the work, but found the world
All cold and selfish, and then I feared
To make the effort.
I never used my tools one hour,
And all are lost, save this, this rusty trowel,
It seemed to me it might have kept its brightness,
If never used, but as I laid it by
The rust began to gather, and now
It has no affinity for any save
Untempered mortar.

I hope some Craftsman true has found
My guage, my gavel, level, plumb and square,
And laid them by for better workmen.
Inactive as I was
My lamb-skin gathered dust,
And with gathering dust,
It lost its whiteness, and now that, too, is gone.

If I remember rightly, they gave me
Passes, signs and grips, whereby
To know my brethren.

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Though they were truly given,
They were not safely lodged,
And now to tell the rumming
Of this matter, this much I know,
I once was made a Mason.
—IONIA, MICHIGAN.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN CHARACTERISTICS.

BY BRO. JACOB NORTON.

Liberty, in the broadest sense, is the aspiration of the patriot, and such liberty is now happily secured by the constitution of the United States. Laws to punish a citizen for legitimately exposing error or corruption, either in Church or State, do not exist on our code. We have here the liberty to choose our religion or politics, and the privilege of attacking all political or religious theories, no matter how congenial these may be to the tastes, prejudices and interests of the masses. The theory of liberty being embodied in our laws, there appears no reason why an American should not always have enjoyed that blessing to the fullest extent; but yet, not more than ten years ago, it was the fashion south of an imaginary line, to exile, or maltreat men and women for uttering the self-evident truth, that all men are born free and equal; and even here, in the liberty-loving city of Boston, we remember the time when Mr. Wendell Phillipps had to be escorted home from church on a Sunday morning by a posse of police to protect his life from an infuriated mob, simply for preaching the most truthful doctrine of the declaration of independence. These facts certainly prove that good theories and the absence of legal restrictions on the liberty of free speech, do not always go hand in hand with practical liberty. Theory and law were in favor of the fullest liberty, but practically we were deprived of that enjoyment by the combined intolerance of the selfish political leaders, the selfish partisan editors, and their ignorant or unthinking dupes.

In England, on the other hand, where religion was meted out by act of Parliament, and the right of citizenship until recently, was exclusively confined to the adherents of Parliament religion, and where pains and penalties were provided by law for daring to question either the justice of the government or the truth of the religious dogmas imposed by it, paradoxical as it may appear there was practically more freedom of discussion enjoyed by the English people, especially during the last forty years, than we in the United States have dared to prac-

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tice; or at least, from various causes, we were, in a great measure, debarred from exercising the same amount of liberty, which our cousins on the other side of the big pond regard as their birth-right.

As an illustration of the greater amount of tolerance exercised by the English press, let the reader compare half a dozen London, with the same number of New York or Boston newspapers of a given day, and we predict his admission that the English editors are fairer to their political opponents than those of America. True, the English editor may be found as partisan and unscrupulous in advocating his side of the question as any pettifogger in our lower courts; in that respect he is no way superior to our American editor. But mark this difference, that while the English editor fairly reports the speeches and arguments of his opponent, and gives his readers at least a chance of fairly judging of the merit of both sides of the argument. In an American paper that advantage is generally witheld. Very seldom do we find here the editor of a paper, in the interest of a party, doing justice to an opponent, by publishing his argument in full. The question now occurs, why should the American, whose ancestors embodied into their code the theory of freedom, fifty years before the English people succeeded in wrenching from its government the first reform bill, be behind the English in enjoying, and allowing others to enjoy, the full practice thereof? They both claim to be of the same origin, speak the same tongue, read the same literature, and profess, in a great measure, the same religion, and yet we have shown that here, theory is far in advance of practice, while there it is the reverse. This difference cannot be attributed to the superior education of the English masses. In that, we have the advantage. Nor can it be in the higher tone of moral and liberal teaching imparted to the higher classes in their national universities; because we know that the representatives of Oxford are generally proverbial for one-sided bigotry; nor can we trace it to the influence of their national church, as, unfortunately, that church always ranged itself on the side of despotism. The cause may, however, be traced to the training received by the young of the humbler classes of English society, and this may be summed up in two words, viz: "fair play." Fair play is the Englishman's motto — his household word — and the idea thereof has become there so deeply rooted that it almost oppears to be instinctive to his nature. This characteristic may be observed during a fight in the poorest neighborhood of an English town. It is immaterial whether the fight is between men, boys or dogs, the feeling of fair play is equally depicted on the countenances of the by-standers. Yea, the ragged and shoeless urchin, and the most forbidding rough, would alike cry, shame, and offer to give battle to the man who would strike an antagonist while he was prostrate, or would take any other unfair advantage. This English habit of fair play does not appear to descend from the

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higher to the lower, or from the aristocratic classes to the poor, but we firmly believe that it wells up from the lower stratum of society to the higher, and compells both the aristocratic legislator and his partisan supporter in the press to a show of fairplay; and here is evidently the main-spring of English liberty. Government may have possessed sufficient power to enact pains and penalties against discussion of political and religious subjects, but when it undertakes to indict a man for either of those offences, unless it manages to have a packed jury, in nine cases out of ten, the accused is acquitted; not because the jury is disloyal, or indifferent to religious matters, but because restriction on free discussion naturally clashes with the Englishman's idea of "fair play." We do not mean to be understood that *all* Englishmen are scrupulous for fair play, but simply maintain that the principle of fair play is more active in England than in the United States. Thus our American roughs, with their bowie knives and revolvers, have degenerated into mere bullies, while among our leading politicians and most influential public men, the compound word "*inexpedient*," appears sufficient to erase from their thoughts every feeling in the shape of justice or fair play, and serves as an antidote to assuage all lingering scruples of conscience.

This confusion of ideas is equally conspicuous among our Masonic leaders and editors of the Masonic press. Take up, for instance, the sectarian question. Who but a blind bigot, or downright humbug, can deny that sectarian illusions in a lodge is not direct opposition to Masonic professions, or that the introduction of Christian saints is not a pious fraud True, this pious fraud was perpetrated by the English Masons of the last century. The English Grand Lodge, however, made amends in 1813. Dr. Flemming, an English clergyman, who was then appointed to revise the ritual, had the honesty and courage to recommend the exclusion from the new ritual all allusion to the saints, and the Grand Lodge also abolished the custom of Masons observing St. John's day. In 1851, we petitioned the grand Lodge of Massachusetts to follow the example of the Grand Lodge of England. Our petition was referred to a committee of three, two of whom were clergymen. The committee, in their report could not deny the justice of our demand, or the Masonic idea which we requested the Massachusetts Grand Lodge to put in force. Oh, no; but after filling a number of pages with humbug and cant, wound up their argument with, "inexpedient to grant the request;" and this word "inexpedient" served as a balm to the conscience of the members of the Grand Lodge. Another petition was presented to the said Grand Lodge in 1866, when the Grand Master at that time, a man as ignorant of Masonry and its teachings as he has shown himself void of the principle of justice, or fair play, ruled the petition out of order — it was *inexpedient;* and a similar excuse was reported by a committee of the Grand Lodge of

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New York on a similar petition, in 1868, viz: "inexpedient."

Let us now take a glance at the respective Masonic press of the two countries. In March, 1869, appeared in London the first number of the *Freemason*. Among its contents we noticed its advocacy of the bane of Masonry, viz: the so-called "higher degrees." Having had occasion to pass through the neighborhood of its publication, we paid Bro. Kenning, the publisher, a visit, whom we frankly told our likes and dislikes, especially that of palming off such degrees as Templarism for Masonry. Bro. Kenning candidly admitted that Templarism was not Masonry; agreed with our idea of sectarianism in Blue Lodges, and assured us that the *Freemason* should be free to all parties, to discuss therein matters appertaining to the craft, and nobly did he fulfill his promise; whether a contributors ideas chime with those of the editor or not, the ideas are equally welcome to the columns of the *Freemason*. Such a course is not only eminently just, but is equally wise. The old stories of Enoch with his nine chambers, antedeluvian pillars, triangular agate, etc., is too ridiculous to be repeated. The namby pamby legends of the Evangelists, Grand Mastership, Essences, and Apostolic Masonic Lodges, the connection of the Knight Templars with the Masons, etc., — stories with which our highest luminaries and greatest Masonic authorities used to beguile their credulous dupes — are all "played out." These prolific topics being no longer connected with the history of the institution, it is very doubtful whether a fresh stock of that kind of nonsense can ever again be palmed off on the Brotherhood. If free discussion upon all topics connected with the institution is not tolerated in a Masonic journal, such a journal, becomes worthless. A liberally conducted paper not only affords its readers an opportunity of judging for themselves between right and wrong — truth and fiction — but it further serves to sharpen the appetite for its perusal. Our American editors are not up to the mark yet, leaving out two pioneers — Bro. Evans, of the *Monthly*, and Bro. Brennan, of the *American Freemason*. Our editors may be divided as follows:

First. Those who are cognizant of the truth, who cautiously open their columns to the so-called heretical contributors, but are little too weak-kneed to come forth as open champions of justice and truth.

Second. This class are equally cognizant of the truth, but dare not utter it themselves, or allow others to do it, with impunity. These worthies have lived and fattened so long on deception, and to whom it has become all in all, that they necessarily hate the very thought of free-inquiry and its promoters. Not daring to enter into a fair discussion, they ally themselves with class No. 3, a class who profess no light, want no light, and who pray to be suffered to end their days in blissful ignorance of Masonic history and Masonic corruptions.

The legitimate weapons of warfare with those classes are brow-

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beating, cant and misrepresentation of their opponents, and Messrs. Brennan, Evans, and others, are stigmatized by that class as "anti-Masons," "infidels," "disorganizers," and what not, simply because they encourage free discussion.

Since, the London *Freemason*, however, made its appearance, our deluded ones must have perceived that an English editor can be orthodoxly religious a Knight Templar, a Scotch-Rite Mason, an Ark-Mariner, and even a professor of the *sublimest of all sublime* — "The Red Cross of Constantine," etc., etc.,— and may yet be fair-minded and tolerant, to those who differ from him. In fact, an editor, like the Master of the Lodge, should regularly put the question to the Brotherhood: "Have you anything to propose for the good of Freemasonry?" And if a brother believes that he has a proposition to make that will prove advantageous, it is the duty of the editor, if it is done in proper, Masonic spirit, to let him have his say. Indeed, we have ourselves tested our English brother's "fair-play" disposition, by suggesting the propriety of removing the Bible from the Lodge. A question that would have thrown our No. 2 and No. 3 editors into agonizing convulsions, was printed in London as a matter of course. And what harm can even such a discussion do to our cause? If our arguments were faulty, they can be exposed and confuted; and if our ideas are just, why should not the brethren know them?

Nor is this liberal policy confined to the London *Freemason*. The London *Freemason's Magazine*, the oldest English Masonic journal, (a specimen of which was recently in our possession,) equally tolerates free discussion, with the same liberal spirit as that of its younger rival. We have already produced ample proof that liberty of discussion is enjoyed in England to a greater extent than here, and have shown that the principle of "fair play" is more active there than here — and why?

We admit that these reflections and illustrations are not very flattering to our national prejudices. We do not, however, write as a politician, but as a Mason, and Masonry teaches us to divest ourselves of all kind of prejudice; to know ourselves, and to gather truth and wisdom from every source. "Truth, the foundation of every virtue," must be freely ventilated; and who opposes free discussion is an enemy to the development of truth. We maintain that it is not only our right, but even our Masonic duty, to ascertain whether our laws are based upon justice — whether our ritual accords with Masonic professions of universality — whether our officers are capable and honest in the discharge of their respective duties — are our legends and alleged Masonic histories founded on truth?— and kindred topics; and when a brother demands from a Grand Lodge an act of justice, he must not be dismissed with such quibbles as "ancient landmarks," and "inexpedient."

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Let us, therefore, exert ourselves in fostering the practice of inquiry and discussion. Let us cheer on and encourage the liberal editors who, open their columns impartially to all, with our approbation and patronage. The good effects of such practice must soon make itself manifest, not by absurd titles, gorgeous paraphernalia, or frothy orations, but by a practical spirit of brotherly love and common sense worthy of an enlightened and rational mind, and in entire harmony with the sublimest Masonic lessons of truth and justice, which we all profess so much to admire.

FREEMASONRY AND TRUTH.

Truth is one of the great principles of Freemasonry — not simply as a symbol, but as a reality — not as a shadowy abstraction, but as a potential rule of life. Humanity has suffered so much from the devices of falsehood and fraud, the world has borne so long the tyranny of wrong and hate — that truth is usually disguised in robes that are bordered with error and colored with the tints of deceit. From the days of Pilate down to the present time, the interrogation, "What is truth?" has been asked with more or less sincerity in every era, and this momentous question has met with various responses. In religious systems it has been fearfully answered by appeals to the gibbet and stake; and this is a charge from which, unfortunately, few or none of the prevailing creeds can be absolved. The primitive Christians fell before the worshippers of Jove, and the latter, also, in due time, had to weep over their ruined altars and deserted shrines. Arians and Trinitarians, Gnostics and Manicheans, each in turn furnish fresh victims to grace the roll of martyrs, and the early records of Christianity teem with dismal spectacles of "man's inhumanity to man." The soldiers of Mahomet were not behindhand in the work of persecution; although, to do them justice, their mode of operation was more summary and less cruel than that of some of their Christian cotemporaries. With them, the stroke of the sword solved all mysteries, and those who rejected the doctrines of Allah and his prophet were speedily relieved from the cares of life. The Jews, the Allegenses, and the Vaudois are later examples of the same intolerant spirit; and we need hardly remind our readers of the awful sufferings inflicted on the Reformers by their opponents, during the nascent struggles of enlightenment in the sixteenth century. Nor are the followers of Calvin or Beza exempt from the plague-spot of persecution, as the death of Servetus will amply prove, not to mention the penal laws of Great Brittain and Ireland, which were specially directed against priests of

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the Romish faith. The measurement of human progress from those days of darkness and blood is truly wonderful, and yet but a few years have passed since such evil deeds were not only possible, but defended on high moral authority. Yet, although we have hapyily emerged from the horrors of religious strife, it is to be regretted that the old spirit of persecution still survives — the snake is scorched, but not killed. The diversities of belief among professing Christians have been, we believe, fostered into successful development, mainly by the unreasoning and bitter opposition originally evoked against the founders of the various sects now in existence. Ideas that would otherwise flit across the mental horizon, like summer clouds, are photographed on our memories by the mad activity of zealots, and speculations comparatively harmless thus derive a fictitious importance from the unwise fury of a few intolerant minds. Now we are far from counseling a passive acquiessence in every new dogma — on the contrary, let every opinion, whether it appertain to science or faith, be subjected to the dominion of reason — but, in the language of Masonry, be it added, of "charity" likewise. This is the rock upon which many theologians split; impatient of contradiction upon points which they consider clear as the sun at noonday, instead of arguing the matter calmly and deliberately, they adopt the weapons of intimidation, and, in other words, become persecuters of all who differ from their views.

Freemasonry detests this ignoble spirit, and endeavors to utilize those vague impulses of the soul which incline men to search after Truth. Freemasonry teaches her children ideas of the broadest and most comprehensive nature. She presents to their view doctrines that are impervious to the assaults of scoffing theorists. Freemasonry offers them truth, and awakens in their breasts the noblest feelings of honor and virtue. When a man becomes a Freemason, he is confirmed in all that is good in the tenets of the belief which he professes; his hope and trust in his Maker, and his pervading sense of the soul's immortality are but strengthened and expanded by the precepts of the craft. He is therefore simply a better Jew or a better Christian after his initiation than he was before, always pre-supposing that he is a man capable of appreciating the esoteric revelations of symbolic knowledge. Far from having his sympathies contracted to a narrow compass by admission into our order, he is taught to regard the lodge only as an epitome of the world, and is enjoined to do good to all, and to encourage the practice of every virtue that can dignify and ennoble human nature.

He thus becomes the chosen servant of Truth, and illustrates its most precious attribute by a life of self-denial and devotion. That there are many members of the fraternity who fulfill *all* these conditions, it were idle to assert, but we know that there are many who strive earnestly to do their duty, and to aid the development and triumph of

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Truth. Tolerance and charity are but visible fruits of their labors; our schools and asylums are but the tangible evidences of their desire to walk uprightly. These are the men whose deeds shine like stars in the firmament of Freemasonry, whose lives are guided by a consistent belief in the dictates of honor and moralty. And it may be fairly said that brethren such as these are the real salt of the earth, and the veritable regenerators of a corrupt social system.

Our ancient fellow-craftsmen therefore did well and wisely when they placed Truth in the Trinity of the virtues, and even reckoned it as the consummation of the other two — Brotherly Love and Relief; for he who is subject to the just influence of truth is in harmony with the holiest feelings of the soul; his heart and his intellect are in accord throughout life, with its checkered drama of mingled joy and woe, his faculties are directed to the accomplishment of those tender tasks of philanthropy which have ever been associated with the Masonic name. Possessing this great virtue, a Mason stands upon the pinnacle of true glory, and is enabled to survey, with undisturbed equanimity, the trials and vicissitudes of our mortal career. More than this, with the eye of faith he penetrates the vail, and beholds the mystery of mysteries revealed in the future, when darkness shall be swallowed up in light, and falsehood and fraud flee forever from this refulgent presence of eternal truth.— *London Freemason.*

DECISIONS OF P. G. M. REYNOLDS.

The lodge found a brother guilty upon charges preferred and voted a reprimand; the W. M. neglected to perform the duty, and removed from the State; held that the S. W. should administer the reprimand, or cause the same to be done.

An objection before ballotting made to the Master is equivalent to a rejection, and the ballot should be stayed until the objection is removed.

The charter members of a new lodge, are liable for dues for the quarter or term in which such charter was granted to the lodge of which they were members at the time such charter was granted.

It is the duty of every non-affiliate to join some lodge, but he is privileged to join such one as suits him best, without regard to local jurisdiction.

The right to visit is not absolute, but conditional. The right to ask implies the power to deny, and the power to deny rests with any member of the lodge, and must be respected.

Where a negative ballot is cast upon application for initiation,

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advancement or affiliation, no brother has any right to disclose how he voted, and any such disclosure should be followed by effective discipline, except in cases where it is clear that the negative was the result of misapprehension or mistake.

The officers of a lodge named in a charter hold their positions after installation, until the time set for election in the by-laws, when an election should be held, even if it should occur on the next day after their installation.

When a candidate is declared rejected, the lodge has no further power over the matter, until the W. M. orders another ballot under section 42, Grand Lodge By-Laws.

In voting by show of hands, the W. M. does not vote, unless his vote may be necessary to a tie, or as a casting vote. The W. M. never has but one vote, and may vote whenever a ballot is taken.

The "any other lodge" mentioned in section 26, Grand Lodge By-Laws, includes any lodge wherever located.

A brother wishing to visit a lodge must first satisfy himself of its legality by inspection of the charter and the usual test; the Master of the lodge must then require proof in the usual way that the brother is a just and upright Mason.

The test should precede all examinations; two brethren may examine each other for their mutual satisfaction, but they cannot vouch for each other upon such an examination; the only cases where vouchers are permitted are where the brothers have sat in lodge together, or where a satisfactory examination has been had by authority of the W. M.

It is unlawful to give a suicide Masonic burial, unless the evidence of insanity is clear.

A two-thirds vote restores a member suspended indefinitely to membership.

In the absence of any lodge by-law, a majority vote is sufficient to grant a demit.

EARLY MASONIC CULTURE.

It is true beyond dispute that habits of thought are more indelibly impressed upon the young than upon the old. All mankind are more or less controlled through life by their early training. They early form fixed principles, and in after life become stubbornly prejudiced.

Masons who are fathers are generally too reticent in their families upon Masonry. They seem to think that everything pertaining to the Fraternity is perfectly esoteric and should be excluded from general conversation. This is a great mistake, and one detrimental to the sublime mission of Masonry. We should not hide our light, but place it on an eminence where all can see it and be benefitted.

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We certainly cannot be ashamed of the immaculate lessons taught in the Lodge. Why then withhold from our families the light received? Our boys should early be informed of the true character of Masonry, and not be left to form erroneous opinions; they should have Masonic books placed in their way, and if they will not read them the fathers should read them to them, and properly explain what they cannot understand. They should be made to comprehend that Masonry tends to liberate mankind from the galling chains of vice, ignorance and superstition, that its designs are to elevate, to ennoble.

Were this course universally followed, the next generation would find the status of the Fraternity immensely improved. Our influence would correspondingly increase, and the world be nearer to the grand acme of our longings which is universal brotherhood.— *Landmark.*

HAVE WE DONE OUR DUTY?

Time, the great disposer of events, has brought us to nearly the close of another year — the year 1870. Spring, with its flowers and freshness of verdure; Summer, with its increased mantle of vegetation, have both, in their turn, passed away, and the sober-hued, mellow Autumn, with its stores of golden grain and delicious fruits, is upon us. Our "Mother Earth" has yielded her treasures to repay the toil of the husbandman; pestilence has been averted; a general and healthful activity pervades business circles, and grim-visaged war no longer desolates *our* fair and extensive domain with its horrors. The last month of Autumn is fast passing away to give place to Winter — that *rest* of nature — fit emblem of the final rest of man — the grave.

In view of all our varied surroundings, what moments are these for heart-searching reflections. And while the question which heads this article may be properly asked by every candid and reflecting mind, how much more appropriately might it be asked of every professed Mason.

My brethren of the "Mystic Tie," have *we*, individually and collectively, done our duty both as men and as Masons? Have we learned to subdue our passions, and improve ourselves in everything pertaining to this life and the future, during the year now nearly closed? Have we properly studied the laws which govern our physical and mental systems, that thereby we might be the better enabled to preserve our own health and that of those under our care. Have we contributed to the relief of the worthy and destitute as far as their necessities required and our ability permitted, thereby rendering many a fireside happy which otherwise would have been cold and cheerless?

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Have we administered the corn, wine, and oil wherever we have had opportunity? Have we by precept and example taught the value of good works both to the giver and receiver? Have we taken an erring fellow-mortal by the hand and led him from the paths of vice into those of virtue, instead of crushing him with the iron heel of scorn and neglect, and saying unto him, "I am more holy than thou?" If we have done these things, we have not lived in vain. If we have performed well *our* part in the great drama of life, as light has been bestowed upon us, then we shall enjoy that "peace of mind which passeth understanding," and the rough places of our wayfaring will have been worn and smoothed away, and we can calmly survey our passage down the declivity of age to that final sleep which knows no waking. If, upon a retrospect of the past, we find we have been somewhat derelict of duty, let not this fact discourage us from persistent efforts toward reformation.

Let a consciousness of error in the past serve as a beacon light to guide us in the future, ever remembering that although we may commence labor at the eleventh hour, at its close the Grand Master of the universe will duly render us our reward.

HARTFORD, MICH., Nov. 15, 1870.

LAWFUL INFORMATION.

The *Freemason's Monthly* gives the following rules on the subject of avouchment, which lodges may heed with profit:

1. It is *not* sufficient evidence to the lodge of a visitor's Masonic standing, that his name appears in the printed proceedings of a Grand Lodge, or in the printed catalogue of his own lodge.

2. It is *not* sufficient evidence to the lodge of a visitor's Masonic standing, that he has been seen in a Masonic procession.

3. It is *not* sufficient evidence to the lodge of a visitor's Masonic standing, that he had delivered a letter of introduction to some member of the lodge, even less if the letter was to some person not a member of the lodge.

4. It is *not* sufficient evidence to the lodge of a visitor's Masonic standing, that he has been examined and vouched for by a private member not authorized to do so by the Master or one of the Wardens. None have the authority save the Master and the Warden. The lodge elects them to attend to its business, and it is sheer impertinence for a private member to intermeddle therein without having been asked, or power being granted.

5. It is *not* sufficient evidence to a lodge of a visitor's Masonic

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standing, that he presents a diploma from some lodge of which he claims to be a member, or to have been a member.

6. It is *not* sufficient evidence to a lodge of a visitor's Masonic standing, that Bro. A. declares that Bro. B. vouches that Bro. C. knows him to be a Master Mason.

7. It is *not* sufficient evidence to a lodge of a visitor's Masonic standing as a Master Mason, that some member vouches that he has sat with him in an entered apprentice's or fellow-craft's lodge.

8. It is *not* sufficient evidence to a lodge of a visitor's Masonic standing, that popular opinion considers him a Mason. The voice of the people is not a voice that can admit a stranger to a Masonic lodge.

THE MYSTIC TIE.

J. L. K.

How often it is true of life,
That hearts the best, the most depending,
Have parted in unseemly strife,
The mutual bond of friendship ending;
How often has some so-called friend,
Than whom you'd trust in no one stronger,
Declared your friendship at an end,
When he required your aid no longer.

How fragile is this social bond,
That binds us seemly to each other;
What little does it mean beyond
The idle name of "friend" or "brother?"
The word is only passing smoke,
The smile the gilt in which they sheath it;
How little, if we lift the cloak,
Is there of love or truth beneath it.

Then hail to that All-seeing Eye,
That watches o'er each proven brother,
And bless that good old mystic tie,
That firmly binds us to each other,
Where kindred love we ever share,
In harmony and true love revel,
And only part upon the Square,
To meet again upon the Level.

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HOME DEPARTMENT.

THE KING AND THE POET.

Once on a time there was a king of Arabia who had a most wonderful memory — such a wonderful memory in fact, that he could repeat, word for word, any poem of any length, after hearing it once repeated. Now there was also a very noble chieftain, or sheik, at the palace, who also had a marvelous memory, insomuch that he could repeat, word for word, any poem that was repeated twice in his hearing. And this sheik had a slave who had likewise a prodigious memory, although not so wonderful as that of the sheik, his master, and still less extraordinary than that of the king. He could always repeat any poem correctly that had been read before him three times.

Now, from time immemorial, it had been a custom with the Arabian kings to reward the author of every original poem, composed during their reign, by giving them the weight of their manuscript in gold. So it came to pass that very many poets came to court with their poems written very fairly on white parchment; and having recited them before the king, he used to pay them the weight of the manuscript in gold, so long as the poem was at all meritorious. And thus did the kings of Arabia promote and encourage the art of poesy in their dominions.

But it so happened that the king of whom I now speak had no taste for poetry, nor for anything beautiful, although he had a wonderful memory; and, moreover, he was a sad miser, and did not care to pay bright gold for silly poetry, so he determined not to pay any poets for their verses as long as he was on the throne.

"Allah Kcrim," he would say, "blessed be God and the prophets, is it not better to buy the wines of Sheba, and the perfumed tobacco of Damascus, than to waste our riches on silly writers, and to reward their foolish twaddle with good gold? May Allah burn all poets, and may their fathers' graves be everlastingly defiled!"

Thus thought and spake the king, and he set about cheating the poets of their just reward. He dared not openly attempt to do away with the ancient custom; but he managed the thing in a very clever way, which I am going to tell you about.

One day a venerable poet, whose beard flowed down upon his breast came to the palace and asked to see the king. So they let him in, and he prostrated himself before the throne, and said:

"Oh, king, I have brought thee a poem of eight hundred and

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seventy-five verses, according to the ancient custom, and I have composed it in thy honor, with great care and study."

Then the king answered:

"Arise, old Graybeard, and let us hear thy poem, and if it be new, and deserving reward, why thou shalt be well paid."

So the poor old poet got up and commenced to read his poem. The king heard him very patiently to the end, and, when he had finished, burst into a roar of laughter.

"Why, my clever friend, I have heard that before," exclaimed the king; and he forthwith recited it from beginning to end. Then turning to the sheik, he asked him, saying:

"How is it, friend sheik — hast thou ever heard those verses before?"

"Truly I have," answered the sheik; who having heard the poem twice repeated — once by the poet and once by the king — could remember it all; and he immediately recited it from beginning to end as the king had done.

"Now," continued the sheik, "I have even a slave who can repeat that poem;" and calling to the slave, who had been listening in the next room, he commanded him to repeat the verses.

The slave, who had heard them repeated three times — by the poet, by the king, and by the sheik — recited them without difficulty.

Of course the poor poet was amazed and utterly confounded to find that his poem was recognized as old verses, composed many years before. No doubt he thought that the evil genii must have been deceiving him.

"By Allah and the houris of Paradise," exclaimed this wicked king, "this old impostor, forsooth, seeks to deceive us, by endeavoring to pass off somebody else's poetry as his own! May the ghouls devour him! Truly he laughs at our beard. Guard, give that old rogue fifty blows upon the soles of his feet, and let him be mounted upon an ass, with his face toward the tail, and thus led through the city. And let the crier proclaim, 'Thus shall all such rogues be served who strive to deceive the king, by presuming to pass off somebody else's poetry as their own!'"

So the unfortunate poet was severely whipped and disgraced before the whole city, so that he died of wonder, pain and shame.

But a great many other poets came to the king, who were all served the same way; and people began to wonder how it was that all the poets had become such foolish rogues.

Now, there was a very wonderful poet then living at Damascus, whose name was Ibraham ben Ramyalla. Now, Ibraham ben Ramyalla began to suspect the truth, and he determined to deceive the king. So he composed a poem, into which he managed to put all the most difficult, the longest, the most unpronounceable, and the most incom-

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prehensible words in the Arabian language. He was a whole year composing it, and it was the longest and most unintelligible poem that had ever been composed in Arabia.

So he went to the palace of the king, and was at once admitted when he told them his business; for the king expected to serve him just the same way as he had served all the other poets, and he really thought it would be a very good joke.

So Ibraham ben Ramyalla recited his poem, and it took him eight hours to recite it, so that the king was tired out of his life. But the long words so bothered the king, that he could not remember one word of the poem when it was finished. So he called the sheik and asked him if he remembered ever having heard those verses before. But the sheik had only heard them once repeated, and he could not recite a word of them; so he called his slave, but much less could the slave remember any of it, for he had heard it but once instead of three times.

"Well," said the king very peevishly, "bring me thy cursed manuscript, and I shall pay thee its weight in gold."

"Oh, king," answered Ibraham ben Ramyalla, very humbly, "Allah knows that I am but a beggar — too poor even to purchase parchment on which to write; so I wrote it upon a large stone which lies without my cottage door, and it will take two camels or an elephant to carry it here."

Then the king became exceedingly angry, but he soon found out that would not do any good; so he sent two camels to fetch the stone, but the stone was very heavy, and it broke the backs of the camels and killed them, so the king had to send an elephant. When the stone came it weighed more than all the gold in the treasury; so that, having paid away all his gold, he still found himself indebted to the poet And for two long years he was so poor that he could not buy tobacco from Damascus, or wine from Sheba. Thus was a selfish and covetous king punished, and a deserving poet rewarded.

NEVER TOO LATE.

How often do we see men around us who having been discouraged by financial reverses, are broken in spirit, and declare that it is no use to make any further efforts — that fortune is against them! How often do we meet people addicted to bad habits who affirm that they are too old to break them off, that after so many years it is impossible to give up this or that pleasure. How often do we encounter individuals who earnestly desire this or that accomplishment, but who argue that they are too far along in years to acquire it. If they were only

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a little younger, they would lay hold and master it. And yet all history affords illustrations of the old adage, that "it is never too late to mend." It is never too late to make a beginning. Smiles tells us that Sir Henry Spelman did not begin the study of science until he was between fifty and sixty years of age. Franklin was fifty before he fully entered upon the study of natural philosophy. Dryden and Scott were not known as authors until each was in his fortieth year. Boccacio was thirty-five when he commenced his literary career. Alfieri forty-six when he began the study of Greek. Dr. Arnold learned German at an advanced age, for the purpose of reading Niebuhr in the original, and, in like manner, James Watt, when about forty, while working at his trade, as an instrument maker, in Glasgow, learned French, German and Italian, to enable him to peruse the valuable works on mechanical philosophy which existed in those languages. Thomas Scott was fifty-six before he began to learn Hebrew. Robert Hall was once found lying upon the floor, racked by pain, learning Italian in his old age, to enable him to judge of the parallel drawn by Macauly between Milton and Dante. Handel was forty-eight before he published any of his great works. Indeed, hundreds of instances might be given of men who struck out in entirely different paths and successfully, entered on new studies at a comparatively advanced time of life.

PLEADINGS.

BY LESLIE EARLE.

"She hath lighted her lamp and taken the key,
And gone to her chamber to pray for me."
— E. Case.

Oh, beautiful chamber where she kneels,
  Oh, beautiful hands she lifts in prayer,
Oh, beautiful love that prompts her now
  To pray for our sinful wanderings here.

Oh, it is good for her to pray
  In those cathedrals high and grand —
For us who walk the earth to-day
  Through ways we dimly understand.

And if we falter on the road,
  And stumble blindly by the way,

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Thy purer lips may ask of God,
Strength for the human; darling, pray!

All the surprises that he keeps
For his beloved, we see but dim;
But thy dear lips may whisper down
The key-note of the victor hymn?

Oh, tell us, if by cup and cross,
By suffering borne, by self denied,
Our feet may leave the earthly dross
And near the risen Crucified?

Thy feet are stayed in Paradise,
Thy heart hath found its rest and balm;
Bend softly from those purer skies
And drop into our own, thy calm.
—MUNCIE, IND.

ESSAY ON ELECTRICITY, AND ITS AGENCY IN THE OPERATIONS OF NATURE.

BY H. R. SHETTERLY, M. D.

When electricity is much condensed in, or on, any substance, it produces heat in it, intense in proportion to the condensation, thus: When oxygen and hydrogen, mixed in proportion of eight to one, are condensed into water, the most intense heat that art can produce, and that can be equaled only by a voltaic battery, or by condensing sunlight with a lens, is evolved; and Faraday and Berzelius agree in saying that an immense amount of electricity must be active in this process, for there is no combustion, the water remaining being of the same weight as that of the two gases. But this intense electrical action gives only a feeble light, because all the electricity contained in the two gases remains in the water, there being scarcely a sign of an electric current; but if a point of charcoal or lime be applied so as to conduct (abduct) the electricity into the atmosphere, by which it is reflected, refracted and undulated — i. e., distributed among the atoms of the air — it evolves the most brilliant light that art can produce. Hence it is indisputable that electricity is the primary cause of both Heat and Light; and so it is when elicited from inert substances of all kinds, by friction, by heating them, or even by the motion of

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strongly contrary electrified bodies in the presence of each other; or when it is expelled from them by percussion, by condensation, by compression, etc. It may be done by any of these means, as has been amply proved by Depaignes and other Physicists. It is also perfectly evident that, since electricity is concentrated upon any combustible substance submitted to ignition, as shown by Seebeck, and also by currents of atmospheric air, as every scientist knows, it is, Combustion consists simply in the action (condensation) of the electricity concentrated upon the ignited substance, and expelled from it by the heat produced. The oxygen of the air uniting with the carbon of the fuel, forms carbonic acid, which carries off tho electricity set free. But if sufficient carbonic acid be confined around the fuel, it absorbs and prevents the access of electricity, and the conflagration cannot proceed. Carbonic acid is much heavier than atmospheric air, and could not be carried off by it if they were not unequally electrified, so as to attract each other.

But whence originally eminates the electricity thrown off by the waters of lake Michigan, and corruscating in the Aurora Borealis, as lately proved beyond all further dispute?

1. It has just been shown that electrical action evolves, instantaneously, an amount of heat that can be produced only by the Galvanic battery, by the condensation of oxygen and hydrogen, or by the concentration of the solar beams with a convex lens (which no amount of artificial combustion can produce), the effects produced by each being precisely the same; and the only logical conclusion that can be drawn, is that the primary cause is the same.

2. It will be shown (9) that sunlight produces all the so-called physical forces; and, if in a single pair of a gas battery one end of a strip of platinum is immersed in a tube of oxygen and the other end in a tube of hydrogen, both the gases and the extremities of the platinum being connected by an electrolyte, a voltaic combination is formed, and heat, light, motion and magnetism are produced by the electric current generated, at the will of the experimenter. Here, again, the effects being identical, and being confessedly produced by electricity in the latter experiment, they must also be produced by electricity in the former, and *solar light* is electricity. Physicists commonly, but erroneously, enumerate electricity as one of the physical forces, but none of the others can, in any case, produce an electric current, except by eliciting or forcing electricity from inert substances, by modes of action above enumerated.

3. All philosophers agree in stating that atmospheric air is the most perfect non-conductor of heat known, except by convection. It is, therefore, obvious that if solar heat were caused by any process resembling combustion, and were radiated to the planets in the same manner artificial heat is radiated by an incandescent inert body, the longest

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day would not suffice for its passage through the atmosphere, which it does permeate in eight minutes, eight seconds.

4. Physicists also agree in asserting that there is no heat above the atmosphere, nor light when the observer's back is turned toward the sun. Therefore, neither sensible heat nor perceptible light comes, as such, directly from the sun. But it will, still farther, gradually appear that electricity does emanate from the sun; and this electricity, becoming gradually condensed, in proportion as the density of the atmosphere increases, produces heat in the same manner as a bolt of lightning does, when it strikes into a mass of loose, non-conducting matter, such as a hay-mow. Again, the atmosphere and its atoms being alike composed of non-conducting, inert matter, condense, reflect, and refract electricity, and undulate it while it is permeating the ocean of air; and these motions being continued, produce light, just as the electricity abducted from the condensing oxygen and hydrogen into the atmosphere produces light. Electricity is manifestly ponderable, for it moves with almost inconceivable velocity; and as the causes of motion — attraction and repulsion — are also the causes of ponderosity, if we may judge of the latter by the manifestations of the former, electricity is by far the most ponderable of all substances, But the cursory argument attempted to be drawn against the electrical theory from the ponderosity of electricity and the fact that light cannot be weighed, is futile; because it is demonstrable that not the least tittle of electricity or light coming from the sun, can maintain its velocity while passing through the atmosphere, and strike any terrestrial object by direct impact. Solar electricity can permeate the atmosphere only by induction, for air is a non-conductor except by convection. The atmosphere is always filled with electricity, and perfectly adapted to the process of induction; but being a non-conductor, it must necessarily so moderate the velocity of light, even when regarded as an element, or of electricity, as to obviate, almost entirely, the effects of force, which depend principally upon velocity. The electric current that produces vision, for instance, may commence, as such, at the surface of the eye and terminate on the retina. and is even then resisted by the humors of the eye-ball; while the distance between the object seen and the eye must have been percurred by induction through the air; but still, it becomes somewhat painful to look intently at distant objects long, and positively intolerable at the flood poured out by the sun, at his distance. Hence the fact that electricity strikes the retina, producing vision without pain or injury, affords no proof that it is not endued with ponderosity and inertia; while the fact that it produces, when in motion, effects which no other agency — except, perhaps its repulsive force when set free from some explosive compound, such as gunpowder and gun-cotton, in which an immense quantity of electricity has been condensed — can produce, such as instantly penetrating the

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laagest trees and rocks and tearing them into pieces and scattering the fragments in opposite directions and to considerable distances.

5. Dr. Carpenter asserts, if the sun's light were withdrawn, the entire flora of the earth would perish in a few days; and the sunlight only can decompose carbonic acid, ammonia and water, in the cold, which decomposition is indispensible to vegetation, but which cannot be effected by heat artificially, the intensity of which chemists state variously at from eight hundred to a thousand degrees. Hence it is perfectly obvious that vegetable life cannot be maintained by artificial heat and light, and yet all scientific disquisitions are based upon the supposition that solar heat and light are identical with those produced by combustion in our dwellings, while electricity artificially produced, produces, in the cold, the same effects as solar light. Are not solar light and electricity the same force?

6. In his chemistry, Berzelius enumerates more than a hundred instances in which sun-light produces decidedly chemical effects; and in "Poetry of Science," Prof. Hunt asserts, and adduces the evidence, that no substance can be exposed to the sun's light, any length of time, without undergoing a chemical, molecular, crystalline, or other change of a similar kind, in many instances giving the substances different properties. Hence, electricity gives bodies their properties; but no artifice has yet succeeded in depriving inert matter of its organized apportionment of electricity.

7. Electricity permeates glass with great facility and an increase of temperature, while glass is almost a barrier to artificial heat; and electricity collected from the atmosphere and conducted, produces light when discharged, in a darkened room, into the atmosphere. But who ever conducted artificial light on a wire? And again; Mrs. Somerville, Hansteen, and others, have magnetized needles by exposing them to sun-light; and others have proved that all matter is necessarily in a polar state, and that even masses of every kind may be polarized, and some even magnetized, by exposure to polar light, as well as by artificial electricity. All these facts, and many others, go to prove the truth of Faraday's repeated statements that electricity, chemical affinity and magnetism are the same force or power; or rather, that the last two are effects produced by the action of the former one.

8. Reputed savans are in the constant habit of talking and writing about the production and generation of electricity. Such language is absurd, and leads into infinite confusion, and to the concoction of false theories. There is every reason for, and none against, believing that there is but one Producer, but one Generator, of all matter of every kind — the Creator of the universe; and that he has created definite, invariable, and permanent quatities of inert matter, and equally definite corresponding quantities of motor and governing force to regulate all their changes, variations of the actions and corresponding effects upon

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each other; and also that he has subjected the whole to invariable laws, in conformity to which the motor power — electricity — constantly acts. In fact, this conclusion may be experimentally and by ratiocination demonstrated; but the subject, in *extenso*, is too extensive for this article. Let the following facts suffice: Faraday has shown that the same quantity of electricity passing invariably produces the same amount of effect, and that without any diminution of the current or quantity of electricity, or of its power, and without any regard to the time of its passage; and it is plain that the same force — electrical or other — is required to confine a body at rest, or bring to rest when in motion, as is required to set it in motion when at rest. Faraday also proved that negative and positive electricity always accompany each other in precisely equal amounts, and hence he concludes there is only one electricity, and it follows that positive and negative are only relative terms — the end, or part, at which electricity enters a body being negative to that at which it leaves it. In fact, if there were two electricities, the positive conveyed from the prime conductor in Franklin's Lazarus, to the negative non-conducting mass, must become negative on its delivery, for the carrier must necessarily become negative by the discharge, and the receiver must remain negative, else they could not repel each other, nor could the moving conductor return for another charge to the prime conductor, to be repelled, when these two have become equally positive. Now, if there be a positive, distinct from a negative electricity, the positive must become negative either during its passage in the moving conductor, or be instantly made negative by the non-conducting mass. The dilemma demonstrates an absurdity in either assumption. The alternate changes in the quantity of electricity, both in the mass and conductor, is manifest, and fully explains this, and every other electrical phenomenon.

9. On page 180 of his "Correspondence and Consequences of Forces," Dr. Youmans cites from Grove's "Historical Forces," this experiment: "When a decomposable substance, such as sulphuret of antimony, is electrified at the instant of electrization, it becomes magnetic in direction at right angles to the line of the electric force; at the same time it becomes heated to an extent greater or less, according to the intensity of the electric force. If this intensity be exalted to a certain degree, the sulphuret becomes luminous, or light is produced; it expands, consequently motion is produced; and it is decomposed, therefore, chemical action is produced." Again, on page 116, the Doctor cites the following: "A prepared Daguerreotype plate is enclosed in a box filled with water, having a glass front with a shutter over it. Between this glass and the plate is a gridiron of silver wire; the plate is connected with one end of a galvanic coil, and the gridiron of wire with one extremity of a Breguet's helix; the other extremities of the galvanometer and helix are connected by a wire,

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and the needles brought to zero. As soon as a beam either of daylight or oxyhydrogen light is, by the raising of the shutter, permitted to impinge upon the plate, the needles are deflected. Thus, light being the initiating force, we get magnetism in the coil, heat in the helix, motion in the needles, chemical action on the plate, and electricity circulating through the wires." Comparing these experiments, it is obvious that all the other physical forces are produced by electricity in the first experiment; but in the second they are produced by sunlight; and hence, both Grove and Youmans assume that light and electricity produce the same effects; but if they had substituted any and, successively, every kind of light produced by any contrivance of combustion, they would immediately have found their great mistake; for no amount or contrivance of light produced by combustion, can produce any one of the physical forces, simply by its luminosity. It is passing strange that any person capable of philosophical reasoning should violate the most important law of philosophizing (namely, "not to admit of more causes than are sufficient to produce the effect") by hastily, without investigation or trial, assuming that the same effects are produced by different causes, instead of that the same effects are always produced by the same cause, under similar circumstances; especially since by so doing they contradict well established scientific facts, too numerous to mention. In fact, these two experimenters are the most cogent to prove the identity of sun-light and electricity, especially since it is well known that any light produced by combustion can produce but few of the effects of solar light. Nor does the fact that the physical forces are produced by the condensation of oxygen and hydrogen, also, afford any argument against the identity, because the condensation is in no respect a process of combustion, for the two gases merely combine and remain in the water, as well as the electricity set free from them, as is proved by the fact that the water weighs precisely as much as the gases weighed before condensation. The explanation is simple: Hydrogen is positive to Oxygen in proportion of one to eight; the electricity they contain is set free from each precisely simultaneously, consequently they collapse simultaneously, and the energy manifested in the combination results from the highly positive condition of the hydrogen compared with the negative of the oxygen.

10. If a galvanic arrangement be made by which small quantities of metal are precipitated at one of the poles, in the dark, and then exposed to bright sunshine, the depositions of metal will be stopped; but if a beam of sun-light be thrown upon one of the plates of copper of the arrangement, an additional chemical (electrical) decomposition of the metal takes place, and the galvanometer indicates a larger quantity of electricity passing than at first. This increase of electricity and effect will be no longer considered a chemical puzzle when

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it is considered that solar light is electricity, and that electricity and chemical affinity is the same, as repeatedly stated by Faraday; for the first decomposing current and sun-light are both positive — the latter repels the former, and the decomposition is arrested; but when the solar-beam impinges upon the plate of copper, which is one of the best conductors of electricity, its force is added to that of the arrangement, and the effect is increased, of course. This experiment shows that in the galvanic battery the electricity that only can give it power, is collected from the acidulated water, and conveyed to the zinc by the copper.

11. "Nision, color, calorification, chemical change, molecular disturbance, phosphorescent excitation, and electrical phenomenon, all, each one, with strange duality, are connected with the sunbeam," says Prof. Hunt, in "Poetry of Science." Can the same be said of other, or of all the other physical forces combined — but of electricity and light coming from the sun? If not, is it not plain as a demonstration can make any fact, that electricity and sun-light are the same agent?

12. If a little water in a glass bottle be set near a fire, the vapor rising will be condensed on the cold side; but if set in sun-light, on the warm side of the bottle. Vapor of camphor formed in a bottle near a fire will crystalize, in the dark, on the side farthest from the fire; but if the bottle be set in a window, exposed several days to sun-light, the crystals are deposited on the perihelion side. Prof. Draper devotes three or four quarto pages, in his "Organization of Plants," to an explanation of the cause of this difference, and (at least apparently) comes to the conclusion that the glass is coldest on the side exposed to the sun! But the explication is manifest: glass being more susceptible of intense electrization than camphor, they are unequally electrified by the same agency, and consequently attract each other, the camphor adhering to the glass. Fire electrifies feebly, the camphor remains positive to the glass, is attracted, and adheres. Sunlight electrifies powerfully, but does not transmit electricity very readily, and therefore secretes and becomes positive to the camphor, which consequently is attracted and adheres. But the evidence is too extensive to be cited in *extenso*.

To be continued.

Good Health is a valuable and interesting monthly, published by Alexander Moore, No. 11 Bromfield street, Boston, at $2.00 per year, worth the price for any family in our land. It is a welcome visitor to our table.

Council Monitor, from Masonic Publishing Company, New York, is a handsome pocket edition, and will be appreciated by all who have taken those beautiful but too much neglected degrees.

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THE SHADOW OF LIFE.

We have rarely met with anything more beautiful than the following, which we find in an old New York *Mirror :*

"All that live must die,
Passing from nature to eternity."

Men seldom think of the great event of death, until the dark shadow falls across their own path, hiding forever from their eyes the faces of their loved ones, whose living smile was the sunlight of their existence. Death is the great antagonist of life, and the cold thought of the tomb is the skeleton in all our feasts.

We do not want to go through the dark valley, although its passage may lead to Paradise ; and, with Charles Lamb, we do not want to lie down in the mouldy grave, even with kings and princes for our bedfellows. But the fiat of nature was inexorable. There is no appeal or reprieve from the great law that dooms us all to the dust. We flourish and fade like the leaves of the forest ; and the frailest flower that blooms and withers in a day has not a frailer hold on earth than the mightiest monarch that ever shook the earth with his footsteps. Generations of men appear and vanish like the grass, and the countless multitude that swarms the earth to-day, will to-morrow disappear like the footprints on the shore :

"Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
Each trace will vanish from the sand."

In the beautiful drama of Ion, the instinct of immortality, so eloquently uttered by the death-devoted Greek, finds a deep response in every thoughtful soul. It is nature's prophecy of life to come. When about to yield his young existence as a sacrifice to fate, his betrothed Clemanthe asks if they shall not meet again ; to which he replies : "I have asked that dreadful question of the hills that look eternal ; of the flowing streams that flow forever ; of the stars among whose fields my soul hath walked in glory. All were dumb. But while I gaze upon thy living face, I feel there's something in thy love which mantles through its beauty that cannot wholly perish. We shall meet again, Clemanthe."

Masonic Service for the Burial of the Dead and Temple of Sorrow, by J. B. Lockett, New York, published by E. B. Myers & Co., Chicago, is on our table. It is in a neat and convenient form, and commends itself to the craft.

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EDITORIAL.

THE PLUMB.

This is an instrument for the operative craft of workmen, and is indispensible in erecting a perpendicular wall; but with the Masonic Fraternity it serves a nobler purpose. Every Mason is in duty bound to have his symbolical plumb — to observe its teachings. Masonry, in its lessons of truth and wisdom, tells its members to observe a perpendicular attitude — to be morally just and upright. In these lessons, there is no permission given to lean to the right or to the left. As the wall of the operative mason is insecure if it leans, and is not upright, and will, in time, fall, so must that person surely come to naught whose life is not sustained and supported by "Justice, Fortitude, Prudence and Temperance." A man must observe justice, for that highly renowned principle never leans, but stands erect for truth and right.

The plumb teaches the lesson of true Masonic fortitude. A true Mason must not yield to any adverse attacks of the world, whether they come from the enemies without the Masonic craft, or foes within the fold. Our uprightness will shield us when unjustly assailed. If we truly walk by the plumb, truth will, in time, vindicate the supremacy of right. Falsehood, treachery and inhumanity may, for a time, smother truth and hinder justice from taking place, but, as truth is immutable and eternal, it will triumph in a glorious victory.

The plumb, in its symbolical meaning, teaches prudence. This is one of the indispensible lessons that must be heeded. It is the narrow path and straight course to a high order of integrity. The valuable Masonic meaning of the plumb, includes this cardinal virtue. The neophyte cannot build his Masonic edifice without becoming prudent. He must be prudent in what he learns, in what he does, what he says, and how he employs his time. And in all this, he must never lose sight of that strict integrity, the foundation upon which a true life depends.

The plumb, among its lessons immediately after crossing the threshold of the temple, reminds the young student of the importance of temperance. He is taught that in order to live the life of a true

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and upright Mason, he must not yield to appetite or passion. He must learn to govern his passions and control his appetite. No man is worthy to be a Mason who does not, or will not adhere strictly to temperance; for intemperance is one of the growing sins of the world, and produces the worst of consequences. No man can erect a strong moral edifice, that will withstand the ills of life, unless he fortifies himself firmly against intemperance. He must not allow himself to be swerved in the least to an occasional indulgence. There is no safety in lending a listening ear to the syren's song.

The plumb is of no practical utility, if its symbolism is not observed. When temperance is disregarded, the kindnesses of humanity are checked; the liberality of Masonry becomes circumscribed, and the moderation which evinces its worth is disregarded; truth is not vindicated, nor wisdom obtained.

The heathen poet, Horace, illustrates the high and lofty attainments reached by the one who is true to moral integrity:

"The man in conscious virtue bold,
Who dares his secret purpose hold,
Unshaken hears the crowd's tumultuous cries,
And the impetuous tyrant's angry brow defies.
Let the loud wind that rules the seas,
The wild, tempestuous horrors raise;
Let Jove's dread arm with thunders rend the spheres,
Beneath the crush of worlds undaunted he appears."

CLOSE OF THE VOLUME AND END OF THE YEAR.

With this number closes the volume and the current year. Whatever of merit may be found in the STAR by our patrons will be maintained the coming year; our corps of contributors will be enlarged, embracing the first Masonic talent, and every effort will be made to make it a magazine worth the price, and a welcome visitor to every Masonic fireside whither it may go. The Masonic year has been one of prosperity, our exchanges bear witness and the visitations we have been able to make corroborate that the custodians of the jewels of the ancient and honorable science are faithful to their trusts, and the craftsmen zealous in the laudable work of spreading the cement of fraternal love and peace among mankind. This is the lofty aim of the mystic bond, and those who by inaction or treachery divert its course are recreant to the important trust confided to them. From many localities comes up to us tidings of the calling off of the Grand Master of the universe many of the good and true workmen here

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below, their memory is marked by the broken column, and can best be perpetuated by improving upon and cherishing their virtues. We fraternally request those of our subscribers who have borne us company this year not to part with us next, but bring into the fold their neighbors that the rays of the MYSTIC STAR may give light to other Masonic homes. The subscription henceforth is $1.50 per year.

LAST OFFERING.

The sudden and terrible calling off of Sir Knight John Gentry, of Middletown, Ohio, and member of Reed Commandery, Dayton, Ohio, by a railroad accident, sent a shudder of sorrow through the heart, and cast a gloom in memory's vale, with us. He was a true man, faithful Mason, and consistent Christian. In about all the relations of business life, it was our fortune to meet him; no one ever met him that did not wish to see him again. To his afflicted family, we extend our sincere sympathy in this severe, sad and solemn visitation. May the remaining Sir Knights of Reed Commandery emulate his example in the duties of life and labor of the Temple.

C. C. POMEROY.

"Origin of Masonry in the State of New Jersey and the entire Proceedings of Grand Lodge from its first Organization," by Bro. Joseph M. Hough, G. T., to whom we are, no doubt, indebted for a copy, which is hereby acknowledged. It is a work of great value to the State from which it eminates, and to the craft a production of importance and interest that will increase as the sound of the Gavel extends in that jurisdiction.

Our MARKED thanks are due to M. W. C. W. Nash, 33° G. M., and R. W. Wm. S. Combs, G. S., of St. Paul, Minnesota, for Proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Minnesota, for 1853–59, inclusive, in library binding. It is full of interesting Masonic history in that prosperous State. We are in receipt, likewise, of Proceedings for 1870, which, in dress and matter, is even up with any similar publication in the Union. By the way, Bro. Nash, if he has been in the city, studies and practices seclusion to an invisible degree — we have not seen his Light for nearly a year — give us *some*, Bro. Nash.

The Globe, a daily paper, published in New York city, of unusual interest, came frequently last month, lately has failed to appear. Is the *Globe* in eclipse?

Bro. Henry J. Goodrich has re-opened his real estate office at room 7, Speed's Block, No. 125 Dearborn. His energy and capacity insures success.

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Bro. Sol. D. Bayless, P. G. M., of Indiana, and our worthy coajutor in the editorial department of the STAR, favored us with a personal visit. Though bearing the frosts of many winters, his zeal is unabated, and the genial influences of the fraternal bond shines and flows from his heart with all the brightness and freshness of youth. Come again, Bro. Sol., thou hast not yet beheld all the wonders of the young giant of the West.

When the Masonic editor of Pomeroy's *Democrat* shall become sufficiently informed in Masonic matters generally, and especially in Illinois Masonic affairs, we may pay him more attention.

APOLLO LODGE is a young and vigorous body of active craftsmen. We were hailed with fraternal greetings. May their temple labors prosper.

The Great Atonement Illustrated, a poem containing a plea of all the Subsidiary Attributes of the Deity before the Grand Council in Heaven — the Seven Spirits of God — the Seat of the Eternal Covenant. By Rev. L. A. Alford, D. D., LL. D.

This poem contains many new and startling thoughts in reference to the great plan of human redemption, and he who can follow the inimitable beauty of the celestial scenery presented by Dr. Alford in this poem will be a wiser and happier man.

The book contains 160 pages, gilt embossed cover. Price $1.25. Sent by mail on receipt of price. Address the author, 109 West Randolph street, Chicago, Ill.

BRO. C. MACKENZIE — 120 *Dearborn St.— Dealer in Hats and Caps.* — In all ages of the world, savage and civilized men and women have devoted much attention to tasteful dress, and ornamentation of the head. It is reserved for this period to produce for gentlemen's wear, regardless of the fickelness of fashion, the *ne plus ultra* of inventions and improvements in this line, as evidence of the fact, we call attention of our patrons to Bro. Mackenzie's Hat Emporium at the number and street above indicated. The customers will be welcomed to a neat store, ranged on all sides with gentlemen's head-dress, in the latest styles, received by courteous salesmen, and provided with whatever they may desire in his line, at *one price*, and of the very best quality that the market can afford. Bro. Mackenzie is a young man; began business in this city a few years ago, and is an example of what can be accomplished in business by promptness, attention, and thorough knowledge of the details of art in any calling. We cheerfully commend our readers in want of articles in his line, to give him a call, assuring them that the best satisfaction will be given.

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